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POETRY AND PROSE OF JOHN DONNE

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JOHN DONNE

Selected and Edited by

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INTRODUCTION

JOHN DONNE is among those poets about whom opinion varies greatly in different ages. During his lifetime, and for a period after his death, he was highly esteemed; indeed few men can ever have inspired a homage more noble or more moving than that paid to Donne by Izaak Walton in his *Life of Dr. John Donne*. By the end of the eighteenth century, however, Donne had passed out of vogue, and it was possible for Hazlitt to say in his airy fashion:

> "Of Donne I know nothing but some beautiful verses to his wife, dissuading her from accompanying him on his travels abroad, and some quaint riddles in verse, which the Sphinx could not unravel."

Sir Walter Scott took the trouble of reading Donne before dismissing him, but there is no doubt about the dismissal: it is no exaggeration to say that Donne and the other Metaphysical Poets roused Scott to a truly remarkable pitch of angry hostility. Perhaps the fluent, narrative plainness of his own verse accounts for Scott's antipathy to a far more elaborate and thoughtful style of writing. In his *Life of Dryden* he

condemned Donne as " harsh and scholastic, pedantic," spoke of " the unprofitable trade of combining dissimilar and repugnant ideas," and likened Donne's poems to " barbarous, jingling, ill-regulated prose," little different from " the inscription on a tombstone."

This is a very bitter criticism in a man of Scott's disposition, but it doubtless represented the view of many of his contemporaries. The most striking opposition to Scott came from one of the best, and to-day one of the most unjustly neglected, of English critics, Thomas de Quincey, who said of Donne that " he combined—what no other man has ever done—the last sublimation of dialectical subtlety and address with impassioned majesty."

In spite of de Quincey, Donne seems to have found little favour in the Victorian era, and it has become customary to rank him with the minor devotional poets—Traherne, Crashaw, Henry Vaughan, and the rest. The present century, however, has seen the beginning of a return to the prestige that Donne enjoyed in the seventeenth century. Following Sir Edmund Gosse and Sir E. K. Chambers, Sir Herbert Grierson devoted his great gifts of scholarship to editing the scattered and conflicting versions of Donne's works. Thanks to the efforts of these and other scholars, a reliable text was made available, and in the last twenty-five years few poets can have been more keenly appreciated than Donne. If modern estimations are inaccurate, they err in overpraising.

This brief history of changing tastes suggests that we shall best understand Donne's particular qualities by discovering what in his writings is so repellent to some and so attractive to others. At this point it may be helpful to notice the background from which Donne emerges. He came of a Roman Catholic family which had known religious persecution, and the temper of his mind was more sympathetic to the mediæval world than to the renaissance. After a brilliant adolescence he relinquished his faith in Roman Catholicism, and seems for a time to have been fascinated by the amazing ingenuities of his own intellect. According to Ben Jonson, Donne's *Songs and Sonnets* were written before he was twenty-five, and they give us a clear picture of their author.

" doubt wisely ; in strange way
To stand enquiring right, is not to stray."

Donne wrote in his Third Satire, and there is no better apology for his own conduct. Neither his cynicism nor his sensuality, disturbing as these may be to some readers, can ever be described as wanton. Donne was possessed by a fiendish ingenuity which " called all in doubt," and he wisely understood that he could rest in no faith which had not first overcome and exhausted the almost unique agility and resourcefulness of his questioning mind.

" How much shall I be chang'd,
Before I am chang'd ! "

was the motto chosen by Donne for himself as a young man, and it suggests the superb armoury of which he had to be disarmed before he could hold any conviction. He was at this time the embodiment of pride, arrogant and unsparing.

The early poems reflect a life in which every sensation that offered was seized and passionately analysed. It is the element of passion in the analysis that gives these poems their grandeur. Donne was no bystander, prying into emotions from which he had safely insulated himself: the manner of the poems is dramatic, and reproduces the irregular rhythms, the sudden emphatic speech of intense emotion. Underlying even the lightest play of wit there is this bewildered turbulence of feeling, caught in words as it shifts and re-forms in increasingly complex patterns of understanding. The most trivial escapade is intensified and elaborated by Donne's speculative mind, until it is developed into what might be described as an ecstasy of interrogation. Donne explained his purpose in these words:

> "I thought, if I could draw my pains
> Through rhymes' vexation, I should them allay.
> Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
> For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse."

and elsewhere he speaks of

> "My verse, the strict Map of my misery."

The passion, the grief, and the misery of an acutely sensitive man give richness and urgency to the poems, but these feelings are disciplined by the act of analysis until they rest in the clarity of a hardly won self-knowledge. Donne has been accused of grossness and cynicism, but there is no justification for this beyond the directness and sophistication of speech which he shared with all his great contemporaries. Indeed few men can have found less contentment in unqualified gratification of the senses: Donne never lost his early religious temperament, and it was characteristic of him throughout life that every action led immediately to an unrelenting and sharply critical scrutiny of his motives.

There are two kinds of innocence: that of unblemished virgin whiteness, and that of the balanced calm which succeeds the trials of experience. Donne was no ascetic; like St. Augustine, with whom he is often compared, he was reluctant to renounce any pleasure of life until he had proved that it offered no abiding satisfaction. The arrogant wit, the pride and the profanity of Jack Donne do not in any way detract from the later piety of Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's. Rather have they become a tribute to the faith which could bring peace to such a reluctant and ingeniously sceptical convert.

To many whose beliefs are of a simpler kind, whose doubts do not approach in subtlety to those of Donne, whose experience is less tempestuous and less passionately vivid, there is something repellent in the feverish

agility of these poems. One of the things that Scott could not forgive in Donne was that "neither his sincere piety nor his sacred office restrained him from fantastic indulgence in extravagant conceit, even upon the most solemn themes which can be selected for poetry." I expect there will always be some to share Scott's distaste, but we must remember that Donne lived in a time when religious feeling was developing to a climax of intensity and confusion which produced civil war and increased persecution. Accounts of the excited, murmuring congregations that stood in crowds to hear Donne preach indicate that public religious feeling was then at a much higher pitch than it is to-day; and consequently, this preoccupation with the forms of religion produced an intimacy and a subtlety of address which we are apt to find strange. The smooth gentility which Scott sought may be counted as a virtue, but it is seldom compatible with the strongest emotions.

The other source of dispute in Donne's writings is his technique. In addition to Scott's description of the poems as "barbarous, jingling, ill-regulated prose," we have Jonson's humorously blunt comment, "For not keeping of accent, Jack Donne deserved hanging." I would not deny that Donne's line is frequently harsh, uneven, and poor in musical quality; but in the writing of poetry there are many forms of excellence, and few poets combine them all. It is the same in painting: Raphael and Millais are obviously more fluent and graceful in their general

texture than el Greco or Van Gogh, but we should be reluctant to found our judgment on this criterion alone. The comparison is worth bearing in mind, since there is a considerable affinity between el Greco and Donne.

The quality of Donne's metre is partly explained by the fact that he was in revolt against the formal hyperboles of courtly love-poetry. Ladies, accustomed to poetic lovers who languished for years in flowery wooing, must have been shocked by the forthrightness of Donne's

> " The honesties of love with ease I do,
> But am no porter for a tedious woo."

or

> " For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love."

It would, however, be foolish to treat Donne's characteristic manner merely as a reaction against an earlier and sweeter style. No doubt his idiosyncratic method was reinforced by dislike of the decaying conventions of chivalry, but it is nevertheless the true and unalterable handwriting of the man. The great artist " signs his name " in a hundred different ways : his style is the calligraphy of his essential spirit, which can be imitated or parodied, but never repeated. A Donne who had the metrical felicity of Spenser would not be the Donne we admire. He is a sombre poet : like Hamlet, he comes before the mind's eye as a

figure in black. The appropriate utterance for such a man is a harsh, impetuous, passionate speech, an erratic succession of brilliant lightnings out of black clouds, a rapid alternation between nervous razor-sharp wit and sudden revealing sincerity. Donne was historically very close to *Hamlet*, and his poetry owes something to the Theatre of his time. I do not say that Donne in any sense copies from *Hamlet* ; what is to be noticed is the great significance that the Hamlet-character had for the later Elizabethans. The play embodied something profound in their experience; and that experience was consciously lived through by none more intensely than Donne. He is the first great egoist in our literature, the first man to draw his poetry from an explicit study of his own experience. In this he is to some degree the forerunner of such dissimilar poets as Wordsworth, Manley Hopkins, and D. H. Lawrence. The nature of his poetry demanded a metre less formal than the examples which he might have copied. He uses snatches of conversation, dramatic interjections, agile transformations of wit, and the device of "thinking aloud" to create the impression of a personal voice speaking, either to the individual reader or in overheard communion with himself. In some of the best poems the effects are truly dramatic, closely related to stage dialogue. Very little of the emotion is "recollected in tranquillity": it is felt in the texture of the poem, as something acted in dramatic representation. The harsh and uneven accents break up the monotony of

fluent perfection, and suggest the spontaneity of immediate utterance.

The combination of "dissimilar and repugnant ideas," to which Scott objected, is another aspect of Donne's technique; and it is best understood as a development of Elizabethan metaphor. The dramatists, in particular, used metaphor and simile to reinforce the impression made on the audience, and to provide a pause in thinking for slower minds. In this passage from *As You Like It*:

> "You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
> Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?"

the second line could be omitted without destroying the sense of the passage; but its presence gives the listener a chance to rest momentarily in a contemplation which adds vividness to his first comprehension. Later dramatists, such as Webster, lavished great wit on these comparisons, and then Donne and others went a step further in what is known as the *conceit*. One idea was compared with another, after which the second idea was explored until it yielded some new attribute which could be referred back to the original idea. Thus, if the passage from *As You Like It* had been treated in this way, the poet might have explored further the "wind and rain" and discovered that these are the sighs and tears of heaven, which are much less pleasing to a maiden than the smiling sunshine;

and so, the poet might have concluded, cheerfulness is more welcome in a lover than miserable pursuit. This is a crude and pedestrian example, but I trust it helps to explain "the unprofitable trade of combining dissimilar and repugnant ideas." The Elizabethans were great explorers, in literature as well as in life, and Donne was tireless in examining, comparing, and contrasting the items of his knowledge, until they threw new light on each other. Nowhere is this "conceited" blend of wit and feeling so admirably formed as in the poem "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning." Here Donne, who has to go abroad, likens his wife and himself to the feet of a pair of compasses which are in perfect unison, though one "in the centre sit" and the other "far doth roam." The whole poem well illustrates Donne's method at its best.

Two events in Donne's life made a lasting impression upon his poetry. The first was his marriage, a clandestine romance which landed Donne in prison and disgrace for a time, but which had the merit of changing his attitude to women. Donne was never likely to be satisfied by the conventional flippancies of "wine, women and song," but he had all the distrust and predatoriness in relation to women, which make up the outward attitude of a proud and impetuous man-about-town. His private feelings, even when he is seemingly most cynical, suggest a high and exacting conception of love; and his marriage happily fulfilled this ambition. Donne's wit is most violently de-

structive on two subjects—women and religion. We may infer that they were to him of such importance that he assayed every element of them desperately to avoid being deceived.

The second event of importance was Donne's ordination in the English Church. For years he declined invitations, on the grounds of his unworthiness and the sins of his youth; but shortly before the death of his wife he was ordained. At the age of forty-nine he became Dean of St. Paul's, and his fame as a divine began to eclipse his fame as a poet. He still wrote poetry, but now there came into it a mood of austerity and quieter contemplation. The glittering extravagance of his youthful wit was succeeded by the more bridled emotions of such a poem as "Good Friday: Riding Westward." Yet, if the heart was changed, the mind remained as inquisitive, as eclectic, and as ingenious as ever. The sermons and the later poems are charged to the full with Donne's subtlety of thought and rare quickness of perception.

This, then, is the poet who has been praised and disliked with equal energy since his death, and who has found a renewed popularity in this century. But the Donne we admire has been much changed by the passage of time from the Donne to whose memory Walton erected his pious monument. For every one who to-day reads Donne because of his Christianity, there must be at least ten who read him in spite of it. The sermons are available only in the form of excerpts, and it is the poems of his youth which are most familiar

to us. Realizing this, we may wonder what it is that has brought Donne back to vogue; and the answer we have to give is that our *poetic* tastes have changed. If we compare Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* with the verse-plays of Mr. Gordon Bottomley, we may be able to gauge the extent of this change.

At the beginning of the present century English verse still clung to the decayed heritage of the Romantic Tradition, adumbrating a world of refined sentiments against a background of natural landscape. There was no urban poetry, no wit, no satire, no wish to do more than escape from the new items of common experience. The revolution begun by two American poets, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, is now an accomplished fact, and it has brought us much nearer to the later Elizabethan and Stuart writers. In particular, Mr. Eliot in his critical writings helped to reintroduce Donne.

Our judgment of poets is largely based on their ability to supply our present needs. Donne has been a fruitful example for the radical reformation which modern poetry has undergone in the attempt to come to terms with contemporary life. The sophisticated mood of scepticism, the inrush of new sensory data and changing ways of life, the perception of beauty in what was thought to be ugly and of ugliness in what was thought to be beautiful, have given us a peculiarly close kinship with Donne. For him, as for us, much that was familiar in the old world seemed to be passing, and every ingenuity was needed to cope with the strangeness of new ideas and new instruments.

The courage, the *panache* and the unsparing candour, the stinging satire and the penetrating wit, of Donne, have appealed to many of our contemporaries as an apt example. His faults are the scars of a man to whom life has been a savage pilgrimage at best, and they bring him no lasting dishonour. In Donne, as in Webster, there is no sense of calm and unalloyed beauty, as we might speak of this in connection with Spenser or Keats. The beauty of the poems is always precarious, hectic, ecstatic, not to be extricated from the other elements in which it is fused. The abiding atmosphere is one of nervous stress, relieved only by a deliberate urbanity of manner. This pervading mood has been congenial to the modern reader, who also has not found it difficult to appreciate Donne's delight in turning anything and everything to a poetic use. I will give two examples of his exuberant way of bringing together and fusing seemingly dissimilar ideas :

> " The tables groan, as though this feast
> Would, *as the flood*, destroy all fowl and beast."

and

> (The wind came) " and swole our sails, where we
> So Joy'd, *as Sara her swelling joy'd to see*."

The italics are mine. Each passage is impious; and neither has the Flood anything to do with banquets, nor Sarah's pregnancy with sailing boats. Donne makes the comparisons humorously, almost as

asides, but could anything catch more vividly the essential feeling of what he is describing? One touch is added in this way, and the whole scene lives. It is the one gift which, perhaps more than any other, we associate specifically with Donne. He was not a profound thinker, but he succeeded in converting his thinking into the sphere of emotion, so that his vastly assorted imagery is perfectly integrated into his poetry. This is as true of the sermons as of the poems. His last sermon, "Death's Duel," which I have included in this volume, is a piece of sustained reasoning and exegesis, more formidably intellectual than modern custom would permit; and yet, so far from being frigidly academic, it must strike the reader as one of the most passionate addresses he will ever hear. Ultimately, it is for that that we honour Donne, for what de Quincey described as the "impassioned majesty" of his utterance.

The greatest art appeals unfailingly both to the most brilliant mind and to a simpler honesty of heart. Donne is not of this company. To the unsophisticated, to the conventional and the slow-witted, to the sheltered simplicity of the unquestioning mind, he seems harsh and obscure and repellent. To those, however, whose minds have been quickened by despair and doubt, whose worldly experience is as passionately vivid as it is tantalizing, and who above all can value the finer clarifications of a superb wit, Donne will always be one of the rarest treasures of our literature.

A. DESMOND HAWKINS.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

THIS edition is not offered as being in any way a critical text. The spelling has been modernized, and the use of capital letters brought nearer to conformity with modern practice. My purpose has been to produce a version in which the general reader can study Donne in a more familiar guise than the original texts allow. In any case, the enthusiastic critical research of recent years has probably brought us as near to a definitive text as we shall ever get. In common with all subsequent editors of Donne, I am deeply indebted to the scholarly labours of Sir Herbert Grierson, and of Sir E. K. Chambers, Mr. John Hayward, and others who have helped to gather and elucidate the confused texts of Donne's writings. I am also indebted to Mr. Philip Gosse for permission to reprint poems from the Westmoreland MS., and I wish to thank the Delegates of the Clarendon Press for permission to include the verse-letter, "Henrico Wottoni in Hibernia Belligeranti," and the selected passages from the sermons, originally published in this form in Professor Logan Pearsall Smith's *Donne's Sermons, Selected Passages*. Finally, I am grateful to the *Nonesuch Press* for allowing me to reprint some of the letters which appear in Mr. John Hayward's *Poems and Prose of Donne*.

I wish to add a note on pronunciation. Final " -ed " is sounded as a distinct syllable, except in a few cases where the introduction of an apostrophe for the letter " e " is apt to give the word an unfamiliar appearance (tir'd). In such words the " e " is instinctively not stressed, and I have therefore used the modern form for ease in reading. It is also advisable to remember that Donne frequently elides, so that " to our " and " she hath " are metrically equivalent to monosyllables and " virtue and " reads metrically as two beats. In a few words the stresses have been altered in modern usage, and Donne writes " contémplate," " aspéct," " recórds " (noun) with the stress on the second syllable.

The principal modern editions are :

Donne's Poetical Works, edited by H. J. C. Grierson.
Complete Poems and Selected Prose, edited by John Hayward.
Poems of John Donne, edited by E. K. Chambers.
Sermons : Selected Passages, edited by Logan Pearsall Smith.
Poems, edited by Hugh l'Anson Fausset.

In addition to Izaak Walton's *Memoir*, the following studies should be consulted :

Life and Letters of John Donne, by Edmund Gosse.
John Donne (A Biography), by Hugh l'Anson Fausset.
A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne, by E. M. Simpson.

SONGS AND SONNETS

THE GOOD-MORROW

I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp North, without declining West?

What ever dies, was not mixt equally ;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.

SONG

Go and catch a falling star,
  Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
  Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
Teach me to hear Mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
    And find
    What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
  Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
  Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
All strange wonders that befell thee,
    And swear,
    No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know ;
  Such a Pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not, I would not go,
  Though at next door we might meet.

Though she were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say ?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow ?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were ?
Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear ?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose ?
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purpos'd change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true ?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would ;
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

THE UNDERTAKING

I HAVE done one braver thing
  Than all the *Worthies* did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
  Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart
  The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learn'd the art
  To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
  Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon, there is,)
  Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within
  Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skin,
  Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
  Virtue attir'd in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
  And forget the He and She ;

And if this love, though placed so,
  From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
  Or, if they do, deride ;

Then you have done a braver thing
  Than all the *Worthies* did ;
And a braver thence will spring,
  Which is, to keep that hid.

THE SUN RISING

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,
  Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains, call on us ?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run ?
  Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
  Late school-boys and sour prentices,
  Go tell Court-huntsmen that the King will ride,
  Call country ants to harvest offices ;
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

  Thy beams so reverend and strong
  Why shouldst thou think ?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long.
  If her eyes have not blinded thine,
  Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
  Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine
  Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, " All here in one bed lay."

She's all states, and all princes I ;
Nothing else is ;
Princes do but play us ; compar'd to this,
All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.
Thou sun art half as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus ;
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere ;
This bed thy centre is, these walls, thy sphere.

THE INDIFFERENT

I CAN love both fair and brown,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays,
Her who loves loneness best, and her who masks and plays,
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
Her who believes, and her who tries,
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries ;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you ?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers ?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others ?
Or doth a fear, that men are true, torment you ?

Oh we are not, be not you so ;
Let me, and do you, twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travail thorough you,
Grow your fixt subject, because you are true ?

Venus heard me sigh this song ;
And by Love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now ; it should be so no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And said, " Alas ! some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, ' Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you.' "

LOVE'S USURY

For every hour that thou spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown my grey hairs equal be.
Till then, Love, let my body reign, and let
Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last year's relict ; think that yet
We'd never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promise ; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay ;
Only let me love none ; no, not the sport
From country grass to confitures of court,
Or city's *quelque-choses* ; let not report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good ; if when I'm old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame or pain,
Thou covet, most at that age thou shalt gain.
Do thy will then ; then subject and degree
And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee.
Spare me till then ; I'll bear it, though she be
One that love me.

THE CANONIZATION

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love ;
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five grey hairs, or ruin'd fortune flout ;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour, or his Grace,
Or the King's real, or his stamped face
Contemplate ; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find the Eagle and the Dove.
The Phœnix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it.
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit,
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombs and hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of Chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns, all shall approve
Us *Canonized* for Love:

And thus invoke us ; You whom reverend love
  Made one another's hermitage ;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage ;
  Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
    Into the glasses of your eyes
    (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize)
  Countries, Towns, Courts : Beg from above
  A pattern of your love !

THE TRIPLE FOOL

I AM two fools, I know,
  For loving, and for saying so
    In whining poetry ;
But where's that wise man, that would not be I,
    If she would not deny ?
Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
  Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains
  Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

  But when I have done so,
  Some man, his art and voice to show,
    Doth set and sing my pain ;
And, by delighting many, frees again
    Grief, which verse did restrain.

To Love and Grief tribute of verse belongs,
  But not of such as pleases when 'tis read.
Both are increased by such songs,
  For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three.
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

LOVERS' INFINITENESS

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all ;
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall ;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent.
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
  Dear, I shall never have Thee All.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then ;
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall
New love created be, by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, and letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For, this love was not vowed by thee.

And yet it was, thy gift being general ;
The ground, thy heart, is mine ; whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store ;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it :
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it :
But we will have a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to join them, so we shall
Be one, and one another's All.

SONG

SWEETEST love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me ;
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best,
To use myself in jest
Thus by feign'd deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day ;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way ;

Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall !
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away ;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil ;
But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep ;
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY

WHEN I died last, and, Dear, I die
  As often as from thee I go,
  Though it be but an hour ago,
And Lovers' hours be full eternity,
I can remember yet, that I
  Something did say, and something did bestow ;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I should be
Mine own executor and legacy.

I heard me say, Tell her anon,
  That myself, (that is you, not I,)
  Did kill me, and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone ;
But I alas could there find none,
  When I had ripp'd me, and search'd where hearts
      did lie ;
It kill'd me again, that I who still was true,
In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
  But colours it, and corners had,
  It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part.
As good as could be made by art
  It seem'd ; and therefore for our losses sad,
I meant to send this heart instead of mine,
But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

A FEVER

O ! DO not die, for I shall hate
  All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
  When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know ;
  To leave this world behind, is death ;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
  The whole world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, go'st,
  It stay, 'tis but thy carcass then ;
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
  But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire
  Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
  That this her fever might be it ?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
  Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
For much corruption needful is,
  To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
  Whose matter in thee is soon spent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
  Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 'twas of my mind, seizing thee,
  Though it in thee cannot persever ;
For I had rather owner be
  Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

AIR AND ANGELS

TWICE or thrice had I loved thee,
  Before I knew thy face or name ;
  So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipp'd be.
  Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
  But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
  More subtle than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too ;
  And therefore what thou wert, and who,
    I bid Love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw, I had love's pinnace overfraught ;
  Every thy hair for love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought ;
  For, nor in nothing, nor in things

Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere ;
  Then as an Angel, face and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
  So thy love may be my love's sphere ;
    Just such disparity
As is 'twixt Air and Angels' purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

BREAK OF DAY

'Tis true, 'tis day ; what though it be ?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me ?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light ?
Did we lie down, because 'twas night ?
Love which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye ;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst, that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove ?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

THE ANNIVERSARY

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes time, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay ;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday ;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse ;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas ! as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears ;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves
remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest ;
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.

Who is so safe as we ? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
  True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore ; this is the second of our reign.

A VALEDICTION : OF MY NAME, IN THE WINDOW

I

My name engrav'd herein
Doth cóntribute my firmness to this glass,
  Which, ever since that charm, hath been
  As hard as that which grav'd it was ;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
  The diamonds of either rock.

II

'Tis much that glass should be
As all-confessing, and through-shine as I,
  'Tis more, that it shows thee to thee,
  And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules, love's magic can undo,
  Here you see me, and I am you.

III

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessories to this name,
The showers and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times find me the same ;
You this entireness better may fulfil,
Who have the pattern with you still.

IV

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It, as a given death's head keep,
Lovers' mortality to preach,
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

V

Then, as all my souls be
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein
Which tile this house, will come again.

VI

Till my return, repair
And recompact my scatter'd body so,
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fix'd in the stars are said to flow
Into such characters as graved be
When these stars have supremacy.

VII

So since this name was cut,
When love and grief their exaltation had,
No door 'gainst this name's influence shut.
As much more loving, as more sad,
'Twill make thee ; and thou shouldst, till I return,
Since I die daily, daily mourn.

VIII

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
To look on one, whose wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'st my Genius.

IX

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lover's gold and page,
His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,
And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,
May my name step in, and hide his.

X

And if this treason go
To an overt act, and that thou write again ;
In superscribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy, from the pane.
So, in forgetting thou rememb'rest right,
And unaware to me shalt write.

XI

But glass and lines must be
No means our firm substantial love to keep ;
Near death inflicts this lethargy,
And this I murmur in my sleep ;
Impute this idle talk, to that I go,
For dying men talk often so.

TWICKENHAM GARDEN

BLASTED with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
  Hither I come to seek the spring,
  And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
Receive such balms, as else cure everything ;
  But O, self-traitor, I do bring
The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
  And can convert Manna to gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
  True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholesomer for me, that winter did
  Benight the glory of this place,
  And that a grave frost did forbid
These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face ;
  But that I may not this disgrace
Endure, nor yet leave loving, Love, let me
  Some senseless piece of this place be ;
Make me a mandrake, so I may groan here,
  Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with crystal phials, lovers, come,
  And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your mistress' tears at home,
  For all are false, that taste not just like mine.
  Alas ! hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge women's thoughts by tears,
  Than by her shadow what she wears.
O perverse sex, where none is true but she,
  Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

A VALEDICTION: OF THE BOOK

I'LL tell thee now (dear love) what thou shalt do
To anger destiny, as she doth us;
How I shall stay, though she eloign me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obscure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her, through whose help Lucan is not lame,
And her, whose book (they say) Homer did find, and name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriads
Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me;
Thence write our annals, and in them will be
To all whom love's subliming fire invades
Rule and example found;
There the faith of any ground
No schismatic will dare to wound,
That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his records.

This book, as long-liv'd as the elements,
Or as the world's form, this all-graved tome
In cypher writ, or new made idiom;
We for Love's clergy only are instruments;
When this book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths inundate us,

Learning were safe ; in this our universe,
Schools might learn Sciences, Spheres, Music, Angels
Verse.

Here Love's Divines (since all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
Whether abstract spiritual love they like,
Their Souls exhal'd with what they do not see,
Or, loth so to amuse
Faith's infirmity, they choose
Something which they may see and use ;
For, though mind be the heaven, where love doth sit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their books may Lawyers find,
Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,
And how prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himself, to womankind,
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great subsidies,
Forsake him who on them relies,
And for the cause, honour, or conscience give,
Chimeras, vain as they, or their prerogative.

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can read,)
May of their occupation find the grounds :
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,
In both they do excel
Who the present govern well,
Whose weakness none doth, or dares tell ;

In this thy book, such will their nothing see,
As in the Bible some can find out alchemy.

Thus vent thy thoughts ; abroad I'll study thee,
As he removes far off, that great heights take ;
How great love is, presence best trial makes,
But absence tries how long this love will be ;
To take a latitude
Sun, or stars, are fitliest view'd
At their brightest, but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to mark when and where the dark eclipses be ?

COMMUNITY

GOOD we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still ;
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate, nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As we shall find our fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some we might hate, and some choose ;
But since she did them so create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good, it would be seen ;
Good is as visible as green,
  And to all eyes itself betrays.
If they were bad, they could not last ;
Bad doth itself and others waste ;
  So they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours ;
He that but tastes, he that devours,
  And he that leaves all, doth as well ;
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat ;
And when he hath the kernel eat,
  Who doth not fling away the shell ?

LOVE'S GROWTH

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure
    As I had thought it was,
    Because it doth endure
Vicissitude, and season, as the grass ;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore,
My love was infinite, if spring make it more.
But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mixt of all stuffs, paining soul, or sense,
And of the Sun his working vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure, and abstract, as they use
To say, which have no Mistress but their Muse,
But as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the Spring is grown ;
As, in the firmament,
Stars by the Sun are not enlarg'd, but shown.
Gentle love deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awakened root do bud out now.
If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
Those like so many spheres, but one heaven make,
For, they are all concentric unto thee.
And though each spring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate the spring's increase.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE

LOVE, any devil else but you
Would for a given soul give something too.
At Court your fellows every day
Give th' art of rhyming, huntsmanship, or play,
For them which were their own before ;
Only I have nothing, which gave more,
But am, alas ! by being lowly, lower.

I ask no dispensation now
To falsify a tear, or sigh, or vow ;
I do not sue from thee to draw
A *non obstante* on nature's law ;

These are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine ; none should forswear
Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind,
Both ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind ;
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or, that love childish is ;
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou'rt just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust ;
Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not ;
Such in Love's warfare is my case ;
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to show this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any land,
This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mines in the earth, than quarries were before.

For this, Love is enrag'd with me,
Yet kills not. If I must example be

To future rebels, if th' unborn
Must learn by my being cut up and torn :
Kill, and dissect me, Love ; for this
Torture against thine own end is ;
Rack'd carcasses make ill anatomies.

CONFINED LOVE

SOME man unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser,
If on womankind he might his anger wreak ;
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know ;
But are other creatures so ?

Are sun, moon, or stars by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light ?
Are birds divorc'd or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a-night ?
Beasts do no jointures lose
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse than those.

Whoe'er rigg'd fair ship to lie in harbours,
And not to seek lands, or not to deal withal ?
Or built fair houses, set trees, and arbours,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall ?
Good is not good, unless
A thousand it possess,
But doth waste with greediness.

THE DREAM

DEAR love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for phantasy,
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely ; yet
My Dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it ;
Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,
To make dreams truths, and fables histories ;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best,
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd me ;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lovest truth) an Angel, at first sight,
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st
when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
I must confess, it could not choose but be
Profane, to think thee anything but thee.

Coming and staying show'd thee, thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now,
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak, where fear's as strong as he ;

'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,
If mixture it of *Fear*, *Shame*, *Honour*, have.
Perchance as torches which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come ; then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A VALEDICTION : OF WEEPING

Let me pour forth
My tears before thy face, whilst I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear,
And by this mintage they are something worth,
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee ;
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
When a tear falls, that thou fall'st which it bore ;
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all.
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mix'd with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.

O more than Moon,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere,
Weep me not dead, in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may do too soon ;
Let not the wind
Example find,
To do me more harm, than it purposeth ;
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most, is cruellest, and hastes the other's death.

LOVE'S ALCHEMY

Some that have deeper digg'd love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie.
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery ;
Oh, 'tis imposture all :
And as no chemic yet th' Elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we, for this vain bubble's shadow pay ?
Ends love in this, that my man,
Can be as happy as I can ; if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play ?

That loving wretch that swears,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women ; at their best
Sweetness and wit, they are but *Mummy*, possess'd.

THE FLEA

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is ;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two ;
And this, alas ! is more than we would do.

O stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea, more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is ;
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that, self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence ?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee ?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor me the weaker now ;
'Tis true, then learn how false, fears be ;
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

THE CURSE

WHOEVER guesses, thinks, or dreams he knows
Who is my mistress, wither by this curse ;
Him, only for his purse,
May some dull whore to love dispose,
And she yield then to all that are his foes ;
May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorn,
Forswear to others, what to her he hath sworn,
With fear of missing, shame of getting, torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp, may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them such ;
And may he feel no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and be
Anguish'd, not that 'twas sin, but that 'twas she ;
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One that hates him only for impotence,
And equal traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream treason, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confess, and die,
And no record tell why ;
His sons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy ;
Or may he so long parasites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcis'd for bread.

The venom of all stepdames, gamesters' gall,
What tyrants and their subjects interwish,
What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish,
Can cóntribute, all ill which all
Prophets or poets spake, and all which shall
Be annex'd in schedules unto this by me,
Fall on that man ; for if it be a she
Nature beforehand hath out-cursed me.

THE MESSAGE

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which O ! too long have dwelt on thee ;
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain ;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And cross both
Word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

A NOCTURNAL UPON ST. LUCY'S DAY

BEING THE SHORTEST DAY

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucy's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks ;
The Sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays ;
The world's whole sap is sunk :
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interr'd ; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring :
  For I am every dead thing,
  In whom love wrought new alchemy.
    For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness :
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death ; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have ;
  I, by Love's limbec, am the grave
  Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
    Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two ; oft did we grow,
To be two chaoses, when we did show
Care to aught else ; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death—which word wrongs her—
Of the first nothing the elixir grown ;
  Were I a man, that I were one
  I needs must know ; I should prefer,
    If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means ; yea plants, yea stones
      detest,
And love ; all, all some properties invest.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am none ; nor will my Sun renew.
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser Sun
  At this time to the Goat is run
  To fetch new lust, and give it you,
    Enjoy your summer all ;
Since she enjoys her long night's festival.
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her vigil, and her eve, since this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there
  Pity my picture burning in thine eye ;
My picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
  When I look lower I espy ;
    Hadst thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and marr'd, to kill,
How many ways mightst thou perform thy will ?

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
  And though thou pour more, I'll depart ;
My picture vanished, vanish fears
  That I can be endamaged by that art ;
    Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

THE BAIT

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the Sun.
And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By Sun, or Moon, thou dark'nest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net :

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait ;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

THE APPARITION

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feign'd vestal, in worse arms shall see :
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And, in false sleep, will from thee shrink :
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
A verier ghost than I.
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee ; and since my love is spent,
I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART

He is stark mad, who ever says,
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour ;

Who will believe me, if I swear
That I have had the plague a year ?
  Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
  I saw a flask of powder burn a day ?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
  If once into love's hands it come !
All other griefs allow a part
  To other griefs, and ask themselves but some ;
They come to us, but us Love draws,
He swallows us, and never chaws :
  By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die,
  He is the tyrant Pike, our hearts the Fry.

If 'twere not so, what did become
  Of my heart, when I first saw thee ?
I brought a heart into the room,
  But from the room, I carried none with me :
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
  More pity unto me : but Love, alas,
  At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
  Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
  Those pieces still, though they be not unite ;
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
  My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
  But after one such love, can love no more.

A VALEDICTION: FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
  And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
  "The breath goes now," and some say, "No:"

So let us melt, and make no noise,
  No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
  To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;
  Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
  Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
  (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
  Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love, so much refin'd,
  That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
  Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
  Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
  Like gold to aery thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
  As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thy soul the fix'd foot, makes no show
  To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
  Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
  And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
  Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;
Thy firmness draws my circle just,
  And makes me end, where I begun.

THE ECSTASY

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
  A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
  Sat we two, one another's best.
Our hands were firmly cémented
  With a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
  Our eyes, upon one double string ;
So t' intergraft our hands, as yet
  Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
  Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal Armies, Fate
  Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls, (which to advance their state,
  Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and me.
And whilst our souls negotiate there,
  We like sepulchral statues lay ;
All day, the same our postures were,
  And we said nothing, all the day.
If any, so by love refin'd,
  That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
  Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soul spake,
  Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
  And part far purer than he came.
This Ecstacy doth unperplex
  (We said) and tell us what we love ;
We see by this, it was not sex ;
  We see, we saw not what did move :
But as all several souls contain
  Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mix'd souls doth mix again,
  And makes both one, each this, and that.
A single violet transplant,
  The strength, the colour, and the size
(All which before was poor and scant)
  Redoubles still, and multiplies.
When love with one another so
  Interinanimates two souls,

That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
  Defects of loneliness controls.
We then, who are this new soul, know,
  Of what we are compos'd, and made,
For th' atomies of which we grow
  Are souls, whom no change can invade.
But, O alas! so long, so far,
  Our bodies why do we forbear?
They 're ours, though they 're not we; we are
  Th' intelligences, they the spheres.
We owe them thanks, because they thus
  Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yielded their forces, sense, to us,
  Nor are dross to us, but allay.
On man heaven's influence works not so,
  But that it first imprints the air;
So soul into the soul may flow,
  Though it to body first repair.
As our blood labours to beget
  Spirits, as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
  That subtle knot, which makes us man:
So must pure lovers' souls descend
  To affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
  Else a great Prince in prison lies.
To our bodies turn we then, that so
  Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
  But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,
  Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
  Small change, when we're to bodies gone.

LOVE'S DEITY

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
  Who died before the god of Love was born :
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
  Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produc'd a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be ;
  I must love her, that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
  Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
  His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was ; it cannot be
  Love, till I love her, that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
  His vast prerogative, as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
  All is the purlieu of the God of Love.
Oh were we waken'd by this Tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
  I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,
  As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love might make me leave loving, or might try
  A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see;
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
  If she whom I love, should love me.

LOVE'S DIET

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,
  But that I did, to make it less,
  And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worst endures, *discretion*.

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
  And if sometimes by stealth he got
  A she sigh from my mistress' heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brined it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
  If he suck'd hers, I let him know
  'Twas not a tear which he had got,
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For eyes, which roll towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters ; when she writ to me,
And that that favour made him fat,
I said, " If any title be
Convey'd by this, ah ! what doth it avail,
To be the fortieth name in an entail ? "

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I choose.
Now negligent of sport I lie,
And now, as other falconers use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep ;
And the game kill'd, or lost, go talk, and sleep.

THE WILL

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies ; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see ;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee ;
My tongue to Fame ; to ambassadors mine ears ;
To women or the sea, my tears :
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give ;
My truth to them who at the Court do live ;
Mine ingenuity and openness,
To Jesuits ; to buffoons my pensiveness ;

My silence to any, who abroad hath been ;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

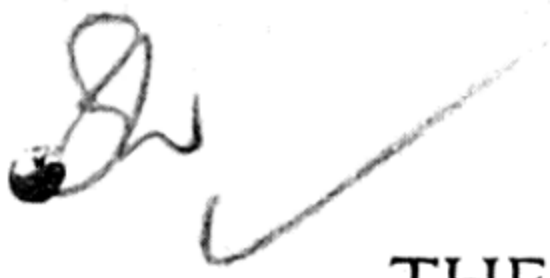
My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
All my good works unto the Schismatics
Of Amsterdam : my best civility
And Courtship, to an University ;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare ;
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou Love taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends ; mine industry to foes ;
To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;
My sickness to Physicians, or excess ;
To Nature, all that I in Rhyme have writ ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I did
but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls,
I give my physic books ; my written rolls
Of Moral counsels, I to Bedlam give ;
My brazen medals, unto them which live

In want of bread ; to them which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more ; but I'll undo
The world dying ; because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth ;
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a Sundial in a grave.
Thou Love taught'st me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three.



THE FUNERAL

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arm ;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward Soul,
Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her Provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
Those hairs which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these Relics came.
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a Soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery,
That since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

THE BLOSSOM

LITTLE think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I've watch'd six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fallen, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,
That labour'st yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow :
Little think'st thou,
That thou to-morrow, ere that Sun doth wake,
Must with this Sun, and me a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to be
Subtle to plague thyself, wilt say,
Alas, if you must go, what's that to me ?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay :
You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and tongue, and every part.
If then your body go, what need you a heart ?

Well then, stay here ; but know,
When thou hast stay'd and done thy most ;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman, but a kind of Ghost ;
How shall she know my heart ; or having none,
Know thee for one ?
Practice may make her know some other part,
But take my word, she doth not know a Heart.

Meet me at London, then,
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had stayed still with her and thee.

For God's sake, if you can, be you so too :
I would give you
There, to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body, as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE, BEING AT MONTGOMERY CASTLE UPON THE HILL, ON WHICH IT IS SITUATE

Upon this Primrose hill,
Where, if Heaven would distil
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own primrose, and grow manna so ;
And where their form, and their infinity
Make a terrestrial Galaxy,
As the small stars do in the sky ;
I walk to find a true love ; and I see
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish ; a six, or four ;
For should my true-love less than woman be,
She were scarce anything ; and then, should she
Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sex, and think to move
My heart to study her, and not to love.
Both these were monsters ; since there must reside
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than Nature falsified.

Live, Primrose, then, and thrive
With thy true number five ;
And, woman, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content ;
Ten is the farthest number ; if half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men ;
Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
Numbers are odd, or even, and they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

THE RELIQUE

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be to more than one a Bed)
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay ?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mis-devotion doth command,
Then, he that digs us up, will bring
Us, to the Bishop, and the King,
To make us Reliques ; then

Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby ;
All women shall adore us, and some men ;
And since at such time, miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why,
Difference of sex no more we knew,
Than our Guardian Angels do ;
Coming and going, we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touched the seals,
Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free :
These miracles we did ; but now alas,
All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

THE DAMP

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up to survey each part,
When they shall find your Picture in my heart,
You think a sudden damp of love
Will through all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories ! But if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th' enormous giant, your Disdain ;
And let th' enchantress Honour, next be slain ;
And like a Goth or Vandal rise,
Deface records and histories
Of your own arts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then,

For I could muster up, as well as you,
My giants, and my witches too,
Which are vast Constancy and Secretness ;
But these I neither look for nor profess ;
Kill me as woman, let me die
As a mere man ; do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
Naked you have odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION

SHE'S dead ; and all which die
To their first elements resolve ;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
And those things whereof I consist hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,

Which my materials be,
But near worn out by love's security,
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair.
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now, as those active kings
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break,
This (which I am amaz'd that I can speak)
This death, hath with my store
My use increased.
And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip hers ; as bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A JET RING SENT

THOU art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart, thou art ;
What would'st thou say ? shall both our properties by thee be spoke,
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke ?

Marriage rings are not of this stuff ;
Oh, why should aught less precious, or less tough
Figure our loves ? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,
I 'm cheap, and naught but fashion, fling me away.

Yet stay with me since thou art come,
Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb.
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with me,
She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon break thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE

I NEVER stoop'd so low, as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them, which soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind to admire,
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire :
My love, though silly, is more brave,
For may I miss, whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no way be exprest
But *Negatives*, my love is so.
To All, which all love, I say no.
If any who decipher best,
What we know not, ourselves, can know,
Let him teach me that nothing ; this
As yet my ease, and comfort is,
Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

THE PROHIBITION

TAKE heed of loving me,
At least remember, I forbade it thee ;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of Breath and Blood, upon thy sighs, and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast ;
But so great Joy our life at once outwears,
Then, lest thy love, by my death, frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the Victory.
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate ;
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet, love and hate me too,
So, these extremes shall neither's office do ;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way ;
Hate me, because thy love is too great for me ;
Or let these two, themselves, not me decay ;
So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph be ;
Lest thou thy love and hate and me undo,
To let me live, O love and hate me too.

THE EXPIRATION

So, so, break off this last lamenting kiss,
  Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away ;
Turn thou ghost that way, and let me turn this,
  And let ourselves benight our happiest day ;
We ask'd none leave to love ; nor will we owe
  Any, so cheap a death, as saying, Go ;

Go ; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
  Ease me with death, by bidding me go too.
Oh, if it have, let my word work on me,
  And a just office on a murderer do.
Except it be too late, to kill me so,
  Being double dead, going, and bidding, Go.

THE COMPUTATION

For the first twenty years, since yesterday,
  I scarce believ'd, thou could'st be gone away,
For forty more, I fed on favours past,
  And forty on hopes, that thou would'st, they might
    last.
Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two,
  A thousand, I did neither think, nor do,
  Or not divide, all being one thought of you ;
  Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life ; but think that I
Am, by being dead, Immortal ; can ghosts die ?

THE PARADOX

No Lover saith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect Lover ;
He thinks that else none can, nor will agree
That any loves but he :
I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
He was kill'd yesterday ?
Love with excess of heat, more young than old,
Death kills with too much cold ;
We die but once, and who lov'd last did die,
He that saith twice, doth lie :
For though he seem to move, and stir a while,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light which bideth yet
When the light's life is set,
Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind, two hours after.
Once I lov'd and died ; and am now become
Mine Epitaph and Tomb.
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I ;
Love-slain, lo, here I lie.

FAREWELL TO LOVE

WHILST yet to prove,
I thought there was some Deity in love
So did I reverence, and gave

Worship ; 'as Atheists at their dying hour
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave :
Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they wax lesser, fall, as they size, grow.

But, from late fair
His highness sitting in a golden Chair,
Is not less cared for after three days
By children, than the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship woo ;
Being had, enjoying it decays :
And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense
And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of sorrowing dullness to the mind.

Ah cannot we,
As well as Cocks and Lions jocund be,
After such pleasures ? Unless wise
Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)
This, as she would man should despise
The sport ;
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find,
I'll no more dote and run
To pursue things which had endamaged me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the summer's Sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat ;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying worm-seed to the Tail.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW

STAND still, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, love, in Love's philosophy.
These three hours that we have spent,
Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produc'd ;
But, now the Sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread ;
And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadows, flow,
From us, and our cares ; but, now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way.

As the first were made to blind
Others ; these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint, and westwardly decline ;
To me thou, falsely, thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day,
But oh, love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light ;
And his first minute, after noon, is night.

SONNET : THE TOKEN

SEND me some token, that my hope may live,
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest ;
Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
That in my passion I may hope the best.
I beg no riband wrought with thine own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
Of new-touch'd youth ; nor Ring to show the stands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain,
So should our loves meet in simplicity ;
No, nor the Corals which thy wrist enfold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold ;
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
And most desir'd, because best like the best ;
Nor witty Lines, which are most copious,
Within the Writings which thou hast address'd.

Send me nor this, nor that, t' increase my store,
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

SELF-LOVE

He that cannot choose but love,
And strives against it still,
Never shall my fancy move ;
For he loves 'gainst his will ;
Nor he which is all his own,
And can at pleasure choose,
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he list refuse.
Nor he that loves none but fair,
For such by all are sought ;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his Judgment then is naught :
Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jest or slave ;
Nor a fool, for when others . . . ,
He can neither . . .
Nor he that still his Mistress pays,
For she is thrall'd therefore :
Nor he that pays not, for he says
Within, she 's worth no more.
Is there then no kind of men
Whom I may freely prove ?
I will vent that humour then
In mine own self-love.

EPIGRAMS

HERO AND LEANDER

BOTH robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

Two, by themselves, each other, love and fear
Slain, cruel friends, by parting have join'd here.

NIOBE

BY children's births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A BURNT SHIP

OUT of a fired ship, which, by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame.
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes' ships, did by their shot decay ;

So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship drown'd.

FALL OF A WALL

UNDER an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
A too-bold Captain perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envied,
That had a town for tomb, his bones to hide.

A LAME BEGGAR

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand, or move; if he say true, he *lies*.

CALES AND GUIANA

IF you from spoil of th' old world's farthest end
To the new world your kindled valours bend,
What brave examples then do prove it true
That one thing's end doth still begin a new.

SIR JOHN WINGFIELD

BEYOND th' old Pillars many have travailed
Towards the Sun's cradle, and his throne, and bed.

A fitter Pillar our Earl did bestow
In that late Island ; for he well did know
Farther than Wingfield no man dares to go.

A SELF-ACCUSER

YOUR mistress, that you follow whores, still taxeth you :
'Tis strange that she should thus confess it, though it be true.

A LICENTIOUS PERSON

THY sins and hairs may no man equal call,
For, as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.

ANTIQUARY

IF in his study he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

DISINHERITED

THY father all from thee, by his last Will,
Gave to the poor ; thou hast good title still.

SINGH CO

PHRYNE

THY flattering picture, *Phryne*, is like thee,
Only in this, that you both painted be.

AN OBSCURE WRITER

PHILO, with twelve years' study, hath been griev'd
To be understood ; when will he be believ'd ?

KLOCKIUS

KLOCKIUS so deeply hath sworn, ne'er more to come
In bawdy house, that he dares not go home.

RADERUS

WHY this man gelded *Martial* I muse,
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As *Katherine*, for the Court's sake, put down Stews.

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS

LIKE *Esop's* fellow-slaves, O *Mercury*,
Which could do all things, thy faith is ; and I
Like *Esop's* self, which nothing ; I confess

I should have had more faith, if thou hadst less :
Thy credit lost thy credit : 'Tis sin to do,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To believe all. Change thy name : thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but liest like a *Greek*.

RALPHIUS

COMPASSION in the world again is bred :
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

THE LIAR

THOU in the fields walk'st out thy supping hours
And yet thou swear'st thou has supp'd like a king :
Like Nebuchadnezzar perchance with grass and flowers,
A salad worse than Spanish dieting.

ELEGIES AND HEROICAL EPISTLE

ELEGY I

JEALOUSY

FOND woman, which wouldst have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great jealousy ;
If swoln with poison, he lay in his last bed,
His body with a sere-bark covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short, as can
The nimblest crocheting Musician,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spew
His Soul out of one hell, into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears, great legacies,
Thou wouldst not weep, but jolly, and frolic be,
As a slave, which to-morrow should be free ;
Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealousy.
O give him many thanks, he is courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us.
We must not, as we us'd, flout openly,

In scoffing riddles, his deformity ;
Nor at his board together being sat,
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate,
Nor when he swoln and pamper'd with great fare
Sits down, and snorts, cag'd in his basket chair,
Must we usurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiss and play in his house, as before.
Now I see many dangers ; for that is
His realm, his castle, and his diocese.
But if, as envious men, which would revile
Their Prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile
Into another country, and do it there,
We play in another house, what should we fear ?
There we will scorn his household policies,
His silly plots, and pensionary spies,
As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's Mayor ; or Germans, the Pope's pride.

ELEGY II

THE ANAGRAM

MARRY, and love thy *Flavia*, for she
Hath all things, whereby others beauteous be,
For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jet,
Though they be dim, yet she is light enough,
And though her harsh hair fall, her skin is rough ;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red,

Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.
These things are beauty's elements, where these
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If red and white and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we ask, if there
Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,
She hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In the lean dearth of words, what could we say?
When by the Gamut some Musicians make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same Gamut chang'd, to equal it.
Things simply good, can never be unfit.
She's fair as any, if all be like her,
And if none be, then she is singular.
All love is wonder; if we justly do
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies;
Choose this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like Angels; the fair be
Like those which fell to worse; but such as she,
Like to good Angels, nothing can impair:
'Tis less grief to be foul, than to have been fair.
For one night's revels, silk and gold we choose,
But, in long journeys, cloth, and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say,
There is best land, where there is foulest way.
Of what a sovereign Plaster will she be,

If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy !
Here needs no spies, nor eunuchs ; her commit
Safe to thy foes ; yea, to a Marmoset.
When Belgia's cities, the round countries drown,
That dirty foulness guards, and arms the town :
So doth her face guard her ; and so, for thee,
Which, forc'd by business, absent oft must be,
She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem white,
Who, though seven years, she in the Stews had laid,
A Nunnery durst receive, and think a maid,
And though in childbed's labour she did lie,
Midwives would swear, 'twere but a tympany,
Whom, if she accuse herself, I credit less
Than witches, which impossibles confess,
Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, and her Velvet Glass
Would be as loth to touch as Joseph was :
One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were,
For, things in fashion every man will wear.

ELEGY III

CHANGE

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith, and good works too,
Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undo,
Yea though thou fall back, that apostasy
Confirm thy love ; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknown.

If I have caught a bird, and let him fly,
Another fowler using these means, as I,
May catch the same bird ; and, as these things be,
Women are made for men, not him, nor me.
Foxes and goats, all beasts change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
Idly make them apter to endure than men ?
They're our clogs, not their own ; if a man be
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free ;
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear ;
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po.
By nature, which gave it, this liberty
Thou lov'st, but Oh ! canst thou love it and me ?
Likeness glues love : and if that thou so do,
To make us like and love, must I change too ?
More than thy hate, I hate it, rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as she,
And so not teach, but force my opinion
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land, is captivity,
To run all countries, a wild roguery ;
Waters stink soon, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrefied :
But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest ; Change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life and eternity.

ELEGY IV

THE PERFUME

ONCE, and but once found in thy company,
All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on me ;
And as a thief at bar is question'd there
By all the men, that have been robb'd that year,
So am I, (by this traitorous means surpris'd)
By thy Hydroptic father catechiz'd.
Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
Though he hath oft sworn, that he would remove
Thy beauty's beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen,
Yet close and secret, as our souls, we have been.
Though thy immortal mother which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to sleep out day-light
And watch thy entries, and returns all night,
And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
Doth search what rings, and armlets she can find,
And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing lest thou'rt swoln, doth thee embrace ;
To try if thou long, doth name strange meats,
And notes thy paleness, blushing, sighs, and sweats ;
And politiquely will to thee confess
The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness ;

Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like Faery Sprites
Oft skipped into our chamber, those sweet nights,
And kissed, and ingled on thy father's knee,
Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see :
The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
He that to bar the first gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
Which, if in hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear hell, because he must be there :
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witness any touch or kiss.
But Oh, too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betray'd me to my enemy :
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cried
Even at thy father's nose, so were we spied.
When, like a tyrant King, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered.
Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
That his own feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.
But as we in our isle imprisoned,
Where cattle only, and diverse dogs are bred,
The precious Unicorns, strange monsters call,
So thought he good, strange, that had none at all.
I taught my silks, their whistling to forbear,
Even my opprest shoes, dumb and speechless were,
Only, thou bitter-sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traitorously hast betray'd,

And unsuspected hast invisibly
At once fled unto him, and stay'd with me.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense, from distinguishing the sick from sound ;
By thee the silly Amorous sucks his death
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath ;
By thee, the greatest stain to man's estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate ;
Though you be much lov'd in the Prince's hall,
There, things that seem, exceed substantial.
Gods, when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you were burnt, not that they lik'd your
smell ;
You're loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
Shall we love ill things join'd, and hate each one ?
If you were good, your good doth soon decay ;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give most willingly
To embalm thy father's corpse ; What ? will he die ?

ELEGY V

HIS PICTURE

HERE take my Picture ; though I bid farewell,
Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell.
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come back ; my hand,
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or Sun-beams tann'd,

My face and breast of haircloth, and my head
With care's rash sudden storms being o'erspread,
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin ;
If rival fools tax thee to have lov'd a man,
So foul, and coarse, as Oh, I may seem then,
This shall say what I was : and thou shalt say,
Do his hurts reach me ? doth my worth decay ?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see ?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in love's childish state
Did nurse it : who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that, which to disus'd tastes seems tough.

ELEGY VI

OH, let me not serve so, as those men serve
Whom honour's smokes at once fatten and starve ;
Poorly enrich'd with great men's words or looks ;
Nor so write my name in thy loving books
As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their Princes' styles with many Realms fulfil
Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves, I hate dead names : Oh then let me
Favourite in Ordinary, or no favourite be.
When my Soul was in her own body sheath'd,
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd

Into my Purgatory, faithless thee,
Thy heart seem'd wax, and steel thy constancy :
So, careless flowers strow'd on the water's face,
The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
Yet drown them ; so, the taper's beamy eye
Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy fly,
Yet burns his wings ; and such the devil is,
Scarce visiting them, who are entirely his.
When I behold a stream, which, from the spring,
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channel's bosom, and then chide
And bend her brows, and swell if any bough
Do but stoop down, or kiss her upmost brow :
Yet, if her often gnawing kisses win
The traitorous bank to gape, and let her in,
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native, and her long-kept course,
And roars, and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
In flattering eddies promising return,
She flouts the channel, who thenceforth is dry ;
Then say I ; that is she, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
Careless despair in me, for that will whet
My mind to scorn ; and Oh, love dull'd with pain
Was ne'er so wise, nor well arm'd as disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye.
Though hope bred faith and love : thus taught, I shall
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.

My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance : and when I
Am the Recusant, in that resolute state,
What hurts it me to be excommunicate ?

ELEGY VII

NATURE'S lay Idiot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, Oh, thou dost prove
Too subtle : Fool, thou didst not understand
The mystic language of the eye nor hand :
Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the air
Of sighs, and say, this lies, this sounds despair :
Nor by th' eye's water call a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they devisefully being set
And bound up, might with speechless secrecy
Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.
Remember since all thy words us'd to be
To every suitor ; *Ay, if my friends agree* ;
Since, household charms, thy husband's name to teach,
Were all the love-tricks, that thy wit could reach ;
And since, an hour's discourse could scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill array'd
In broken proverbs, and torn sentences.
Thou art not by so many duties his,
That from the world's Common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen, nor see,

As mine : who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a blissful Paradise.
Thy graces and good words my creatures be ;
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee,
Which Oh, shall strangers taste ? Must I alas
Frame and enamel Plate, and drink in Glass ?
Chafe wax for others' seals ? break a colt's force
And leave him then, being made a ready horse ?

ELEGY VIII

THE COMPARISON

As the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,
As that which from chaf'd muskat's pores doth trill,
As the Almighty Balm of th' early East,
Such are the sweat drops of my Mistress' breast,
And on her [brow] her skin such lustre sets,
They seem no sweat drops, but pearl coronets.
Rank sweaty froth thy Mistress' brow defiles,
Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous boils,
Or like the scum, which, by need's lawless law
Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw
From parboil'd shoes, and boots, and all the rest
Which were with any sovereign fatness blest,
And like vile lying stones in saffron'd tin,
Or warts, or weals, they hang upon her skin.
Round as the world's her head, on every side,
Like to the fatal Ball which fell on Ide,

Or that whereof God had such jealousy,
As for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jet,
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set ;
Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia, when th' earth's shadows her embrace.
Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Jove's best fortune's urn, is her fair breast.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks, cloth'd in seal's skin,
Or grave, that's dust without, and stink within.
And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
The woodbine quivering, are her arms and hands.
Like rough-bark'd elm boughs, or the russet skin
Of men late scourg'd for madness, or for sin,
Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable state.
And like a bunch of ragged carrots stand
The short swoln fingers of thy gouty hand.
Then like the Chemic's masculine equal fire,
Which in the Limbec's warm womb doth inspire
Into th' earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
Where round about the grass is burnt away.
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
As a worm sucking an envenom'd sore ?
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gath'ring flowers, still fears a snake ?

Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent ?
So kiss good Turtles, so devoutly nice
Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice,
And such in searching wounds the Surgeon is
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiss.
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She and comparisons are odious.

ELEGY IX

THE AUTUMNAL

No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.
Young Beauties force our love, and that's a Rape,
This doth but counsel, yet you cannot scape.
If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame,
Affection here takes Reverence's name.
Were her first years the Golden Age ; that's true,
But now she's gold oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her tolerable tropic clime.
Fair eyes, who asks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles, graves ; If graves they were,
They were Love's graves ; for else he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
Vow'd to this trench, like an Anachorite.

And here, till hers, which must be his death, come,
He doth not dig a Grave, but build a Tomb.
Here dwells he, though he sojourn ev'rywhere,
In Progress, yet his standing house is here.
Here, where still Evening is ; not noon, nor night ;
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at Revels, you at Council, sit.
This is love's timber, youth his underwood ;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonabliest, when our taste
And appetite to other things is past.
Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the Platane tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being so large as she,
Or else because, being young, nature did bless
Her youth with age's glory, Barrenness.
If we love things long sought, Age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing ;
If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
But name not Winter-faces, whose skin's slack ;
Lank, as an unthrift's purse ; but a soul's sack ;
Whose Eyes seek light within, for all here's shade ;
Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out, than made ;
Whose every tooth to a several place is gone,
To vex their souls at Resurrection ;
Name not these living Death's-heads unto me,
For these, not Ancient, but Antique be.
I hate extremes ; yet I had rather stay

With Tombs, than Cradles, to wear out a day.
Since such love's natural motion is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties, so,
I shall ebb out with them, who homeward go.

ELEGY X

THE DREAM

IMAGE of her whom I love, more than she,
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart,
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
As Kings do coins, to which their stamp impart
The value : go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me :
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull ; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,
Then Fantasy is Queen and Soul, and all ;
She can present joys meaner than you do ;
Convenient, and more proportional.
So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
For, all our joys are but fantastical.
And so I scape the pain, for pain is true ;
And sleep which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After a such fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent ;
And shall to love more thankful Sonnets make,

Than if more honour, tears, and pains were spent.
But dearest heart, and dearer image, stay ;
Alas, true joys at best are dream enough ;
Though you stay here you pass too fast away :
For even at first life's Taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

ELEGY XI

THE BRACELET

Upon the loss of his Mistress' Chain, for which he made satisfaction

NOT that in colour it was like thy hair,
For Armlets of that thou mayst let me wear :
Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiss'd,
For so it had that good, which oft I miss'd :
Nor for that silly old morality,
That as these links were knit, our love should be :
Mourn I that I thy sevenfold chain have lost ;
Nor for the luck sake ; but the bitter cost.
Oh, shall twelve righteous Angels,[1] which as yet
No leaven of vile solder did admit ;
Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
From the first state of their Creation ;

[1] The Angel was a gold coin. Donne is, of course, punning on the two meanings of the word.

Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide ;
To gain new friends, t' appease great enemies ;
To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise ;
Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
Sentence (dread judge) my sins' great burden bear ?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And punish'd for offences not their own ?
They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
When in that hell they're burnt and tied in chains.
Were they but Crowns of France, I cared not,
For, most of these, their natural Country's rot
I think possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous ;
And howsoe'er French Kings most Christian be,
Their Crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly.
Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
That are become as Catholic as their King,
Those unlick'd bear-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
That (more than Cannon shot) avails or lets ;
Which negligently left unrounded, look
Like many-angled figures, in the book
Of some great Conjurer that would enforce
Nature, as these do justice, from her course ;
Which, as the soul quickens head, feet and heart,
As streams, like veins, run through th' earth's every part,
Visit all Countries, and have slily made
Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd ;
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day :

And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*.
Or were it such gold as that wherewithal
Almighty Chemics from each mineral
Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd,
Are dirtily and desperately gull'd :
I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
For, they are guilty of much heinous Sin.
But, shall my harmless angels perish ? Shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all ?
Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,
Much of my able youth, and lustihead
Will vanish ; if thou love let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less when they are gone ;
And be content that some loud squeaking Crier
Well-pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat, for hire
May like a devil roar through every street ;
And gall the finder's conscience, if they meet.
Or let me creep to some dread Conjurer,
That with fantastic schemes fills full much paper ;
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves, and murderers stuff'd his
rents,
So full, that though he pass them all in sin,
He leaves himself no room to enter in.
But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 'twill ne'er be found ; yet be content ;
Receive from him that doom ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of destiny.
Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remain,
Though it be chang'd, and put into a chain ;

So in the first fal'n angels, resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge ; but, 'tis turn'd to ill :
As these should do good works ; and should provide
Necessities ; but now must nurse thy pride.
And they are still bad angels ; mine are none ;
For, form gives being, and their form is gone :
Pity these Angels ; yet their dignities
Pass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.
But, thou art resolute ; thy will be done !
Yet with such anguish, as her only son
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
Good souls, (for you give life to everything)
Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone :
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea, death, ere he would make your number less.
But, I am guilty of your sad decay ;
May your few fellows longer with me stay.
But Oh thou wretched finder whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate :
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall :
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First mayst thou be ; then chain'd to hellish pains ;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy Country, and fail both of that and thy pay,
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, contain
Poison, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain ;

Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee ; and dwell with thee
Itchy desire, and no ability.
May all the evils that gold ever wrought ;
All mischiefs that all devils ever thought ;
Want after plenty ; poor and gouty age ;
The plagues of travellers ; love ; marriage
Afflict thee, and at thy life's last moment,
May thy swoln sins themselves to thee present.
  But, I forgive ; repent thee honest man :
Gold is Restorative, restore it then :
But if from it thou be'st loth to depart,
Because 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart.

ELEGY XII

HIS PARTING FROM HER

SINCE she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,
Environ me with darkness, whilst I write :
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to suffer when my Love is gone.
Alas the darkest Magic cannot do it,
Thou and great Hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus, and each star,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are.
I could lend thee obscureness now, and say,
Out of my self, There should be no more Day,

Such is already my felt want of sight,
Did not the fires within me force a light.
O Love, that fire and darkness should be mix'd,
Or to thy Triumphs so strange torments fix'd!
Is't because thou thyself art blind, that we
Thy Martyrs must no more each other see?
Or tak'st thou pride to break us on the wheel,
And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?
Or have we left undone some mutual Rite,
Through holy fear, that merits thy despite?
No, no. The fault was mine, impute it to me,
Or rather to conspiring destiny,
Which (since I lov'd for form before) decreed,
That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed:
And therefore now, sooner than I can say,
I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away.
Or as I had watch'd one drop in a vast stream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet Love, thou'rt blinder than thyself in this,
To vex my Dove-like friend for my amiss:
And, where my own sad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate:
So blinded Justice doth, when Favourites fall,
Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all.
Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
Into our bloods, inflaming our desires,
And mad'st us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn,
And then thyself into our flame didst turn?
Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us

To paths in love so dark, so dangerous :
And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
And over all, thy husband's towering eyes
That flam'd with oily sweat of jealousy :
Yet went we not still on with constancy ?
Have we not kept our guards, like spy on spy ?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by ?
Stol'n (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses ?
Shadow'd with negligence our most respects ?
Varied our language through all dialects,
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words ?
Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart ?
And, after all this passed Purgatory,
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story ?
First let our eyes be riveted quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to :
Let our arms clasp like Ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may stick here,
Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed,
Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, should such a mischief do.
O Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaim
And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame.
Do thy great worst, my friend and I have arms,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.
Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide

Our bodies so, but that our souls are tied,
And we can love by letters still and gifts,
And thoughts and dreams ; Love never wanteth
shifts.
I will not look upon the quickening Sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run ;
The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure ;
Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure.
Time shall not lose our passages ; the Spring
How fresh our love was in the beginning ;
The Summer how it ripened in the ear ;
And Autumn, what our golden harvests were.
The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lost season, so shall she.
And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
With hope of Day, burthens well borne are light.
Though cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the Sphere.
And what he cannot in like Portions pay,
The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.
Be then ever yourself, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty : so
Declare yourself base fortune's Enemy,
No less by your contempt than constancy ;
That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
When my own thoughts I there reflected find.
For this to th' comfort of my Dear I vow,
My Deeds shall still be what my words are now ;
The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start ;
And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart ;

Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire :
Much more I could, but many words have made
That, oft, suspected which men would persuade ;
Take therefore all in this : I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGY XIII

JULIA

HARK news, O envy, thou shalt hear descried
My *Julia* ; who as yet was ne'er envied.
To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
With calumny, that hell itself disdains,
Is her continual practice ; does her best,
To tear opinion even out of the breast
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
Sticks jealousy in wedlock ; her own child
Scapes not the showers of envy. To repeat
The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat
Dear reputation. Would to God she were
But half so loth to act vice, as to hear
My mild reproof. Liv'd *Mantuan* now again,
That female Mastix, to limn with his pen
This she Chimera, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, anger feeds desire,
Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries,

Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*
That blasts the springs, though ne'er so prosperous,
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
The food of others, than herself to fill.
But oh her mind, that *Orcus*, which includes
Legions of mischiefs, countless multitudes
Of formless curses, projects unmade up,
Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Misshapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
Inevitable errors, self-accusing oaths :
These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sun,
Throng in her bosom for creation.
I blush to give her half her due ; yet say,
No poison's half so bad as *Julia*.

ELEGY XIV

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE

I SING no harm good sooth to any wight,
To Lord or fool, Cuckold, beggar or knight,
To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
Reformed or reduced Captain, Knave,
Officer, Juggler, or Justice of peace,
Juror or Judge ; I touch no fat sow's grease,
I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) say there are too many.
I fear not *ore tenus* ; for my tale,
Nor Count nor Counsellor will red or pale.
A citizen and his wife the other day

Both riding on one horse, upon the way
I overtook, the wench a pretty peat,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat.
I saw the lecherous Citizen turn back
His head, and on his wife's lip steal a smack,
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before, to kiss his wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began
To sort discourse fit for so fine a man :
I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
Ask'd if the Custom Farmers held out still,
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffic of the I[n]land seas had marr'd,
Whether the Britain *Burse* did fill apace,
And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace ;
Of new-built Aldgate, and the Moor-field crosses,
Of store of bankrupts, and poor Merchants' losses
I urged him to speak ; But he (as mute
As an old Courtier worn to his last suit)
Replies with only yeas and nays ; at last
(To fit his element) my theme I cast
On Tradesmen's gains ; that set his tongue a-going :
Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court nor City now ; she smil'd and I,
And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie
In one met thought : but he went on apace,
And at the present time with such a face
He rail'd, as fray'd me ; for he gave no praise,
To any but my Lord of *Essex*' days ;
Call'd those the age of action ; true (quoth he)

There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For, put to push of pay, away they run ;
Our only City trades of hope now are
Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener ;
The much of privileg'd kingsmen, and the store
Of fresh protections make the rest all poor ;
In the first state of their Creation,
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous paymaster. Thus ran he on
In a continued rage : so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
And (troth) how could I less ? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Mayor,
And his wise brethren's worships, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
To get him off from what I glowed to hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright Sign of a lov'd and well-tried Inn,
Where many Citizens with their wives have been
Well used and often ; here I pray'd him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way.
Look how he look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
And at's return found nothing but a Rope,
So he on me, refus'd and made away,
Though willing she pleaded a weary day :
I found my miss, struck hands, and pray'd him tell
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell ;
He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine,
But his kind wife gave me the very Sign.

ELEGY XV

THE EXPOSTULATION

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
  Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
  And must she needs be false because she's fair?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
  Or your perfection, not to study truth?
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes?
  Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
  Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? Or doth their breath
  (Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
  Form'd into words, so many sighs should meet
As from our hearts, so many oaths, and tears
  Sprinkled among (all sweeter by our fears
And the divine impression of stolen kisses,
  That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty
    blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
  Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
  He first desire you false, would wish you just?
O I profane, though most of women be
  This kind of beast, my thought shall except thee;

My dearest love, though froward jealousy,
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
Sooner I'll think the Sun will cease to cheer
The teeming earth, and *that* forget to bear,
Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June would bind his streams,
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But O that treacherous breast to whom weak you
Did trust our Counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falsehood found too late, 'twas he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me,
Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
We spake, unto the cunning of a third.
Curst may he be, that so our love hath slain,
And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*,
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity ;
In plaguing him, let misery be witty ;
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noisome as his infamy ;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price ;
And after all self-torment, when he dies,
May Wolves tear out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue
That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the King's dogs, than any other beast.
Now have I curst, let us our love revive ;
In me the flame was never more alive ;

I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease; like Painters that do take
Delight, not in made work, but whiles they make;
I could renew those times, when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at masks and plays
Commend the self-same Actors, the same ways;
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly catch'd, as a disease;
But being got it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get:
And ought not be profan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*.

ELEGY XVI

ON HIS MISTRESS

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words' masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatened me,
I calmly beg: but by thy father's wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,

I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
Here I unswear, and overswear them thus,
Thou shalt not love by ways so dangerous.
Temper, O fair Love, love's impetuous rage,
Be my true Mistress still, not my feign'd Page ;
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back ; O if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar.
Thy (else Almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness ; thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd ; feed on this flattery,
That absent Lovers one in th' other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind's ; be not strange
To thyself only ; all will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace ;
Richly cloth'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soon
Eclips'd as bright we call the Moon the Moon.
Men of France, changeable chameleons,
Spitals of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and the rightest company
Of Players, which upon the world's stage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no less, alas !
Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass

His warm land, well content to think thee Page,
Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
As Lot's fair guests were vex'd. But none of these
Nor spongy hydroptic Dutch shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
England is only a worthy gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness,
Nor let thy looks our long-hid love confess,
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless nor curse
Openly love's force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse
With midnight's startings, crying out, oh, oh
Nurse, O my love is slain, I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

ELEGY XVII

VARIETY

THE heavens rejoice in motion, why should I
Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
And not with many youth and love divide?
Pleasure is none, if not diversified:
The sun that sitting in the chair of light
Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,

Is not contented at one Sign to Inn,
But ends his year and with a new begins.
All things do willingly in change delight,
The fruitful mother of our appetite :
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
Where their fair spreading streams run wide and far ;
And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts itself and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
And worthy all alone my love to share.
Nature in her hath done the liberal part
Of a kind Mistress, and employ'd her art
To make her lovable, and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her :
I love her well, and would, if need were, die
To do her service. But follows it that I
Must serve her only, when I may have choice
Of other beauties, and in change rejoice ?
The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
The last I saw in all extremes is fair,
And holds me in the Sun-beams of her hair ;
Her nymph-like features such agreements have
That I could venture with her to the grave :
Another's brown, I like her not the worse,
Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse :
Others, for that they well descended are,
Do in my love obtain as large a share ;
And though they be not fair, 'tis much with me
To win their love only for their degree.
And though I fail of my required ends,

The attempt is glorious and itself commends.
How happy were our Sires in ancient time,
Who held plurality of loves no crime !
With them it was accounted charity
To stir up race of all indifferently ;
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands :
Which with the Persian still in usage stands.
Women were then no sooner asked than won,
And what they did was honest and well done.
But since this title honour hath been used
Our weak credulity hath been abused ;
The golden laws of nature are repeal'd,
Which our first Fathers in such reverence held ;
Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone,
And we're made servants to opinion,
A monster in no certain shape attir'd,
And whose original is much desir'd,
Formless at first, but growing on it fashions,
And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
Here love receiv'd immedicable harms,
And was despoiled of his daring arms.
A greater want than is his daring eyes,
He lost those awful wings with which he flies ;
His sinewy bow, and those immortal darts
Wherewith he's wont to bruise resisting hearts.
Only some few strong in themselves and free
Retain the seeds of ancient liberty,
Following that part of Love although depressed,
And make a throne for him within their breast,
In spite of modern censures him avowing

Their Sovereign, all service him allowing.
Amongst which troop although I am the least,
Yet equal in perfection with the best,
I glory in subjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his least command :
For in whatever form the message came
My heart did open and receive the same.
But time will in his course a point descry
When I this loved service must deny,
For our allegiance temporary is,
With firmer age returns our liberties.
What time in years and judgment we repos'd,
Shall not so easily be to change dispos'd,
Nor to the art of several eyes obeying ;
But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
Which being found assembled in some one,
We'll love her ever, and love her alone.

ELEGY XVIII

LOVE'S PROGRESS

WHOEVER loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick :
Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o'er-lick
Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a Calf a monster that were grown
Faced like a man, though better than his own ?

Perfection is in unity : prefer
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductileness, the application,
The wholesomeness, the ingenuity,
From rust, from soil, from fire ever free :
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade.
All these in women we might think upon
(If women had them) and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women than to say
They love them for that, by which they're not they?
Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood
Till I both be, and find one wise and good?
May barren Angels love so. But if we
Make love to woman; virtue is not she :
As beauty's not nor wealth : he that strays thus
From her to hers, is more adulterous
Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere
And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there :
He's an infernal god and underground
With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound :
Men to such Gods, their sacrificing coals
Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes.
Although we see Celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love :
So we her airs contemplate, words and heart,
And virtues; but we love the centric part.
Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
For love, than this, as infinite as it.

But in attaining this desired place
How much they err, that set out at the face ?
The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
Of springes,[1] snares, fetters and manacles :
The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwrecks us again.
Smooth, 'tis a Paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave.
The Nose (like to the first Meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns ;
It leaves a Cheek, a rosy Hemisphere
On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
(Not faint *Canaries*, but ambrosial)
Her swelling lips ; to which when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,
For they seem all : there sirens' songs, and there
Wise Delphic Oracles do fill the ear ;
There in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell,
The Remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
These, and the glorious Promontory, her Chin
O'erpast ; and the strait *Hellespont* between
The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,
(Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the nests)
Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
Some Island moles may scattered there descry ;
And sailing towards her *India*, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantic Navel stay ;
Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made,

[1] "Springes" : traps. *Cf. Hamlet*, " springes to catch woodcocks."

Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd
Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
Where many shipwreck, and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chase
Misspent by thy beginning at the face.
Rather set out below ; practise my Art,
Some Symmetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at :
Least subject to disguise and change it is ;
Men say the Devil never can change his.
It is the Emblem that hath figured
Firmness ; 'tis the first part that comes to bed.
Civility we see refin'd : the kiss
Which at the face began, transplanted is,
Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be :
If Kings think that the nearer way, and do
Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too ;
For as free Spheres move faster far than can
Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
Which goes this empty and Æthereal way,
Than if at beauty's elements he stay.
Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid :
They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that Exchequer looks, must go :
He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by Clyster gave the Stomach meat.

ELEGY XIX

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED

COME, Madam, come, all rest my powers defy,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
Is tired with standing though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's Zone glistering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopt there.
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you, that now it is bed time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,
As when from flowry meads th' hill's shadow steals.
Off with that wiry Coronet and show
The hairy Diadem which on you doth grow :
Now off with those shoes, and then safely tread
In this love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes, heaven's Angels used to be
Receiv'd by men ; thou Angel bring'st with thee
A heaven like Mahomet's Paradise ; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know,
By this these Angels from an evil sprite,
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

Licence my roving hands, and let them go,
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America ! my new-found-land,
My kingdom, safeliest when with one man mann'd,
My Mine of precious stones, My Empery,
How blest am I in this discovering thee !
To enter in these bonds, is to be free ;
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.
Full nakedness ! All joys are due to thee,
As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in men's views,
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a Gem,
His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made
For lay-men, are all women thus array'd ;
Themselves are mystic books, which only we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know,
As liberally, as to a Midwife, show
Thyself : cast all, yea, this white linen hence,
There is no penance due to innocence.
To teach thee, I am naked first ; why then
What needst thou have more covering than a man.

ELEGY XX

LOVE'S WAR

TILL I have peace with thee, war other men,
And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
All other Wars are scrupulous; only thou
O fair free City, may'st thyself allow
To any one. In Flanders, who can tell
Whether the Master press; or men rebel?
Only we know, that which all idiots say,
They bear most blows which come to part the fray.
France in her lunatic giddiness did hate
Ever our men, yea and our God of late;
Yet she relies upon our Angels well,
Which ne'er return; no more than they which fell.
Sick Ireland is with a strange war possessed
Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest;
Which time will cure: yet it must do her good
If she were purg'd, and her head-vein let blood.
And Midas' joys our Spanish journeys give,
We touch all gold, but find no food to live.
And I should be in the hot parching clime,
To dust and ashes turn'd before my time.
To mew me in a Ship, is to enthral
Me in a prison, that were like to fall;
Or in a cloister; save that there men dwell
In a calm heaven, here in a swaggering hell.

Long voyages are long consumptions,
And ships are carts for executions.
Yea they are Deaths ; is't not all one to fly
Into an other World, as 'tis to die ?
Here let me war ; in these arms let me lie ;
Here let me parley, batter, bleed, and die.
Thine arms imprison me, and mine arms thee,
Thy heart thy ransom is, take mine for me.
Other men war that they their rest may gain ;
But we will rest that we may fight again.
Those wars the ignorant, these th' experienc'd love,
There we are always under, here above.
There Engines far off breed a just true fear,
Near thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here.
There lies are wrongs ; here safe uprightly lie ;
There men kill men, we'll make one by and by.
Thou nothing ; I not half so much shall do
In these Wars, as they may which from us two
Shall spring. Thousands we see which travel not
To wars, but stay swords, arms, and shot
To make at home ; and shall not I do then
More glorious service, staying to make men ?

HEROICAL EPISTLE

SAPPHO TO PHILÆNIS

WHERE is that holy fire, which Verse is said
To have? is that enchanting force decay'd?
Verse that draws Nature's works, from Nature's law,
Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quench'd my old Poetic fire;
Why quench'd they not as well, that of desire?
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their liberty.
Only thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
But that is wax, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
And I am robb'd of Picture, Heart, and Sense.
Dwells with me still mine irksome Memory,
Which, both to keep, and lose, grieves equally.
That tells me how fair thou art: Thou art so fair,
As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
Are grac'd thereby; and to make blind men see,
What things gods are, I say they 're like to thee.
For, if we justly call each silly man
A little world, What shall we call thee then?
Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
As Down, as Stars, Cedars, and Lilies are,
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.

Such was my Phao awhile, but shall be never,
As thou wast, art, and, oh, may'st be ever.
Here lovers swear in their idolatry,
That I am such ; but Grief discolours me.
And yet I grieve the less, lest Grief remove
My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
Plays some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
A mutual feeling which should sweeten it.
His chin, a thorny hairy unevenness
Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
Thy body is a natural Paradise,
In whose self, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
Nor needs perfection ; why shouldst thou then
Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man ?
Men leave behind them that which their sin shows,
And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it snows.
But of our dalliance no more signs there are,
Than fishes leave in streams, or Birds in air.
And between us all sweetness may be had ;
All, all that Nature yields, or Art can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But so, as thine from one another do ;
And, oh, no more ; the likeness being such,
Why should they not alike in all parts touch ?
Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies ;
Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to thighs ?
Likeness begets such strange self-flattery,
That touching myself, all seems done to thee.

Myself I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
And amorously thank myself for this.
Me, in my glass, I call thee ; but alas,
When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes, and glass.
O cure this loving madness, and restore
Me to me ; thee, my half, my all, my more.
So may thy cheeks' red outwear scarlet dye,
And their white, whiteness of the Galaxy,
So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move
Envy in all women, and in all men, love,
And so be change, and sickness, far from thee,
As thou by coming near, keep'st them from me.

EPITHALAMIONS OR MARRIAGE SONGS

AN EPITHALAMION, OR MARRIAGE SONG

ON THE LADY ELIZABETH AND COUNT PALATINE BEING MARRIED ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

I

HAIL Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Air is thy Diocese,
And all the chirping Choristers
And other birds are thy Parishioners ;
Thou marriest every year
The lyric Lark, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher ;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon ;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, Old Valentine.

II

Till now, Thou warm'd'st with multiplying loves
Two larks, two sparrows, or two Doves ;
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phœnixes ;
Thou mak'st a Taper see
What the sun never saw, and what the Ark
(Which was of fowls, and beasts, the cage, and park,)
Did not contain, one bed contains, through Thee,
Two Phœnixes, whose joined breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests,
Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
Young Phœnixes, and yet the old shall live ;
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III

Up then fair Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sun,
Thyself from thine affection
Takest warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair Bride, and call,
Thy stars, from out their several boxes, take
Thy Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds forth, and make
Thyself a constellation, of them All,
And by their blazing, signify,
That a Great Princess falls, but doth not die ;

Be thou a new star, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder ; and be Thou those ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

IV

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting Another, grows the same,
So meet thy Frederick, and so
To an unseparable union grow.
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can disunite,
You're twice inseparable, great, and one ;
Go, then to where the Bishop stays,
To make you one, his way, which divers ways
Must be effected ; and when all is past,
And that you're one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, yourselves to entwine,
Besides this Bishop's knot, or Bishop Valentine.

V

But oh, what ails the Sun, that here he stays,
Longer to-day, than other days ?
Stays he new light from these to get ?
And finding here such store, is loth to set ?

And why do you two walk,
So slowly pac'd in this procession ?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle, and talk ?
The feast, with gluttonous delays,
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
The masquers come too late, and I think, will stay,
Like fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas, did not Antiquity assign
A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine ?

VI

They did, and night is come ; and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean these Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pieces,) go
So nicely about the Bride ;
A Bride, before a good-night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes, into her bed,
As Souls from bodies steal, and are not spied.
But now she is laid ; what though she be ?
Yet there are more delays, for, where is he ?
He comes, and passes through Sphere after Sphere,
First her sheets, then her Arms, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII

Here lies a she Sun, and a he Moon here,
She gives the best light to his Sphere,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they do, but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbear nor stay ;
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again ;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No such occasion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII

And by this act of these two Phœnixes
Nature again restored is,
For since these two are two no more,
There's but one Phœnix still, as was before.
Rest now at last, and we
As Satyrs watch the Sun's uprise, will stay
Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day,
Only desired, because your face we see ;
Others near you shall whispering speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,

And win by observing, then, whose hand it is
That opens first a curtain, hers or his ;
This will be tried to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour, we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECLOGUE

1613. *December* 26

Allophanes *finding* Idios *in the country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from court, at the marriage of the Earl of Somerset ;* Idios *gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.*

Allophanes.

UNSEASONABLE man, statue of ice,
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time ?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
Even small birds, who by that courage dare,
In numerous fleets, sail through their Sea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilst Flora herself doth a frieze jerkin wear ?
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee ; and all springs by frost
Have taken cold, and their sweet murmur lost ;
If thou thy faults or fortunes wouldst lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent ;

At Court the spring already advanced is,
The Sun stays longer up ; and yet not his
The glory is, far other, other fires.
First, zeal to Prince and State ; then love's desires
Burn in one breast, and like heaven's two great lights,
The first doth govern days, the other nights.
And then that early light, which did appear
Before the Sun and Moon created were,
The Prince's favour is diffused o'er all,
From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall ;
Then from those wombs of stars, the Bride's bright eyes,
At every glance, a constellation flies,
And sows the Court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-eyed firmament ;
First her eyes kindle other Ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels' lustres rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire ;
Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
Where in dark plots, fire without light doth dwell ;
Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get
Continual, but artificial heat ;
Here zeal and love grown one, all clouds digest,
And make our Court an everlasting East.
And canst thou be from thence ?
Idios. No, I am there.
As heaven, to men dispos'd, is everywhere,

So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
  Not only all their house, but all their State.
Let no man think, because he is full, he hath all.
  Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not only in fullness, but capacity,
  Enlarging narrow men, to feel and see,
And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
  So, reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know
More of heaven's glory, than a worldling can.
  As man is of the world, the heart of man,
Is an epitome of God's great book
  Of creatures, and man need no farther look ;
So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth,
  As their one common soul, give life to both,
I am not then from Court.

Allophanes. Dreamer, thou art.
  Think'st thou fantastic that thou hast a part
In the East-Indian fleet, because thou hast
  A little spice, or Amber in thy taste ?
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm ?
  Seest thou all good because thou seest no harm ?
The earth doth in her inward bowels hold
  Stuff well dispos'd, and which would fain be gold,
But never shall, except it chance to lie,
  So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye ;
As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
  So, for best civil use, all tinctures move
From higher powers ; from God religion springs,
  Wisdom and honour from the use of Kings.

Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
  That angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are still in heav'n, so is he still at home
  That doth, abroad, to honest actions come.
Chide thyself then, O fool, which yesterday
  Might'st have read more than all thy books bewray;
Hast thou a history, which doth present
  A Court, where all affections do assent
Unto the King's, and that, that King's are just?
  And where it is no levity to trust?
Where there is no ambition, but to obey,
  Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;
Where the King's favours are so plac'd, that all
  Find that the King therein is liberal
To them, in him, because his favours bend
  To virtue, to the which they all pretend?
Thou hast no such; yet here was this, and more,
  An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
  And is no more in his minority,
He is admitted now into that breast
  Where the King's Counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost, O ignorant man?
Idios. I knew
  All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
  Words to express it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts; I would not therefore stay
  At a great feast, having no grace to say.

And yet I 'scaped not here ; for being come
  Full of the common joy, I utter'd some ;
Read then this nuptial song, which was not made
  Either the Court or men's hearts to invade,
But since I am dead, and buried, I could frame
  No epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poor song, which testifies
  I did unto that day some sacrifice.

EPITHALAMION

I. THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE

THOU art repriev'd, old year, thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
    And should'st within five days expire,
Yet thou art rescued by a mightier fire,
    Than thy old Soul, the Sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easy liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving
    heart.

II. EQUALITY OF PERSONS

BUT undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple, dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tried by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man.
If by that manly courage they be tried,
Which scorns unjust opinion; then the bride
Becomes a man. Should chance or envy's art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part?
Since both have both th' inflaming eyes, and both the loving heart.

III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM

THOUGH it be some divorce to think of you
Singly, so much one are you two,
Yet let me here contemplate thee,
First, cheerful Bridegroom, and first let me see,
How thou prevent'st the Sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun,
How, having laid down in thy Sovereign's breast
All businesses, from thence to reinvest
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To show to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE

BUT now, to Thee, fair Bride, it is some wrong,
To think thou wert in Bed so long,
Since soon thou liest down first, 'tis fit
Thou in first rising should'st allow for it.
Powder thy Radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,
Thou, which to all which come to look upon,
Art meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaeton.
For our ease, give thine eyes th' unusual part
Of joy, a Tear; so quench'd, thou may'st impart,
To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving heart.

V. HER APPARELLING

THUS thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the Sun in water see.
So dost thou, when in silk and gold
Thou cloud'st thyself; since we which do behold,
Are dust, and worms, 'tis just
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust;
Let every Jewel be a glorious star,
Yet stars are not so pure, as their spheres are.
And though thou stoop, to appear to us in part,
Still in that Picture thou entirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and we,
As men which through a Cypress see
The rising sun, do think it two,
So, as you go to Church, do think of you ;
But that veil being gone,
By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more ;
Then, reverend Priest, who God's Recorder art,
Do, from his Dictates, to these two impart
All blessings, which are seen, or thought, by Angel's eye or heart.

VII. THE BENEDICTION

BLEST pair of Swans, Oh may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never sing [1] ;
Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
Till honour, yea till wisdom grow so stale,
That, new great heights to try,
It must serve your ambition, to die ;
Raise heirs, and may here, to the world's end, live
Heirs from this King, to take thanks, you, to give,
Nature and grace do all, and nothing Art.
May never age, or error overthwart
With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this heart.

[1] The Swan was said to sing only once, at death.

VIII. FEASTS AND REVELS

BUT you are over-blest. Plenty this day
Injures ; it causeth time to stay ;
The tables groan, as though this feast
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true ;
For every part to dance and revel goes.
They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.
Though six hours since, the Sun to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, a centre to this heart.

IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED

WHAT mean'st thou, Bride, this company to keep ?
To sit up, till thou fain would'st sleep ?
Thou may'st not, when thou art laid, do so.
Thyself must to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertain
And do all this day's dances o'er again.
Know that if Sun and Moon together do
Rise in one point, they do not set so too ;
Therefore thou may'st, fair Bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone ; where'er thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.

X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING

As he that sees a star fall, runs apace,
And finds a jelly in the place,
So doth the Bridegroom haste as much,
Being told this star is fall'n, and finds her such.
And as friends may look strange,
By a new fashion, or apparel's change,
Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,
These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seen ;
Therefore at first she modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part,
As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or heart.

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT

Now, as in Tullia's tomb, one lamp burnt clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
In warmth, light, lasting, equal the divine.
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,
But ends in ashes, which these cannot do,
For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
This is joy's bonfire, then, where love's strong Arts
Make of so noble individual parts
One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts.

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may do
A perfect sacrifice, I 'll burn it too.

Allophanes.

No, Sir. This paper I have justly got,
For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not
His only that presents it, but of all ;
Whatever celebrates this Festival
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
Nor may yourself be Priest : but let me go
Back to the Court, and I will lay it upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

EPITHALAMION MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN

THE Sun-beams in the East are spread,
Leave, leave, fair Bride, your solitary bed,
No more shall you return to it alone,
It nurseth sadness, and your body's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint ;
You and your other you meet there anon ;
Put forth, put forth that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets will smother,
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh ;
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of London, you which be
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasury,
You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of Angels on your marriage days,
Help with your presence and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due ;
Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd,
By you, fit place for every flower and jewel ;
Make her for love fit fuel
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Ind ;
So may she fair, rich, glad, and in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you frolic Patricians,
Sons of these Senators, wealth's deep oceans,
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others' wits,
Ye country men, who but your beasts love none,
Ye of those fellowships whereof he's one,
Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodites,
Here shine ; this Bridegroom to the Temple bring.
Lo, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,
The sober virgin paceth ;
Except my sight fail, 'tis no other thing ;
Weep not nor blush, here is no grief nor shame,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple, unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
Till, mystically join'd, but one they be ;

Then may thy lean and hunger-starved womb
Long time expect their bodies and their tomb,
  Long after their own parents fatten thee.
    All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
All yielding to new loves be far for ever,
Which might these two dissever,
    All ways all th' other may each one possess ;
For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To-day puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Oh winter days bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night ;
  Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
Other disports than dancing jollities,
Other love tricks than glancing with the eyes,
  But that the Sun still in our half Sphere sweats ;
    He flies in winter, but he now stands still.
Yet shadows turn ; Noon point he hath attain'd,
His steeds nill be restrain'd,
    But gallop lively down the Western hill ;
Thou shalt, when he hath run the world's half frame,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The amorous evening star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star inclose
  Herself in her wish'd bed ? Release your strings
Musicians, and dancers take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
  As much weariness as perfection brings ;
    You, and not only you, but all toil'd beasts

Rest duly ; at night all their toils are dispensed ;
But in their beds commenced
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts ;
She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgin's girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptial bed (love's altar) lie
A pleasing sacrifice ; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes which were put on
T' adorn the day, not thee ; for thou, alone,
Like virtue and truth, art best in nakedness ;
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle ;
Till now thou wast but able
To be what now that art ; then that by thee
No more be said, *I may be*, but, *I am*,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Even like a faithful man content,
That this life for a better should be spent,
So, she a mother's rich style doth prefer,
And at the Bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees t' embowel her ;
Now sleep or watch with more joy ; and O light
Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early ;
This Sun will love so dearly
Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight ;
Wonders are wrought, for she which had no maim,
To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

SATIRES

SATIRE I

AWAY thou fondling motley humourist,
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I die ;
Here are God's conduits, grave Divines ; and here
Nature's Secretary, the Philosopher ;
And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body ;
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic Poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild uncertain thee ?
First swear by thy best love in earnest
(If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
Not though a Captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel-gift, with forty dead men's pay,
Not though a brisk perfum'd pert Courtier
Deign with a nod, thy courtesy to answer.
Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
Great train of blue coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,

Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir !
For better or worse take me, or leave me :
To take, and leave me is adultery.
Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man,
That when thou meet'st one, with inquiring eyes
Dost search, and like a needy broker prize
The silk, and gold he wears, and to that rate
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat :
That wilt consort none, until thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own,
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy dear company.
Why should'st thou (that dost not only approve,
But in rank itchy lust, desire, and love
The nakedness and bareness to enjoy,
Of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy)
Hate virtue, though she be naked, and bare ?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are ;
And till our Souls be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from bliss are banished.
Man's first blest state was naked, when by sin
He lost that, yet he was cloth'd but in beast's skin,
And in this coarse attire, which I now wear,
With God, and with the Muses I confer.
But since thou like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sins, dost repent
These vanities, and giddinesses, lo
I shut my chamber door, and come, let's go.

But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn by as many several men in sin,
As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose,
Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those :
Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
The Infanta of London, Heir to an India ;
And sooner may a gulling weather spy
By drawing forth heaven's Scheme tell certainly
What fashioned hats, or ruffs, or suits next year
Our subtle-witted antic youths will wear ;
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, canst show
Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience ?
Now we are in the street ; he first of all
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And so imprisoned, and hemm'd in by me
Sells for a little state his liberty ;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As 'prentices, or school-boys which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go.
And as fiddlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
So to the most brave, stoops he nigh'st the ground.
But to a grave man, he doth move no more
Than the wise politic horse would heretofore,
Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt do,
When any names the King of Spain to you.

Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do you see
Yonder well-favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis he
That dances so divinely; Oh, said I,
Stand still, must you dance here for company?
He droopt, we went, till one (which did excel
Th' Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)
Met us; they talk'd; I whispered, Let us go,
'T may be you smell him not, truly I do;
He hears not me, but, on the other side
A many-coloured Peacock having spied,
Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him whom I last left, all repute
For his device, in handsoming a suit,
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pleat
Of all the Court, to have the best conceit.
Our dull Comedians want him, let him go;
But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so?
Why? he hath travell'd. Long? No; but to me
(Which understand none,) he doth seem to be
Perfect French, and Italian; I replied,
So is the Pox; he answered not, but spied
More men of sort, of parts, and qualities;
At last his Love he in a window spies,
And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from me
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many were there, he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of door
Directly came to me hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keep his bed.

SATIRE II

Sir ; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate toward them, breeds pity towards the rest.
Though Poetry indeed be such a sin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in,
Though like the Pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Riddlingly it catch men ; and doth remove
Never, till it be starved out ; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at Bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means
(Starving himself) to live by his labour'd scenes ;
As in some Organ, puppets dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move Love by rhythms ; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms :
Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat ?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That excuse for writing, and for writing ill ;
But he is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw

Rankly digested, doth those things out spew,
As his own things ; and they are his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own :
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
To out-swive Dildoes, and out-usure Jews ;
To out-drink the sea, to out-swear the Litany ;
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As Confessors ; and for whose sinful sake,
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make :
Whose strange sins, Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.
But these punish themselves ; the insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late
But a scarce Poet ; jollier of this state,
Than are new benefic'd ministers, he throws
Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes,
His title of Barrister, on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas, and Bench :
A motion, Lady ; Speak Coscus ; I have been
In love, ever since *tricesimo* of the Queen,
Continual claims I have made, injunctions got
To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
Proceed ; Spare me ; In Hilary term I went,
You said, If I return'd next 'size in Lent,
I should be in remitter of your grace ;
In th' interim my letters should take place

Of affidavits : words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a soft maid's ear,
More, more, than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.
When sick with poetry, and possess'd with Muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd ; but men which choose
Law-practice for mere gain, bold soul, repute
Worse then embrothell'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman, he must walk
His hand still at a bill, now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lie in everything,
Like a King's favourite, yea like a King ;
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
Bearing-like Asses ; and more shameless far
Than carted whores, lie, to the grave Judge ; for
Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him ; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as the sea) he will compass all our land ;
From Scots, to Wight ; from Mount, to Dover strand.
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins, as he.
For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen stuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff,
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
(Relique-like kept) perchance buys wedding gear ;

Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
In parchments then, large as his fields, he draws
Assurances, big, as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
These he writes not ; nor for these written pays,
Therefore spares no length ; as in those first days
When Luther was professed, he did desire
Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Friar
Each day his beads, but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the Power and glory clause.
But when he sells or changes land, he impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
As slily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense ; or in Divinity
As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Where are those spread woods which cloth'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where's th' old landlord's troops, and alms? In great halls
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate ; means bless ; in rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,
None starve, none surfeit so ; but Oh we allow,
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes ; but my words none draws
Within the vast reach of the huge statute laws.

SATIRE III

KIND pity chokes my spleen ; brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue which swell my eye-lids ;
I must not laugh, nor weep sins, and be wise,
Can railing then cure these worn maladies ?
Is not our Mistress fair Religion,
As worthy of all our Soul's devotion,
As virtue was to the first blinded age ?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
Lusts, as earth's honour was to them ? Alas,
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end, and shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near
To follow, damn'd ? O if thou dar'st, fear this ;
This fear great courage, and high valour is.
Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships' wooden sepulchres, a prey
To leaders' rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth ?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth ?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoveries ? and thrice
Colder than Salamanders, like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain, and the line,
Whose countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear ? and must every he

Which cries not, Goddess, to thy Mistress, draw,
Or eat thy poisonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
Sentinel in his world's garrison) thus yield,
And for the forbidden wars, leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes: the foul Devil (whom thou
Strivest to please,) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain, his whole Realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
Flesh (itself's death) and joys which flesh can taste,
Thou lovest; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loathe.
Seek true religion. O where? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome; there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand years ago,
He loves her rags so, as we here obey
The statecloth where the Prince sate yesterday.
Crantz to such brave Loves will not be enthrall'd,
But loves her only, who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
Contemptuous, yet unhandsome; as among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.
Graius stays still at home here, and because
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws

Still new like fashions, bid him think that she
Which dwells with us, is only perfect, he
Embraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still
Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
All, because all cannot be good, as one
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
As women do in divers countries go
In divers habits, yet are still one kind,
So doth, so is Religion ; and this blind-
ness too much light breeds ; but unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow ;
And the right ; ask thy father which is she,
Let him ask his ; though truth and falsehood be
Near twins, yet truth a little elder is ;
Be busy to seek her, believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
To adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad ; doubt wisely ; in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray ;
To sleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must, and about must go ;
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so ;
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy Soul rest, for none can work in that night.
To will, implies delay, therefore now do :
Hard deeds, the body's pains ; hard knowledge too

The mind's endeavours reach, and mysteries
Are like the Sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou hast found ; men do not stand
In so ill case here, that God hath with His hand
Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soul be tied
To man's laws, by which she shall not be tried
At the last day ? Oh, will it then boot thee
To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this ?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
Equally strong ? cannot both sides say so ?
That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know ;
Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd ; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As streams are, Power is ; those blest flowers that dwell
At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas are driven
Through mills, and rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost :
So perish Souls, which more choose men's unjust
Power from God claimed, than God Himself to trust.

SATIRE IV

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation to, and scarce map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poison'd with love to see, or to be seen.
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to Court; but as Glaze which did go
To a Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the Statute's curse,
Before he 'scaped, so it pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going), to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
ful, as proud, as lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell at Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffered this; towards me did run
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the Sun
E'er bred; or all which into Noah's Ark came;
A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name;
Stranger than seven Antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's Monsters, Guiana's rarities.
Stranger than strangers; one, who for a Dane,
In the Danes' Massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst Strangers rise.

One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by,
One, to whom, the examining Justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are.
His clothes were strange, though coarse ; and black, though bare ;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tufftaffaty ; and our children shall
See it plain Rash awhile, then naught at all.
This thing hath travell'd, and saith, speaks all tongues
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th' Accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language ; if strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste,
But Pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,
Mountebank's drugtongue, nor the terms of law
Are strong enough preparatives, to draw
Me to bear this : yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue, call'd compliment :
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me ; I whisper, God !
How have I sinn'd, that Thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chooseth me ? He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment ; Whom do you prefer,
For the best linguist ? And I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary ;

Nay but of men, most sweet Sir ; Beza then,
Some other Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies, I named. There
He stopp'd me, and said ; Nay, your Apostles were
Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was ;
Yet a poor gentleman, all these may pass
By travel. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told
That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.
He adds, If of court life you know the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is, but Spartan's fashion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
Now ; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste ;
No more can Princes' courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue ;
He, like to a high-stretched lute-string squeaked, O
Sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey tombs,
And for his price doth with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King and all their kin can walk :
Your ears shall hear naught, but Kings ; your eyes
meet
Kings only ; The way to it, is King Street.
He smack'd, and cried, He 's base, mechanic, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine? as you see,
I have but one Frenchman, look, he follows me.
Certes they are neatly cloth'd; I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him; but as Itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: so, I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me; to fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth address,
And asks, what news? I tell him of new plays.
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which stays
A sem-breve 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lie.
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash he knows; he knows
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, and he knows
what
A subtle Statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves; whom; and who by poison
Hastes to an Office's reversion;
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth
beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but they pay
Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted; thus
He with home-meats tries me; I belch, spew, spit,
Look pale, and sickly, like a Patient; yet

He thrusts on more ; and as if he'd undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book
Speaks of all States, and deeds, that have been since
The Spaniards came, to the loss of Amiens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail, so I sigh, and sweat
To hear this Macaron talk : in vain ; for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names a price for every office paid ;
He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd ;
That offices are entail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day ; and that great officers,
Do with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes ;
Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming Traitor, and methought I saw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in ; for hearing him, I found
That as burnt venom Lechers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free : therefore I did show
All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross ; but the hour

Of mercy now was come ; he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me ; I said, willingly ;
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown ? Thankfully I
Gave it, as Ransom ; but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you : so did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my Crown : scant
His thanks were ended, when I, (which did see
All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such or more haste, than one
Who fears more actions, doth make from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My precious soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
Itself on me. Such men as he saw there,
I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not the accuser ; then,
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born, or rais'd men
Fear frowns ? And, my Mistress Truth, betray thee
To th' huffing braggart, puff'd Nobility ?
No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court ? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy to stand

With us, at London, flouts our Presence, for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits, bastard all.
'Tis ten a-clock and past ; all whom the Mews,
Baloon, Tennis, Diet, or the stews,
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks, are found
In the Presence, and I, (God pardon me.)
As fresh, and sweet their Apparels be, as be
The fields they sold to buy them ; for a King
Those hose are, cry the flatterers ; and bring
Them next week to the Theatre to sell ;
Wants reach all states ; meseems they do as well
At stage, as court ; All are players ; whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobe's Inventory. Now,
The Ladies come ; as Pirates, which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cochineal,
The men board them ; and praise, as they think, well,
Their beauties ; they the men's wits ; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause ; these men, men's wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net ;
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,

As if the Presence were a Moschite, and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate :
And then by Dürer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds try
Of his neck to his leg, and waist to thigh.
So in immaculate clothes, and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young Preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes
Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition ;
And whisper'd by Jesu, so often, that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our Lady's psalter ; but 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
Who, in the other extreme, only doth
Call a rough carelessness, good fashion ;
Whose cloak his spurs tear ; whom he spits on
He cares not, his ill words do no harm
To him ; he rusheth in, as if "Arm, arm !"
He meant to cry ; And though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe ;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tired, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men which from gaols to execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins ?). Being among
Those Ascaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queen's man, and fine
Living, barrels of beef, flagons of wine ;
I shook like a spied spy. Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place, for, for me
Which am but a scarce brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away ; although I yet
With Machabee's modesty, the known merit
Of my work lessen : yet some wise man shall,
I hope, esteem my writs Canonical.

SATIRE V

THOU shalt not laugh in this leaf, Muse, nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, (he being understood
May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good ?)
Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked : of these two a theme
Charity and liberty give me. What is he
Who Officer's rage, and suitor's misery
Can write, and jest ? If all things be in all,
As I think, since all, which were, are, and shall

Be, be made of the same elements :
Each thing, each thing implies or represents.
Then man is a world ; in which, Officers
Are the vast ravishing seas ; and suitors,
Springs ; now full, now shallow, now dry ; which, to
That which drowns them, run : these self reasons do
Prove the world a man, in which, Officers
Are the devouring stomachs, and suitors
The excrements, which they void. All men are dust;
How much worse are suitors, who to men's lust
Are made preys ? O worse than dust, or worm's
meat,
For they do eat you now, whose selves worms shall eat.
They are the mills which grind you, yet you are
The wind which drives them ; and a wasteful war
Is fought against you, and you fight it ; they
Adulterate law, and you prepare their way
Like wittols [1] ; th' issue your own ruin is.
Greatest and fairest Empress, know you this ?
Alas, no more than Thames' calm head doth know
Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow :
You Sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I
By having leave to serve, am most richly
For service paid, authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous sin.
O Age of rusty iron ! Some better wit
Call it some worse name, if aught equal it ;
The iron Age *that* was, when justice was sold ; now
Injustice is sold dearer far. Allow

[1] Wittols : husbands who tolerate their wives' infidelity.

All demands, fees, and duties, gamesters, anon
The money which you sweat, and swear for, is gone
Into other hands : so controverted lands
'Scape, like Angelica, the strivers' hands.
If Law be the Judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to resist letter, or fee,
Where wilt thou appeal ? power of the Courts below
Flow from the first main head, and these can throw
Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halters ; but if the injury
Steel thee to dare complain, alas, thou go'st
Against the stream, when upwards : when thou art most
Heavy and most faint ; and in these labours they,
'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in the way
Become great seas, o'er which, when thou shalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before ;
All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
Judges are Gods ; he who made and said them so,
Meant not that men should be forc'd to them to go,
By means of Angels [1], when supplications
We send to God, to Dominations,
Powers, Cherubins, and all heaven's Courts, if we
Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be
Scarce to Kings ; so 'tis. Would it not anger
A Stoic, a coward, yea a Martyr,

[1] Donne is again using his favourite pun on the fact that Angels were coins. See note *ante*, page 110.

To see a Pursuivant come in, and call
All his clothes, Copes ; Books, Primers ; and all
His Plate, Chalices ; and mistake them away,
And ask a fee for coming ? Oh, ne'er may
Fair law's white reverend name be strumpeted,
To warrant thefts : she is established
Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and she
Speaks Fate's words, and but tells us who must be
Rich, who poor, who in chairs, who in gaols :
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
With which she scratcheth suitors ; in bodies
Of men, so in law, nails are th' extremities,
So Officers stretch to more than Law can do,
As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
Why barest thou to yon Officer ? Fool, hath he
Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee ?
Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now
hungerly
Beg'st right ; but that dole comes not till these die.
Thou had'st much, and laws Urim and Thummim try
Thou wouldst for more ; and for all hast paper
Enough to clothe all the great Carrick's Pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,
Than Haman, when he sold his Antiquities.
O wretch, that thy fortunes should moralize
Esop's fables, and make tales, prophecies.
Thou art the swimming dog whom shadows cozened,
And div'st, near drowning, for what's vanished.

UPON MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES

OH to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy leavened spirit, *Sesqui-superlative* ?
Venice' vast lake thou hadst seen, and wouldst seek
then
Some vaster thing, and found'st a Courtesan.
That inland Sea having discovered well,
A Cellar gulf, where one might sail to hell
From Heidelberg, thou long'dst to see : and thou
This Book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work, which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor root ;
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason, and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th' other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatic ?
Not till thou exceed the world ? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the Mother-nose ?
Go then ; and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did Towns, and *Gesner* Authors show,
Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus* ; appear
As deep a Statesman, as a Gazetteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of *Will. Conqueror*, and *Prester Jack*.

Go bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send ;
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
(Meaning to see't no more) upon the press.
The East sends hither her deliciousness ;
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from thence,
The Myrrh, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves ; but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels ; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men ;
If for vast Tons of Currants, and of Figs,
Of Medicinal and Aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide ;
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures, to thick popular Fairs,
If *omni-praegnant* there, upon warm stalls,
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls ;
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,
A Pandect makest, and Universal Book.
The bravest Heroes, for public good,
Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood.
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do public good, cut in Anatomies ;
So will thy book in pieces ; for a Lord
Which casts at Portescues, and all the board.

Provide whole books ; each leaf enough will be
For friends to pass time, and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee ? no, thou must fit
Measures ; and fill out for the half-pint wit :
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so,
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the Critics of next age
So much, at once their hunger to assuage :
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lie
All in one bottom, in one Library.
Some Leaves may paste strings there in other books,
And so one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you ;
But hardly much ; and yet I think this true ;
As *Sibyl's* was, your book is mystical,
For every piece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine impotency I confess,
The healths which my brain bears must be far less :
Thy Giant wit o'erthrows me, I am gone ;
And rather than read all, I would read none.

IN EUNDEM MACARONICON

Quot, dos haec, **Linguists** perfetti, *Disticha* fairont,
Tot cuerdos **States=men,** *hic* livre fara *tuus.*
Es *sat* a my l'honneur estre hic inteso ; Car **I Leave**
L'honra, de personne n'estre creduto, *tibi.*

Explicit Joannes Donne.

VERSE LETTERS TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOKE

THE STORM

THOU which art I, ('tis nothing to be so)
Thou which art still thyself, by these shalt know
Part of our passage ; and, a hand, or eye
By *Hilliard* drawn, is worth an history
By a worse painter made ; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignified,
My lines are such : 'tis the pre-eminence
Of friendship only to impute excellence.
England to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave
(For, Fate's, or Fortune's drifts none can soothsay,
Honour and misery have one face and way,)
From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind
Which at th' air's middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
Downward again ; and so when it did view
How in the port, our fleet dear time did leese,
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,

Mildly it kiss'd our sails, and, fresh and sweet,
As to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet,
Meat comes, it came ; and swole our sails, when we
So joy'd, as *Sara* her swelling joy'd to see.
But 'twas but so kind, as our countrymen,
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them then.
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling far
Asunder, meet against a third to war,
The South and West winds join'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sails assail ;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men,
Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then ;
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I waked, I saw, that I saw not ;
Ay, and the Sun, which should teach me had forgot
East, West, Day, Night, and I could only say,
If the world had lasted, now it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call :
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the Sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die ;

And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will creep,
At the last day, some forth their cabins peep :
And tremblingly ask what news, and do hear so,
Like jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some sitting on the hatches, would seem there,
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.
Then note they the ship's sicknesses, the Mast
Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Waist
With a salt dropsy clogg'd, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings.
And from our totter'd sails, rags drop down so,
As from one hang'd in chains, a year ago.
Even our Ordnance plac'd for our defence,
Strive to break loose, and 'scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tired our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown, we suck in again ;
Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors ; and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, and the Bermuda calm.
Darkness, light's elder brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.
All things are one, and that one none can be,
Since all forms, uniform deformity
Doth cover, so that we, except God say
Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.
So violent yet long these furies be,
That though thine absence starve me, I wish not thee.

THE CALM

OUR storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage,
A stupid calm, but nothing it, doth 'suage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts, now, than a stork before.
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves, or us ;
In calms, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I can wish that my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
The sea is now. And, as the Isles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out :
As lead, when a fired Church becomes one spout.
And all our beauty, and our trim, decays,
Like courts removing, or like ended plays.
The fighting place now seamen's rags supply ;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthorns ; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.
Earth's hollownesses, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than the upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends, nor sought foes recover,
But meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
Only the Calenture [1] together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes' jaws :
And on the hatches as on Altars lies
Each one, his own Priest, and own Sacrifice.

[1] Calenture : a fever, incident to sailors in the tropics.

Who live, that miracle do multiply
Where walkers in hot Ovens, do not die.
If in despite of these, we swim, that hath
No more refreshing, than our brimstone Bath,
But from the sea, into the ship we turn,
Like parboiled wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the shepherds' scoff,
Or like slack-sinew'd Samson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now, as a Myriad
Of Ants, durst th' Emperor's lov'd snake invade,
The crawling Gallies, Sea-gaols, finny chips,
Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-rid ships.
Whether a rotten state, and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirst
Of honour, or fair death, out pushed me first,
I lose my end: for here as well as I
A desperate may live, and a coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from, or towards flies,
Is paid with life, or prey, or doing dies.
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
A scourge, 'gainst which we all forget to pray,
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more alas
Is man now, than before he was? he was
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance, or ourselves still disproportion it.
We have no power, no will, no sense; I lie,
I should not then thus feel this misery.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

THAT unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like *Adam's* time
Before he ate ; man's shape, that would yet be
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts' company)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the news could not arrived be
Of *Adam's* tasting the forbidden tree ;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.
  But, as from extreme heights who downward looks,
Sees men at children's shapes, rivers at brooks,
And loseth younger forms ; so, to your eye,
These (Madam) that without your distance lie,
Must either mist, or nothing seem to be,
Who are at home but wit's mere *Atomi*.
But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
Have found myself to you, just their midway ;
And now must pity them ; for, as they do
Seem sick to me, just so must I to you.
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing Ode, nor cross-arm'd Elegy.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part
Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone.
I cannot feel the tempest of a frown,
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down.

Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away.
Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
Doth talk, doth yet in love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but, with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade.
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and show'd his pains,
Was he that first taught women to disdain.
As all things were one nothing, dull and weak,
Until this raw disordered heap did break,
And several desires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay,
Fire rose, and each from other but untied,
Themselves unprison'd were and purified ;
So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
An unripe willingness which nothing did,
A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease,
That found a want, but knew not what would please.
What pretty innocence in those days mov'd !
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd ;
Both sigh'd and interchang'd a speaking eye,
Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why.
That natural fearfulness that struck man dumb,
Might well (those times consider'd) man become.
As all discoverers whose first assay
Finds but the place, after, the nearest way :
So passion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
It is not love that sueth, or doth contend ;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.

Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And finds itself allow'd, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
And journeys not till it find summer-way.
A weather-beaten Lover but once known,
Is sport for every girl to practise on.
Who strives through woman's scorns, women to know,
Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo ;
It must be sickness, after one disdain,
Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
Let others sigh, and grieve ; one cunning sleight
Shall freeze my Love to crystal in a night.
I can love first, and (if I win) love still ;
And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
It is her fault if I unsure remain,
She only can untie, and bind again.
The honesties of love with ease I do,
But am no porter for a tedious woo.
But (Madam) I now think on you ; and here
Where we are at our heights, you but appear,
We are but clouds you rise from, our noon-ray
But a foul shadow, not your break of day.
You are at first hand all that's fair and right,
And others' good reflects but back your light.
You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries do scandal it.
For, what is more doth what you are restrain,
And though beyond, is down the hill again.
We've no next way to you, we cross to it :
You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute ;

Each good in you's a light ; so many a shade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
These are your pictures to the life. From far
We see you move, and here your Zanies are :
So that no fountain good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dim actions faintly show.
Then find I, if man's noblest part be love,
Your purest lustre must that shadow move.
The soul, with body, is a heaven combin'd
With earth, and for man's ease, but nearer join'd,
Where thoughts the stars of soul we understand.
We guess not their large natures, but command.
And love in you, that bounty is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite.
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soul we find too earthly to ascend,
'Till slow access hath made it wholly pure,
Able immortal clearness to endure.
Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
Hath weight will force him headlong back again.
No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,
Than earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
And leave his nature to converse with fire :
Such may have eye, and hand ; may sigh, may speak ;
But like swoll'n bubbles, when they are high'st they break.
Though far removed Northern fleets scarce find
The Sun's comfort ; others think him too kind.
There is an equal distance from her eye,

Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.
But as air takes the Sun-beams equal bright
From the first Rays, to his last opposite :
So able men, blest with a virtuous Love,
Remote or near, or howsoe'er they move ;
Their virtue breaks all clouds that might annoy,
There is no Emptiness, but all is Joy.
He much profanes whom violent heats do move
To style his wand'ring rage of passion, *Love*.
Love that imparts in everything delight,
Is feign'd, which only tempts man's appetite.
Why love among the virtues is not known
Is, that love is them all contract in one.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON

Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle Souls ;
For, thus friends absent speak. This ease controls
The tediousness of my life ; but for these
I could ideate nothing, which could please,
But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a bottle of Hay, that am a lock of Grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, Courts, Towns are Rocks, or Remoras :
They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such,
That though than pitch they stain worse, we must touch.
If in the furnace of the even line,
Or under th' adverse icy poles thou pine,

Thou know'st two temperate Regions girded in,
Dwell there : But Oh, what refuge canst thou win
Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen ?
Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen ?
Can dung and garlic be a perfume ? or can
A Scorpion and Torpedo cure a man ?
Cities are worst of all three ; of all three
(O knotty riddle) each is worst equally.
Cities are sepulchres ; they who dwell there
Are carcasses, as if no such there were.
And Courts are Theatres, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, all to one end, and of one clay.
The Country is a desert, where no good,
Gain'd (as habits, not born,) is understood.
There men become beasts, and prone to more evils ;
In cities blocks, and in a lewd court, devils.
As in the first Chaos confusedly
Each element's qualities were in the other three ;
So pride, lust, covetize, being several
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue incestuous.
Falsehood is denizen'd. Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there, Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me, I'll do none, but know all.
Men are sponges, which to pour out, receive ;
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.
For in best understandings, sin began,
Angels sinn'd first, then Devils, and then man.
Only perchance beasts sin not ; wretched we
Are beasts in all, but white integrity.

I think if men, which in these places live
Durst look for themselves, and themselves retrieve,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing
then
Utopian youth, grown old Italian.
Be thou thine own home, and in thyself dwell ;
Inn anywhere, continuance maketh hell.
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail,
Be thine own Palace, or the world's thy gaol.
And in the world's sea, do not like cork sleep
Upon the water's face ; nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line : but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
Nor making sound ; so closely thy course go,
Let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no.
Only in this one thing, be no Galenist : to make
Courts' hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
A dram of Country's dullness ; do not add
Correctives, but as chemics, purge the bad.
But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather do
Say o'er those lessons, which I learn'd of you :
Whom, free from German schisms, and lightness
Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,
Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,
I throughly love. But if myself, I have won
To know my rules, I have, and you have

DONNE.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE

WHO makes the Past, a pattern for next year,
  Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads,
Seen things, he sees again, heard things doth hear,
  And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A Palace, when 'tis that, which it should be,
  Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays :
But he, which dwells there, is not so ; for he
  Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise ;

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
  And shall not better ; her next change is night :
But her fair larger guest, to whom Sun and Moon
  Are sparks, and short-lived, claims another right.

The noble Soul by age grows lustier,
  Her appetite and her digestion mend,
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
  With women's milk, and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet ; you have seen
  All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts ;
But ask your Garners if you have not been
  In harvests, too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it ? then yourself transplant
  A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit, than ours, but yet more scant
  Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
  We can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Go ; whither ? Hence ; you get, if you forget ;
  New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country is heaven, and God her
      father,
  Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent,
Yet, so much in her travel she doth gather,
  That she returns home, wiser than she went ;

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
  And make you asham'd to make your hawk's praise
      yours,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
  You then first say, that high enough she towers.

However, keep the lively taste you hold
  Of God, love Him as now, but fear Him more,
And in your afternoons think what you told
  And promis'd Him, at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
  Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things, of which none is in your practice new,
  And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much ;

But thus I make you keep your promise Sir,
  Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
  You came with me to Mitcham, and are here.

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD

LIKE one who in her third widowhood doth profess
Herself a Nun, tied to retiredness,
So affects my muse now, a chaste fallowness ;

Since she to few, yet to too many hath shown
How love-song weeds, and Satiric thorn are grown
Where seeds of better Arts, were early sown.

Though to use and love Poetry, to me,
Betroth'd to no one Art, be no adultery ;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds be.

For though to us it seem, and be light and thin,
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our Souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May clothe them with faith, and dear honesty,
Which God imputes, as native purity.

There is no Virtue, but Religion :
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves ; for as
Men force the Sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a crystal glass ;

So we, if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our sparks of virtue, may outburn
The straw, which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, Physicians, when they would infuse
Into any oil, the Souls of Simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warm, to choose.

So works retiredness in us ; to roam
Giddily, and be everywhere, but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of ourselves, yet may,
If we can stock ourselves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much dear treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thyself then, to thyself be approv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know, that I love thee and would be lov'd.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON

HERE's no more news, than virtue, I may as well
Tell you *Calais*, or *Saint Michael's* tale for news, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toil to sweeten rest, so, may God frown,
If, but to loathe both, I haunt Court, or Town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to him still is worse than he.

In this world's warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(God's Commissary,) doth so throughly hate,
As in the Court's Squadron to marshal their state :

If they stand arm'd with silly honesty,
With wishing prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indian 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And to have as many ears as all have tongues ;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me, Sir, in my youth's giddiest days,
When to be like the Court, was a play's praise,
Plays were not so like Courts, as Courts are like plays.

Then let us at these mimic antics jest,
Whose deepest projects, and egregious gests
Are but dull Morals of a game at Chests.

But now 'tis incongruity to smile,
Therefore I end ; and bid farewell a while,
At Court ; though *From Court*, were the better style.

HENRICO WOTTONI IN HIBERNIA BELLIGERANTI

WENT you to conquer? and have so much lost
Yourself, that what in you was best and most,
Respective friendship, should so quickly die?
In public gain my share's not such that I
Would lose your love for Ireland: better cheap
I pardon death (who though he do not reap
Yet gleans he many of our friends away)
Than that your waking mind should be a prey
To lethargies. Let shot, and bogs, and skeins
With bodies deal, as fate bids and restrains;
Ere sicknesses attack, young death is best,
Who pays before his death doth 'scape arrest.
Let not your soul (at first with graces fill'd,
And since, and thorough crooked limbecs, still'd
In many schools and courts, which quicken it,)
Itself unto the Irish negligence submit.
I ask not laboured letters which should wear
Long papers out: nor letters which should fear
Dishonest carriage: or a seer's art:
Nor such as from the brain come, but the heart.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

MADAM,

REASON is our Soul's left hand, Faith her right,
By these we reach divinity, that's you;

Their loves, who have the blessings of your light,
Grew from their reason, mine from fair faith grew,

But as, although a squint lefthandedness
Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand,
So would I, not to increase, but to express
My faith, as I believe, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
Those friends, whom your election glorifies,
Then in your deeds, accesses, and restraints,
And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon, the reasons why you're lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach,
Then back again to implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the Catholic voice doth teach ;

That you are good : and not one Heretic
Denies it : if he did, yet you are so.
For, rocks, which high-topp'd and deep-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In everything there naturally grows
A *Balsamum* to keep it fresh, and new,
If 'twere not injur'd by extrinsic blows ;
Your birth and beauty are this Balm in you.

But you of learning and religion,
And virtue, and such ingredients, have made
A mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your physic, but your food,
A diet fit for you ; for you are here
The first good Angel, since the world's frame stood,
That ever did in woman's shape appear.

Since you are then God's masterpiece, and so
His Factor for our loves ; do as you do,
Make your return home gracious ; and bestow
This life on that ; so make one life of two.
For so God help me, I would not miss you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

MADAM,

YOU have refin'd me, and to worthiest things
(Virtue, Art, Beauty, Fortune,) now I see
Rareness, or use, not nature value brings ;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they be.
Two ills can ne'er perplex us, sin to excuse ;
But of two good things, we may leave and choose.

Therefore at Court, which is not virtue's clime,
(Where a transcendent height, (as, lowness me)
Makes her not be, or not show) all my rhyme
Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be ;
For, as dark texts need notes : there some must be
To usher virtue, and say, *This is she.*

So in the country is beauty ; to this place
You are the season (Madam) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she enshrines ;
As China, when the Sun at Brazil dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so ;
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures, by new reckonings go.
This shows that you from nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you've made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sun,
To do profane autumnal offices,
Whilst here to you, we sacrificers run ;
And whether Priests, or Organs, you we obey,
We sound your influence, and your Dictates say.

Yet to that Deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous Soul, I now not sacrifice ;
These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymns* ; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.
In all Religions as much care hath been
Of Temples' frames, and beauty, as Rites within.

As all which go to Rome, do not thereby
Esteem religions, and hold fast the best,

But serve discourse, and curiosity,
With that which doth religion but invest,
And shun th' entangling labyrinths of Schools,
And make it wit, to think the wiser fools :

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you're Virtue's temple, not as she,
What walls of tender crystal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure Altars be ;
And after this survey, oppose to all
Babblers of Chapels, you th' Escurial.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair,
On these I cast a lay and country eye.
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record, and prophecy.
Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript, and original,
The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth,
And every piece of you, is both their All :
So entire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Must do the same thing still ; you cannot two.

But these (as nice thin School divinity
Serves heresy to further or repress)
Taste of Poetic rage, or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess ;

Oft from new proofs, and new phrase, new doubts
grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busy praise, and all appeal
To higher Courts, sense's decree is true,
The Mine, the Magazine, the Commonweal,
The story of beauty, in Twickenham is, and you.
Who hath seen one, would both ; as, who had been
In Paradise, would seek the Cherubin.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT AT JULIERS

MAN is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be,
Wisdom makes him an Ark where all agree ;
The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jar,
Is sport to others, and a Theatre ;
Nor 'scapes he so, but is himself their prey,
All which was man in him, is eat away,
And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed.
How happy is he, which hath due place assign'd
To his beasts, and disafforested his mind !
Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in ;
Can sow, and dares trust corn, where they have been ;
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every beast,
And is not Ass himself to all the rest.
Else, man not only is the herd of swine,
But he's those devils too, which did incline

Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse :
  For man can add weight to heaven's heaviest curse.
As Souls (they say) by our first touch, take in
  The poisonous tincture of Original sin,
So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
  Our apprehension contributes the sting.
To us, as to His chickens, He doth cast
  Hemlock, and we as men, His hemlock taste ;
We do infuse to what He meant for meat,
  Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat.
For, God no such specific poison hath
  As kills we know not how ; His fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
  At least for physic, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be His pleasure, is His rod,
  And is His devil, that might be his God.
Since then our business is, to rectify
  Nature, to what she was, we are led awry
By them, who man to us in little show ;
  Greater than due, no form we can bestow
On him ; for Man into himself can draw
  All ; all his faith can swallow, or reason chaw.
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
  All the round world, to man is but a pill ;
In all it works not, but it is in all
  Poisonous, or purgative, or cordial,
For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
  And is to others icy *Opium*.
As brave as true, is that profession then
  Which you do use to make ; that you know man.

This makes it credible ; you have dwelt upon
  All worthy books, and now are such an one.
Actions are authors, and of those in you
  Your friends find every day a mart of new.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

To have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
  Worst of spiritual vices, Simony,
And not to have written then, seems little less
  Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.
In this, my debt I seem'd loth to confess,
  In that, I seem'd to shun beholdingness.
But 'tis not so ; nothings, as I am, may
  Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
  By having leave to write so, than before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
  May not I yield (not gold) but coal or stone ?
Temples were not demolish'd, though profane :
  Here *Peter Jove's*, there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or choose,
  In me you have hallowed a Pagan Muse,
And denizen'd a stranger, who, mistaught
  By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath sought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
  Shine in the world's best part, or all it ; you.
I have been told, that virtue in Courtiers' hearts
  Suffers an Ostracism, and departs.

Profit, ease, fitness, plenty, bid it go,
  But whither, only knowing you, I know ;
Your (or you) virtue two vast uses serves,
  It ransoms one sex, and one Court preserves.
There's nothing but your worth, which being true,
  Is known to any other, not to you :
And you can never know it ; to admit
  No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.
But since to you, your praises discords be,
  Stoop, others' ills to meditate with me.
Oh ! to confess we know not what we should,
  Is half excuse ; we know not what we would :
Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills,
  We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills.
As new Philosophy arrests the Sun,
  And bids the passive earth about it run,
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends ;
  Only the body's busy, and pretends ;
As dead low earth eclipses and controls
  The quick high Moon : so doth the body, Souls.
In none but us, are such mix'd engines found,
  As hands of double office : for, the ground
We till with them ; and them to heav'n we raise ;
  Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,
Doth but one half, that's none; He which said, *Plough*
  And look not back, to look up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
  The soil's disease, and into cockle strays ;
Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so,
  Into the body, and bastardly they grow.

What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We (but no foreign tyrants could) remove
These not engrav'd, but inborn dignities,
Caskets of souls; Temples, and Palaces:
For, bodies shall from death redeemed be,
Souls but preserv'd, not naturally free.
As men to our prisons, new souls to us are sent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
First seeds of every creature are in us,
Whate'er the world hath bad, or precious,
Man's body can produce, hence hath it been
That stones, worms, frogs, and snakes in man are seen:
But who e'er saw, though nature can work so,
That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?
We've added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new stars lately to the firmament;
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
T' increase with ours, those fair souls' company?
But I must end this letter, though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue hath some perverseness; For she will
Neither believe her good, nor others' ill.
Even in you, Virtue's best paradise,
Virtue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjust suspicion;
And ignorance of vice makes virtue less,
Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
But these are riddles; some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.

Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
  The bad with bad, a spider with a toad :
For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill
  And make her do much good against her will,
But in your Commonwealth, or world in you,
  Vice hath no office, or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
  With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

THIS twilight of two years, not past nor next,
  Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who Meteor-like, of stuff and form perplext,
  Whose *what*, and *where*, in disputation is,
  If I should call me *anything*, should miss.

I sum the years, and me, and find me not
  Debtor to th' old, nor Creditor to th' new,
That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot,
  Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true
  This bravery is, since these times show'd me you.

In recompense I would show future times
  What you were, and teach them to urge towards such.
Verse embalms virtue ; and Tombs, or Thrones of rhymes,
  Preserve frail transitory fame, as much
  As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are short-lived ; the tincture of your name
  Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
New spirits : for, strong agents with the same
  Force that doth warm and cherish, us do waste ;
  Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last :

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
  Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
  Will vanish soon, and so possess no place,
  And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
  All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,
One corn of one low anthill's dust, and less,
  Should name, know, or express a thing so high,
  And, not an inch, measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
  But leave, lest truth be endanger'd by my praise,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
  And useth oft, when such a heart mis-says,
  To make it good, for, such a praiser prays.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
  His stock of *beauty*, *learning*, *favour*, *blood* ;
He will perplex security with doubt,
  And clear those doubts ; hide from you, and show you good,
  And so increase your appetite and food ;

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
  One latitude in cloisters, and in Court ;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got ;
  Some pity's not good there, some vain disport,
  On this side sin, with that place may comport.

Yet He, as He bounds seas, will fix your hours,
  Which pleasure, and delight may not ingress,
And though what none else lost, be truliest yours,
  He will make you, what you did not, possess,
  By using others', not vice, but weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
  And make you doubt, that others do not so :
He will provide you keys, and locks, to spy,
  And 'scape spies, to good ends, and He will show
  What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own conscience, He gives innocence,
  But for your fame, a discreet wariness,
And though to 'scape, than to revenge offence
  Be better, He shows both, and to repress
  Joy, when your state swells, *sadness* when 'tis less.

From need of tears He will defend your soul,
  Or make a rebaptizing of one tear ;
He cannot, (that's, He will not) dis-enrol
  Your name ; and when with active joy we hear
  This private Gospel, then 'tis our New Year.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

MADAM,

MAN to God's image, *Eve* to man's was made,
  Nor find we that God breath'd a soul in her ;
Canons will not Church functions you invade,
  Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory Comets sees,
  Wonders, because they're rare ; but a new star
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
  Is miracle ; for, there no new things are.

In woman so perchance mild innocence
  A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason 'scapes, and sense ;
  For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a star, the *Magi* led to view
  The manger-cradled infant, God below :
By virtue's beams by fame deriv'd from you,
  May apt souls, and the worst may, virtue know.

If the world's age, and death be argued well
  By the Sun's fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that virtue, since she fell
  So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd ; exil'd by men
  She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's
    you ;
She was in all men, thinly scatter'd then,
  But now amass'd, contracted in a few.

She gilded us : but you are gold, and she ;
  Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you ;
Soft dispositions which ductile be,
  Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new.

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
  'Tis not as woman, for all are not so,
But virtue having made you virtue, is fain
  To adhere in these names, her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see ;
  As, water being into air rarefied,
Neither appear, till in one cloud they be,
  So, for our sakes you do low names abide ;

Taught by great constellations, which being fram'd,
  Of the most stars, take low names, *Crab*, and *Bull*,
When single planets by the *Gods* are nam'd,
  You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
  And in the veil of kindred others see ;
To some ye are reveal'd, as in a friend,
  And as a virtuous Prince far off, to me.

To whom, because from you all virtues flow,
And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
I, which do so, as your true subject owe
Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are,
For then your judgment is below my praise,
If they were so, oft, flatteries work as far,
As Counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poison'd fountain still ;
But not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood
Are more above all flattery, than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
And Virtue should your beauty, and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God should not be honour'd too,
And all these gifts confess'd, which He instill'd,
Yourself were bound to say that which I do.

So I, but your Recorder am in this,
Or mouth, or Speaker of the universe,
A ministerial Notary, for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse ;

I was your Prophet in your younger days,
And now your Chaplain, God in you to praise.

TO MR. T[HOMAS]. W[OODWARD].

ALL hail, sweet Poet, more full of more strong fire,
  Than hath or shall enkindle any spirit,
  I lov'd what nature gave thee, but this merit
Of wit and Art I love not but admire ;
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
  Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
  Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
  Which be envied than pitied : therefore I,
  Because I wish thee best, do thee envy :
O wouldst thou, by like reason, pity me !
But care not for me : I, that ever was
In Nature's, and in Fortune's gifts, (alas,
  Before thy grace got in the Muses' School)
  A monster and a beggar, am now a fool.

Oh how I grieve, that late-born modesty
  Hath got such root in easy waxen hearts,
  That men may not themselves, their own good parts
Extol, without suspect of surquedry,
For, but thyself, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
  Thy worth but thine : how good it were to see
  A Poem in thy praise, and writ by thee.

Now if this song be too harsh for rhyme, yet, as
  The Painters' bad god made a good devil,
  'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evil,
If thou forgot the rhyme as thou dost pass.
Then write, that I may follow, and so be
Thy debtor, thy echo, thy foil, thy zany.
  I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,
  All the world's Lion, though I be thy Ape.

TO MR. T[HOMAS]. W[OODWARD].

HASTE thee harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
  Will give thee leave, to him, my pain and pleasure.
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
  Feet, and a reasoning soul and tongue to speak.
Plead for me, and so by thine and my labour
  I am thy Creator, thou my Saviour.
Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
  Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended ;
And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation
  Of him, at least in this earth's habitation :
And 'tis where I am, where in every street
  Infections follow, overtake, and meet :
Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
  And you're my pawns, or else my Testament.

TO MR. T[HOMAS]. W[OODWARD].

PREGNANT again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear,
Oft have I asked for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were ;

As in the streets sly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand and eye,
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy Alms is given, thy letter's read,
The body risen again, the which was dead,
And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my Soul doth say grace,
And praise thee for't, and zealously embrace
Thy love ; though I think thy love in this case
To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat,
They love that best of which they most do eat.

TO MR. T[HOMAS]. W[OODWARD].

AT once, from hence, my lines and I depart,
I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart ;
I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art ;

Yet as a firm house, though the Carpenter
Perish, doth stand : as an Ambassador
Lies safe, howe'er his king be in danger :

So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy,
My verse, the strict Map of my misery,
Shall live to see that, for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
That form unhappy me, things happy are sent ;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
  Accept these lines, and if in them there be
  Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

TO MR. R[OWLAND]. W[OODWARD].

ZEALOUSLY my Muse doth salute all thee,
Inquiring of that mystic trinity
Whereof thou and all to whom heavens do infuse
Like fire, are made ; thy body, mind, and Muse.
Dost thou recover sickness, or prevent ?
Or is thy Mind travail'd with discontent ?
Or art thou parted from the world and me,
In a good scorn of the world's vanity ?
Or is thy devout Muse retir'd to sing
Upon her tender Elegiac string ?
Our Minds part not, join then thy Muse with mine,
For mine is barren thus divorc'd from thine.

TO MR. R[OWLAND]. W[OODWARD].

MUSE not that by thy Mind thy body is led :
For by thy Mind, my Mind's distempered.

So thy Care lives long, for I bearing part
It eats not only thine, but my swoll'n heart.
And when it gives us intermission
We take new hearts for it to feed upon.
But as a Lay Man's Genius doth control
Body and mind ; the Muse being the Soul's Soul
Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,
Although our bodies wither and minds languish.
Write then, that my griefs which thine got may be
Cur'd by thy charming sovereign melody.

TO MR. C[HRISTOPHER]. B[ROOKE].

THY friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain ;
And let the love I bear to both sustain
No blot nor maim by this division ;
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous pain ;
But though besides thyself I leave behind
Heaven's liberal, and earth's thrice-fairer Sun,
Going to where stern winter aye doth won,[1]
Yet, love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

[1] Won : dwell or abide.

TO MR. E[DWARD]. G[ILPIN ?].

EVEN as lame things thirst their perfection, so
The slimy rhymes bred in our vale below,
Bearing with them much of my love and heart,
Fly unto that Parnassus, where thou art.
There thou o'erseest London : here I have been,
By staying in London, too much overseen.
Now pleasure's dearth our City doth possess,
Our Theatres are fill'd with emptiness ;
As lank and thin is every street and way
As a woman deliver'd yesterday.
Nothing whereat to laugh my spleen espies
But bearbaitings or Law exercise.
Therefore I'll leave it, and in the Country strive
Pleasure, now fled from London, to retrieve.
Do thou so too : and fill not like a Bee
Thy thighs with honey, but as plenteously
As Russian Merchants, thyself's whole vessel load,
And then at Winter retail it here abroad.
Bless us with Suffolk's Sweets ; and as it is
Thy garden, make thy hive and warehouse this.

TO MR. R[OWLAND]. W[OODWARD].

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of me,
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
Shapes so like those Shapes, whom they would appear,

As this my letter is like me, for it
  Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and
    wit ;
It is my deed of gift of me to thee,
  It is my Will, myself the Legacy.
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
  Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
That I rejoice, that unto where thou art,
  Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
As kindly as any enamoured Patient
  His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.

All news I think sooner reach thee than me ;
  Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Gospel, and stern threat'nings bring ;
  Guiana's harvest is nipp'd in the spring,
I fear ; and with us (methinks) Fate deals so
  As with the Jews' guide God did ; He did show
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in :
  Oh, slowness is our punishment and sin.
Perchance, these Spanish business being done,
  Which as the Earth between the Moon and Sun
Eclipse the light which Guiana would give,
  Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve :
But if (as all th' All must) hopes smoke away,
  Is not Almighty Virtue an India ?
If men be worlds, there is in every one
  Some thing to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches : and in good men, this,
  Virtue, our form's form and our soul's soul, is.

TO MR. R[OWLAND]. W[OODWARD].

KINDLY I envy thy song's perfection
  Built of all th' elements as our bodies are :
  That Little of earth that is in it, is a fair
Delicious garden where all sweets are sown.
In it is cherishing fire which dries in me
  Grief which did drown me : and half quench'd by it
  Are satiric fires which urg'd me to have writ
In scorn of all : for now I admire thee.
  And as Air doth fulfil the hollowness
  Of rotten walls ; so it mine emptiness,
Where toss'd and mov'd it did beget this sound
Which as a lame Echo of thine doth rebound.
  Oh, I was dead ; but since thy song new Life did give,
  I recreated, even by thy creature, live.

TO MR. S[AMUEL]. B[ROOKE].

O THOU which to search out the secret parts
  Of the India, or rather Paradise
  Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
Disdain not in thy constant travailing
  To do as other Voyagers, and make
  Some turns into less Creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring ;

I sing not, Siren-like, to tempt ; for I
  Am harsh ; nor as those Schismatics with you,
  Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew ;
But seeing in you bright sparks of Poetry,
  I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
  With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

TO MR. I. L.

Of that short Roll of friends writ in my heart
  Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
Whether in the English Provinces they be,
  Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danuby,
There's none that sometimes greets us not, and yet
  Your Trent is Lethe ; that past, us you forget.
You do not duties of Societies,
  If from the embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,
View your fat Beasts, stretch'd Barns, and labour'd fields,
  Eat, play, ride, take all joys which all day yields,
And then again to your embracements go :
  Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse, else both we shall repent,
  I that my love, she that her gifts on you are spent.

TO MR. I. L.

Blest are your North parts, for all this long time
  My Sun is with you, cold and dark's our Clime ;

Heaven's Sun, which stay'd so long from us this year,
  Stay'd in your North (I think) for she was there,
And hither by kind nature drawn from thence,
  Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence ;
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
  Think this no South, no Summer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
  There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun :
And since thou art in Paradise and need'st crave
  No joy's addition, help thy friend to save.
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
  As suddenly as Lard, fat thy lean beasts ;
So may thy woods, oft poll'd, yet ever wear
  A green, and when thee list, a golden hair ;
So may all thy sheep bring forth Twins ; and so
  In chase and race may thy horse all outgo ;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold ;
  Thy Son ne'er Ward ; thy lov'd wife ne'er seem
    old ;
But may'st thou wish great things, and them attain,
  As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain.

TO MR. B[ASIL]. B[ROOKE].

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
  Yet satisfied ? Is not thy brain's rich hive
Fulfill'd with honey which thou dost derive
From the Arts' spirits and their Quintessence ?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw

From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our common law ;
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
Which is, that that which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done ;
And I as Giddy Travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tired must then ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
Be far from me that strange Adultery
To tempt thee and procure her widowhead.
My Muse, (for I had one,) because I'm cold,
Divorc'd herself : the cause being in me,
That I can take no new in Bigamy,
Not my will only but power doth withhold.
Hence comes it, that these Rhymes which never had
Mother, want matter, and they only have
A little form, the which their Father gave ;
They are profane, imperfect, oh, too bad
To be counted Children of Poetry
Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

TO SIR H[ENRY]. W[OTTON]. AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE

AFTER those reverend papers, whose soul is
  Our good and great King's lov'd hand and fear'd name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
  And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A Taper of his Torch, a copy writ
  From his Original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling Sun, though it
  Must in another Sphere his virtue stream :

After those learned papers which your hand
  Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too,
From which rich treasury you may command
  Fit matter whether you will write or do :

After those loving papers, where friends send
  With glad grief, to your Sea-ward steps, farewell,
Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
  To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell :

Admit this honest paper, and allow
  It such an audience as yourself would ask ;
What you must say at Venice this means now,
  And hath for nature, what you have for task :

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before
  Honour alone will to your fortune fit ;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
  Than I have done your honour wanting it.

But 'tis an easier load (though both oppress)
  To want, than govern greatness, for we are
In that, our own and only business,
  In this, we must for others' vices care ;

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
  In their last Furnace, in activity ;
Which fits them (Schools and Courts and Wars o'erpast)
  To touch and test in any best degree.

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
  Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
  That she thinks nothing else so fit for me ;

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
  For your increase, God is as near me here ;
And to send you what I shall beg, His stairs
  In length and ease are alike everywhere.

TO MRS. M[AGDALEN]. H[ERBERT].[1]

MAD paper, stay, and grudge not here to burn
  With all those sons whom my brain did create,
At least lie hid with me, till thou return
  To rags again, which is thy native state.

[1] Mother of the poet, George Herbert.

What though thou have enough unworthiness
To come unto great place as others do,
That's much ; emboldens, pulls, thrusts I confess,
But 'tis not all ; thou should'st be wicked too.

And, that thou canst not learn, or not of me ;
Yet thou wilt go ? Go, since thou goest to her
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for she,
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye
Which equally claims *love* and *reverence*,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die ;
And, having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand, which is
A miracle ; and made such to work more,
Doth touch thee, sapless leaf, thou grow'st by this
Her creature ; glorifi'd more than before.

Then as a mother which delights to hear
Her early child mis-speak half-uttered words,
Or, because majesty doth never fear
Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch, thou diest again,
And wisely ; what discourse is left for thee ?
For, speech of ill, and her, thou must abstain,
And is there any good which is not she ?

Yet may'st thou praise her servants, though not her,
And wit, and virtue, and honour her attend,
And since they're but her clothes, thou shalt not err,
If thou her shape and beauty and grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
A nest almost as full of Good as she.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
Were sav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When she revolves his papers, mark what show
Of favour, she alone, to them doth make.

Mark, if to get them, she o'erskip the rest,
Mark, if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
Mark, if she do the same that they protest,
Mark, if she mark whether her woman came.

Mark, if slight things be objected, and o'erblown,
Mark, if her oaths against him be not still
Reserv'd, and that she grieves she's not her own,
And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not do this to be my spy;
Nor to make myself her familiar;
But so much I do love her choice, that I
Would fain love him that shall be lov'd of her.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

HONOUR is so sublime perfection,
And so refin'd ; that when God was alone
And creatureless at first, Himself had none ;

But as of the elements, these which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joy'd or fed,
And, those are barren both above our head :

So from low persons doth all honour flow ;
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,
And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross, by Stilling, this is better done
By despis'd dung, than by the fire or Sun.

Care not then, Madam, how low your praisers lie ;
In labourers' ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *Te Deum's* melody.

And, ordnance rais'd on Towers, so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while
As fires from th' earth's low vaults in *Sicil* Isle.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue ;
But one, 'tis best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took Soul's stuff such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Covering discovers your quick Soul ; that we
May in your through-shine front your heart's thoughts
see.

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.

Of such were Temples ; so and of such you are ;
Being and *seeming* is your equal care,
And virtue's whole sum is but *know* and *dare*.

But as our Souls of growth and Souls of sense
Have birthright of our reason's Soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek presidence :

Nature's first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish itself, nor religion.

Discretion is a wiseman's Soul, and so
Religion is a Christian's, and you know
How these are one ; her *yea*, is not her *no*.

Nor may we hope to solder still and knit
These two, and dare to break them ; nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religion's types, the pieceless centres flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went,
Who so would change, do covet or repent ;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

BEGUN IN FRANCE BUT NEVER PERFECTED

THOUGH I be dead, and buried, yet I have
(Living in you,) Court enough in my grave,
As oft as there I think myself to be,
So many resurrections waken me.
That thankfulness your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot.
This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence ; so,
These verses bud, so these confessions grow.
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent
Your treasure, for since I had never known
Virtue or beauty, but as they are grown

In you, I should not think or say they shine,
(So as I have) in any other Mine.
Next I confess this my confession,
For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praise to you, where half rights seem too much,
And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.
Next I confess my impenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
May in less lessons find enough to do,
By studying copies, not Originals,
Desunt caetera.

A LETTER TO THE LADY CARY AND MRS. ESSEX RICH, FROM AMIENS

MADAM,

HERE where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much schism to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to Saints, should my humility
To other Saint than you directed be,
That were to make my schism, heresy.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
As not to tell it ; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some Apostleship in me
To speak things which by faith alone I see.

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown, or spent,
They're your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance, but, their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tasteless flat humility
In dough-baked men some harmlessness we see,
'Tis but his phlegm that's Virtuous, and not he:

So is the Blood sometimes; who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a sanguine Virtuous man.

So cloistral men, who, in pretence of fear
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Virtue in Melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual choleric Critics, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeal, Virtue but in their Gall.

We're thus but parcel gilt; to Gold we're grown
When Virtue is our Soul's complexion;
Who knows his Virtue's name or place, hath none.

Virtue's but anguish, when 'tis several,
By occasion wak'd and circumstantial.
True Virtue is Soul, always in all deeds All.

This Virtue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity,
For, your soul was as good Virtue, as she ;

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty, Virtue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
As Others, with profane and sensual Darts,
But as an influence, virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by the honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your virtues, and their might,

What must I think that influence must do,
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Virtue, and beauty of the same stuff, as you ?

Which is, your noble worthy sister, she
Of whom, if what in this my Ecstasy
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries
The Master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you ; there is no way
From either, but by the other, not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery ;
He that believes himself, doth never lie.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY

AUGUST, 1614

FAIR, great, and good, since seeing you, we see
What Heaven can do, and what any Earth can be :
Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sun
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevell'd beams and scattered fires
Serve but for Ladies' Periwigs and Tires
In lovers' Sonnets : you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is withered, shrunk, and dried,
All Virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
Where every man thinks by himself to stand,
Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
(Cements of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Court, City, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold-ingot into wire ;

All trying by a love of littleness
To make abridgments, and to draw to less
Even that nothing, which at first we were ;
Since in these times, your greatness doth appear,
And that we learn by it, that man to get
Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
(For who can judge, or witness of those times
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes ?)
Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monster, or at best fantastical :
Since now you durst be good, and that I do
Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your light, largeness, virtue understood :
If in this sacrifice of mine, be shown
Any small spark of these, call it your own.
And if things like these, have been said by me
Of others ; call not that Idolatry.
For had God made man first, and man had seen
The third day's fruits, and flowers, and various green;
He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures, which were made that day ;
And when next day, he had admir'd the birth
Of Sun, Moon, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday :
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another's worthiest, and, that you :

Yet, to say so, doth not condemn a man,
If when he spoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this, in our soul grows?
We first have souls of growth, and sense, and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal came,
Were swallowed into it, and have no name.
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast,
The power and praise of both them, on the last;
No more do I wrong any; I adore
The same things now, which I ador'd before,
The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable, and in the King
I reverence; His power to work on me:
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good; but more, now I am come
From having found their *walks*, to find their *home*.
And as I owe my first souls thanks, that they
For my last soul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth,
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others, first, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark Cave, yea in a Grave do lie;
For as your fellow-Angels, so you do
Illustrate them who come to study you.
The first whom we in Histories do find
To have profess'd all Arts, was one born blind:
He lack'd those eyes beasts have as well as we,
Not those, by which Angels are seen and see;

So, though I'm born without those eyes to live,
Which fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
Which are, fit means to see bright courts and you,
Yet may I see you thus, as now I do ;
I shall, by that, all goodness have discern'd,
And though I burn my library, be learn'd.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD

You that are she and you, that's double she,
In her dead face, half of yourself shall see ;
She was the other part, for so they do
Which build them friendships, become one of two ;
So two, that but themselves no third can fit,
Which were to be so, when they were not yet ;
Twins, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,
As divers stars one Constellation make,
Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, so
Both but one means to see, one way to go.
Had you died first, a carcass she had been ;
And we your rich Tomb in her face had seen ;
She like the Soul is gone, and you here stay,
Not a live friend ; but th' other half of clay ;
And since you act that part, as men say, Here
Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there,
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, so we all reverence you ;
For, such a friendship who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before,

Not all, as if some perished by this,
  But so, as all in you contracted is.
As of this all, though many parts decay,
  The pure which elemented them shall stay ;
And though diffus'd, any spread in infinite,
  Shall recollect, and in one All unite :
So madam, as her Soul to heaven is fled,
  Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed ;
Her virtues do, as to their proper sphere,
  Return to dwell with you, of whom they were ;
As perfect motions are all circular,
  So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.
She was all spices, you all metals ; so
  In you two we did both rich Indies know ;
And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waste
  One dram of gold, but what was first shall last,
Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, air,
  Expans'd in infinite, none will impair ;
So, to yourself you may additions take,
  But nothing can you less, or changed make.
Seek not in seeking new, to seem to doubt,
  That you can match her, or not be without ;
But let some faithful book in her room be,
  Yet but of *Judith* no such book as she.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD

WHEREIN,
BY OCCASION OF THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY, THE FRAILTY AND THE DECAY OF THIS WHOLE WORLD IS REPRESENTED

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMY

WELL died the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomy:
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their Fathers' Tombs, with forced tears,
Whose state requites their loss: whiles thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead
While this Muse lives? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a World; and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality?

And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yield to thy sad Fate,
Than whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last Nephews' eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine :
Admired match ! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil, and the comely face :
A task which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch ;
Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
And say, that but enough those praises be,
Which hadst them liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modest red :
Death bars reward and shame : when envy's gone,
And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombs than houses : these of clay,
But those of brass, or marble were : so we
Give more unto thy Ghost, than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thank thyself, for being thus :
Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profess'd all due, where 'tis repaid.
So these high songs that to thee suited bin
Serve to but sound thy Maker's praise, in thine,
Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him
Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
As any Angel's tongue can sing of thee ;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree :

For as by infant-years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy virtues, did presage
What an high part thou bear'st in those best songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on thou virgin Soul, whose lossful gain
Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy Name be in our songs forgot,
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.[1]

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

The entry into the work.

WHEN that rich Soul which to her heaven is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one,
(For who is sure he hath a Soul, unless
It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
And by Deeds praise it? he who doth not this,
May lodge an In-mate soul, but 'tis not his.)
When that Queen ended here her progress time,
And, as to her standing house, to heaven did climb,
Where loth to make the Saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song,
This World, in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,

[1] This introductory poem is attributed by Ben Jonson to Joseph Hall.

Which drew the strongest vital spirits out :
But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
(Because since now no other way there is,
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she,)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits ; it joy'd, it mourn'd ;
And, as men think, that Agues physic are,
And th' Ague being spent, give over care,
So thou sick World, mistak'st thyself to be
Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Lethargy.
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sun, or Man.
That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worse, that thou art speechless grown.
Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst ; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast.
For as a child kept from the Font, until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid,
Had not her coming, thee her Palace made :
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form, and frame,
And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead (but being dead,
Measures of times are all determined)
But long she hath been away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.

But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedy impairs
The present Prince, they're loth it should be said,
The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead :
So mankind feeling now a general thaw,
A strong example gone, equal to law,
The cement which did faithfully compact,
And glue all virtues, now resolv'd, and slack'd,
Thought it some blasphemy to say she was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession ; therefore spoke no more
Than tongues, the Soul being gone, the loss deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick World, yea, dead, yea putrefied, since she
Thy intrinsic balm, and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
I (since no man can make thee live) will try,
What we may gain by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection ;
For there's a kind of World remaining still, *What life*
Though she which did inanimate and fill *the world*
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night, *hath still.*
Her Ghost doth walk ; that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of virtue, and of good,
Reflects from her, on them which understood

Her worth ; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay ;
Which, from the carcass of the old world, free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produc'd : the matter and the stuff of this,
Her virtue, and the form our practice is :
And though to be thus elemented, arm
These creatures, from home-born intrinsic harm,
(For all assumed unto this dignity,
So many weedless Paradises be,
Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
Except some foreign Serpent bring it in)
Yet, because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old : *The sicknesses of the world.*
For with due temper men do then forgo,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health ; Physicians say that we, *Impossibility of health.*
At best, enjoy but a neutrality.
And can there be worse sickness, than to know
That we are never well, nor can be so ?
We are born ruinous : poor mothers cry,
That children come not right, nor orderly ;
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruin ! how importunate
Upon mankind ! it labour'd to frustrate

Even God's purpose ; and made woman, sent
For man's relief, cause of his languishment.
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principal in ill ;
For that first marriage was our funeral :
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
And singly, one by one, they kill us now.
We do delightfully ourselves allow
To that consumption ; and profusely blind,
We kill ourselves to propagate our kind.
And yet we do not that ; we are not men :
There is not now that mankind, which was then,
When as the Sun and man did seem to strive,
(Joint tenants of the world) who should sur- *Shortness*
vive ; *of life.*
When Stag, and Raven, and the long-liv'd
tree,
Compar'd with man, died in minority ;
When, if a slow-pac'd star had stol'n away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see it again,
And then make up his observation plain ;
When, as the age was long, the size was great ;
Man's growth confess'd, and recompens'd the meat ;
So spacious and large, that every Soul
Did a fair Kingdom, and large Realm control :
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that soul a good way towards heaven direct.
Where is this mankind now ? who lives to age,
Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page ?

Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true-made clock run right, or lie.
Old Grandsires talk of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve to-morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
And as in lasting, so in length is man
Contracted to an inch, who was a span ; *Smallness*
For had a man at first in forests stray'd, *of stature.*
Or shipwreck'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale,
That met him, would not hastily assail
A thing so equal to him : now alas,
The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may pass
As credible ; mankind decays so soon,
We're scarce our Fathers' shadows cast at noon :
Only death adds to our length : nor are we grown
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old Text ; or had we chang'd to gold
Their silver ; or dispos'd into less glass
Spirits of virtue, which then scatter'd was.
But 'tis not so : we're not retir'd, but damp'd ;
And as our bodies, so our minds are cramp'd :
'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
In mind, and body both bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious, God's whole work to undo ;
Of nothing He made us, and we strive too,
To bring ourselves to nothing back ; and we
Do what we can, to do't so soon as He.

With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new Physic, a worse Engine far.
Thus man, this world's Vice-Emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home ;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They're but man's Ministers, and Legates there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civility, and to man's use :
This man, whom God did woo, and loth to attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend,
This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poor thing he is !
If man were anything, he's nothing now :
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
To his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.
She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesy,
When they call'd virtues by the name of *she* ;
She in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
That for Allay unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker Sex ; she that could drive
The poisonous tincture, and the stain of *Eve*,
Out of her thoughts, and deeds ; and purify
All, by a true religious Alchemy ;
She, she is dead ; she's dead : when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how poor a trifling thing man is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free.
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, Religion,

Thy better Growth grows withered, and scant ;
Be more than man, or thou'rt less than an Ant.
Then, as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joint, almost created lame :
For, before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption enter'd, and deprav'd the best.
It seized the Angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joint of th' universal frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first ; and then
Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man.
So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the Springs and Summers which we see,
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out ;
The Sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confess that this world's spent,
When in the Planets, and the Firmament
They seek so many new ; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his Atomies.
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone ;
All just supply, and all Relation :
Prince, Subject, Father, Son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got

Decay of nature in other parts.

To be a Phœnix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all magnetic force alone,
To draw, and fasten sunder'd parts in one ;
She whom wise nature had invented then
When she observ'd that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this world's Sea stray,
And needed a new compass for their way ;
She that was best, and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to Fate ; she whose rich eyes, and breast
Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East ;
Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
Spice on those Isles, and bade them still smell so,
And that rich Indy which doth gold inter,
Is but as single money, coin'd from her :
She to whom this world must itself refer,
As Suburbs, or the Microcosm of her,
She, she is dead ; she's dead : when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part ;
But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
Thou seest a hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controll'd,
And that thou hast but one way, not to admit
The world's infection, to be none of it.

For the world's subtlest immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts.
For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone, *Disformity*
Beauty, that's colour, and proportion. *of parts.*
We think the heavens enjoy their Spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all.
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
Such divers down-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form : it tears
The Firmament in eight and forty shares,
And in these Constellations then arise
New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes :
As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,
When new Towers rise, and old demolish'd are.
They have impal'd within a Zodiac
The free-born Sun, and keep twelve Signs awake
To watch his steps ; the Goat and Crab control,
And fright him back, who else to either Pole
(Did not these Tropics fetter him) might run :
For his course is not round ; nor can the Sun
Perfect a Circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct ; but where he rose to-day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
Steals by that point, and so is Serpentine :
And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now fall'n nearer us.
So, of the Stars, which boast that they do run
In Circle still, none ends where he begun.

All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells.
For of Meridians, and Parallels,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
They're diversely content t' obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Teneriffe, or higher Hill
Rise so high like a Rock, that one might think
The floating Moon would shipwreck there, and sink?
Seas are so deep, that Whales being struck to-day,
Perchance to-morrow, scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die.
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly think that there would rise
At end thereof, one of th' Antipodies:
If under all, a Vault infernal be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a strait hot room be thrust)
Then solidness, and roundness have no place.
Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face
Of th' earth? Think so: but yet confess, in this
The world's proportion disfigured is;
That those two legs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment are bent awry.
And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,
That beauty's best, proportion, is dead,

Disorder in the world.

Since even grief itself, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She by whose lines proportion should be
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetry,
Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought souls made
Of Harmony, he would at next have said
That Harmony was she, and thence infer,
That souls were but Resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes, the forms from objects flow :
She, who if those great Doctors truly said
That the Ark to man's proportions was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civil war to cease.
She, after whom, what form soe'er we see,
Is discord, and rude incongruity ;
She, she is dead, she's dead ; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is :
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee :
And that, not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poisoning the fountains, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us : but that if everything
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfy wise, and good lookers-on,
(Since most men be such as most think they be)
They're loathsome too, by this Deformity.

For good, and well, must in our actions meet ;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauty's other second Element,
Colour, and lustre now, is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
As a compassionate Turquoise which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
As gold falls sick being stung with Mercury,
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When nature was most busy, the first week,
Swaddling the new-born earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes, and play,
To mingle, and vary colours every day :
And then, as though she could not make enow,
Himself His various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd : summer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dyed garment shows.
Our blushing red, which used in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she whom we lament had not been dead :
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blue
(Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradise ; from whom
Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all Diaphanous,

(For Air, and Fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsy, and pale to her,)
She, she, is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That it should more affright, than pleasure thee.
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity, to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
Nor in aught more this world's decay appears,
Than that her influence the heav'n forbears,
Or that the Elements do not feel this,
The father, or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower;
Th' Air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And false-conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' Air shows such Meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they mean, but what they be;
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
Th' Ægyptian *Mages* to have made more such.
What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate anything,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in an Herb, or Charm, or Tree,
And do by touch, all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too.

Weakness in the want of correspondence of heaven and earth

For heaven gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully, and pow'rfully on us :
Since herbs, and roots, by dying lose not all,
But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at :
And all the world would be one dying Swan,
To sing her funeral praise, and vanish then.
But as some Serpents' poison hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent shot,
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us ; she working more than it.
But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown, past growth, that it must die ;
She, from whose influence all Impressions came,
But, by Receivers' impotencies, lame,
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some Princes have some temperance ;
Some Counsellors some purpose to advance
The common profit ; and some people have
Some stay, no more than Kings should give, to crave ;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some grains of chastity.
She that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our age was Iron, and rusty too,

She, she is dead; she's dead; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a Cinder this world is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vain to dew, or mollify
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys, which did possess her heart,
Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead, *Con-*
The body will not last out, to have read *clusion.*
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the world's carcass would not last, if I
Were punctual in this Anatomy;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who fain would think they're well.
Here therefore be the end: and, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant whatever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes prose song,
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
Who till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death; for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but then
When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
And have your last, and best concoction

From her example, and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her, do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse ;
Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last, and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
To *Moses* to deliver unto all,
That song, because He knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
But keep the song still in their memory :
Such an opinion (in due measure) made
Me this great Office boldly to invade :
Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me, from thus trying to emprison her,
Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature : heaven keeps Souls,
The Grave keeps bodies, Verse the Fame enrols.

A FUNERAL ELEGY

'Tis lost, to trust a Tomb with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest.
Alas, what's Marble, Jet, or Porphyry,
Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those Pearls, and Rubies, which she was ?
Join the two Indies in one Tomb, 'tis glass ;
And so is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Escurials,

Yet she's demolish'd : can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men ?
Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they must live ?
Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted be
Those carcass verses, whose soul is not she.
And can she, who no longer would be she,
Being such a Tabernacle, stoop to be
In paper wrapt ; or, when she would not lie
In such a house, dwell in an Elegy ?
But 'tis no matter ; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and Counsellors for brains,
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
The Rich for stomachs, and for backs, the Poor ;
The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet,
By which, remote and distant Countries meet.
But those fine spirits which do tune, and set
This Organ, are those pieces which beget
Wonder and love ; and these were she ; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be ;
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world itself, so great as she.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she's dead ? may't not be said
That as a sunder'd clock is piecemeal laid,

Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand
Repolish'd, without error then to stand,
Or as the Afric Niger stream enwombs
Itself into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her, greater, purer, firmer, than before?
Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can we
Who live, and lack her, here this vantage see?
What is't to us, alas, if there have been
An Angel made a Throne, or Cherubin?
We lose by't: and as aged men are glad
Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had,
So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoice then Nature, and this World, that you,
Fearing the last fires hast'ning to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were near gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one.
One, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within.
'Twas but a through-light scarf, her mind to enrol;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soul.
One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd:
And whom, whoe'er had worth enough, desir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them, it shall be consecrate.
But, as when heaven looks on us with new eyes,
Those new stars every Artist exercise,

What place they should assign to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out :
So the world studied whose this piece should be,
Till she can be nobody's else, nor she :
But like a Lamp of Balsamum, desir'd
Rather to adorn, than last, she soon expir'd,
Cloth'd in her virgin white integrity,
For marriage, though it do not stain, doth dye.
To 'scape th' infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away, before she was one ;
And the world's busy noise to overcome,
Took so much death, as serv'd for *opium* ;
For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
She hath yielded to too long an ecstasy :
He which not knowing her said History,
Should come to read the book of destiny,
How fair, and chaste, humble, and high she had been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And measuring future things, by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book.
But 'tis not so ; Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to herself, which liberty
She took but for thus much, thus much to die.
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-Commissioner with Destiny,
She did no more but die ; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,

Every such person is her delegate,
T' accomplish that which should have been her Fate.
They shall make up that Book and shall have thanks
Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blanks.
For future virtuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise ;
And 'tis in heav'n part of spiritual mirth,
To see how well the good play her, on earth.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL

WHEREIN,
BY OCCASION OF THE RELIGIOUS DEATH OF MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY, THE INCOMMODITIES OF THE SOUL IN THIS LIFE, AND HER EXALTATION IN THE NEXT, ARE CONTEMPLATED

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY

THE HARBINGER TO THE PROGRESS

TWO Souls move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration and of love ;
Thy Soul (dear virgin) whose this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal Sphere to lively bliss ;
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The world's last day, thy glory's full degree :
Like as those stars which thou o'erlookest far,
Are in their place, and yet still moved are :
No soul (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half way ;
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So fast, that now the lightning moves but slow :
But now thou art as high in heaven flown
As heaven's from us ; what soul besides thine own

Can tell thy joys, or say he can relate
Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state ?
I envy thee (Rich soul) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory see :
And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast ;
So far, as none can follow thine so far,
(And if this flesh did not the passage bar
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
Which long agone hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessen'd in thine aery way ;
So while thou mak'st her soul by progress known
Thou mak'st a noble progress of thine own,
From this world's carcass having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality ;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
That more may not beseem a creature's praise,
Yet still thou vow'st her more ; and every year
Mak'st a new progress, while thou wand'rest here ;
Still upward mount ; and let thy Maker's praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays.
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh let her never stoop below the clouds :
And if those glorious sainted souls may know
Or what we do, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs, shall still content them best
Which praise those awful Powers that make them blest.[1]

[1] This introductory poem, as in "The First Anniversary," is reputed to be by Joseph Hall.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY

NOTHING could make me sooner to confess *The entrance.*
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider, that a year is run,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sun's Sun,
The Lustre, and the vigour of this All,
Did set ; 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath struck sail, doth run
By force of that force which before, it won :
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ran,
One from the Trunk, another from the Head,
His soul be sail'd, to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckon'd, and call'd back his soul,
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soul ; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw :
Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings :
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone ;
For there is motion in corruption.
As some days are at the Creation nam'd,
Before the Sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd,

So after this Sun's set, some show appears,
And orderly vicissitude of years.
Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reserve of all.
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall be,
To be hereafter prais'd, for praising thee;
Immortal Maid, who though thou would'st refuse
The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
A Father, since her chaste Ambition is,
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These Hymns may work on future wits, and so
May great-grand-children of thy praises grow.
And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrefy with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These Hymns thy issue, may increase so long,
As till God's great *Venite* change the song.
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,
And serve thy thirst, with God's safe-sealing Bowl.
Be thirsty still, and drink still till thou go
To th' only Health, to be hydroptic so.
Forget this rotten world; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be.
Be not concern'd: study not why, nor when;
Do not so much as not believe a man.
For though to err, be worst, to try truths forth,
Is far more business than this world is worth.

A just disestimation of the world.

The world is but a carcass ; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm, that carcass bred ;
And why should'st thou, poor worm, consider more,
When this world will grow better than before,
Than those thy fellow worms do think upon
That carcass's last resurrection.
Forget this world, and scarce think of it so,
As of old clothes, cast off a year ago.
To be thus stupid is Alacrity ;
Men thus lethargic have best Memory.
Look upward ; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate.
She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat heark'ning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, because in all she did,
Some Figure of the Golden times was hid.
Who could not lack, whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form, that made it live ;
Nor could complain, that this world was unfit
To be stay'd in, then when she was in it ;
She that first tried indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires,
She to whose person Paradise adher'd,
As Courts to Princes, she whose eyes enspher'd
Star-light enough, to have made the South control,
(Had she been there) the Star-full Northern Pole,
She, she is gone ; she is gone ; when thou knowest this,
What fragmentary rubbish this world is
Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought ;
He honours it too much that thinks it naught.

Think then, my soul, that death is but a Groom, *Contem-*
Which brings a Taper to the outward room, *plation of*
Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering *our state*
light, *in our*
And after brings it nearer to thy sight : *death-*
For such approaches doth heaven make in death. *bed.*
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft Notes to be
Division, and thy happiest Harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack ;
And think that, but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy soul from thence.
Think thyself parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy Physic ; chide the slackness of the fit.
Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
But that, as Bells call'd thee to Church before,
So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee.
Think Satan's Sergeants round about thee be,
And think that but for Legacies they thrust ;
Give one thy Pride, to another give thy Lust :
Give them those sins which they gave thee before,
And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score.
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that
they
Weep but because they go not yet thy way.
Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this,
That they confess much in the world, amiss,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
Which they from God, and Angels cover not.

Think that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
They re-invest thee in white innocence.
Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go),
Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
Worms which insensibly devour their State.
Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucy's night.
Think these things cheerfully : and if thou be
Drowsy or slack, remember then that she,
She whose Complexion was so even made,
That which of her Ingredients should invade
The other three, no Fear, no Art could guess :
So far were all remov'd from more or less.
But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
Only because all were, no part was best.
And as, though all do know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoint,
And say this is a line, or this a point,
So though the Elements and Humours were
In her, one could not say, this governs there.
Whose even constitution might have won
Any disease to venture on the Sun,
Rather than her : and make a spirit fear,
That he to disuniting subject were.
To whose proportions if we would compare
Cubes, they're unstable ; Circles, Angular ;

She who was such a chain as Fate employs
To bring mankind all Fortunes it enjoys ;
So fast, so even wrought, as one would think,
No Accident could threaten any link ;
She, she embrac'd a sickness, gave it meat,
The purest blood, and breath, that e'er it eat ,
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith,
And though he may pretend a conquest, since
Heaven was content to suffer violence,
Yea though he plead a long possession too,
(For they're in heaven on earth who heaven's works do)
Though he had right and power and place, before,
Yet Death must usher, and unlock the door.
Think further on thy self, my Soul, and think *Incommodities of the Soul in the Body.*
How thou at first wast made but in a sink ;
Think that it argued some infirmity,
That those two souls, which then thou found'st in me,
Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee, both
My second soul of sense, and first of growth.
Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious ;
Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.
This curded milk, this poor unlittered whelp
My body, could, beyond escape or help,
Infect thee with Original sin, and thou
Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Think that no stubborn sullen Anchorite,
Which fix'd to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit

Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
So foully as our Souls in their first-built Cells.
Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie
After, enabled but to suck and cry.
Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor Inn,
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that usurp'd or threaten'd with the rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age.
But think that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty ;
Think that a rusty Piece, discharg'd, is flown *Her liberty by death.*
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies : this to thy Soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy Soul hatch'd but now.
And think this slow-pac'd soul, which late did cleave
To a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heaven, and earth ; she stays not in the air,
To look what Meteors there themselves prepare ;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether th' air's middle region be intense ;
For th' Element of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she pass'd by such a place or no ;
She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world, men live, and die.
Venus retards her not, to enquire, how she
Can, (being one star) *Hesper*, and *Vesper* be ;
He that charm'd *Argus*' eyes, sweet *Mercury*,

Works not on her, who now is grown all eye ;
Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,
Goes through, not staying till his course be run ;
Who finds in *Mars* his Camp no corps of Guard ;
Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his father barr'd ;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through the Firmament.
And as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
Her through those Spheres, as through the beads, a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing :
As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck, and back ;
So by the Soul doth death string Heaven and Earth ;
For when our Soul enjoys this her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a second, grace),
Heaven is as near, and present to her face,
As colours are, and objects, in a room
Where darkness was before, when Tapers come.
This must, my Soul, thy long-short Progress be ;
To advance these thoughts, remember then, that she,
She, whose fair body no such prison was,
But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to pass
An age in her ; she whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her ;
She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world, to so high a mark as she),
The Western treasure, Eastern spicery,

Europe, and Afric, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best ;
And when we've made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this ;
She, whom had they known who did first betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both
To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,
And to each several man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limb ;
She, of whose soul, if we may say, 'twas Gold,
Her body was th' Electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that ; we understood
Her by her sight ; her pure, and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought ;
She, she, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone :
And chides us slow-pac'd snails who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well,
Longer, than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
But 'twere but little to have chang'd our room, *Her ig-*
If, as we were in this our living Tomb *norance*
Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so. *in this*
Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou *life and*
know ? *know-*
Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou know'st *ledge in*
not, *the next.*
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.

Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin.
Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortal, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
Even thyself: yea though thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
For many ages, that our body is wrought
Of Air, and Fire, and other Elements?
And now they think of new ingredients,
And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin?
Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid stuff, which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is
(For aught thou know'st) piercing of substances.
And of those many opinions which men raise
Of Nails and Hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have we to know our selves, when we
Know not the least things, which for our use be?
We see in Authors, too stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an Ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
To know but Catechisms and Alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our stage their parts did Act;

What *Caesar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said.
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?
When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
Of being taught by sense, and Fantasy?
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem great
Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through Labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit, or collections to discern.
In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shalt straight forget.
There thou (but in no other school) may'st be
Perchance, as learned, and as full, as she,
She who all libraries had throughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practised
So much good as would make as many more:
She whose example they must all implore,
Who would or do, or think well, and confess
That all the virtuous Actions they express,
Are but a new, and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action:
She who in th' art of knowing Heaven, was grown
Here upon earth, to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to Heaven she came,
(In a far fairer print), but read the same:
She, she not satisfied with all this weight,
(For so much knowledge, as would over-freight

Another, did but ballast her) is gone
As well t' enjoy, as get perfection.
And calls us after her, in that she took,
(Taking herself) our best, and worthiest book.
Return not, my Soul, from this ecstasy,
And meditation of what thou shalt be,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse ? what station
Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine ?
Shalt thou not find a spongy slack Divine
Drink and suck in th' instructions of Great men,
And for the word of God, vent them again ?
Are there not some Courts (and then, no things be
So like as Courts) which, in this let us see,
That wits and tongues of Libellers are weak,
Because they do more ill, than these can speak ?
The poison's gone through all, poisons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts, but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea excrements, will show ;
So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsy Soul, where thy new ear
Shall in the Angels' songs no discord hear ;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have said.
Where she is exalted more for being good,
Than for her interest of Mother-hood.
Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, than they've enjoy'd Him yet.

Of our company in this life and in the next.

Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
Their Prophecies grown to be History.
Up to th' Apostles, who did bravely run
All the Sun's course, with more light than the Sun.
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oil to th' Apostles' Lamps, dew to their seed.
Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his Temple give.
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
She, who being to herself a State, enjoy'd
All royalties which any State employ'd ;
For she made wars, and triumph'd ; reason still
Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will :
And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty, and chastity together kiss :
She did high justice, for she crucified
Every first motion of rebellious pride :
And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only herself except, she pardon'd all :
She coin'd, in this, that her impressions gave
To all our actions all the worth they have :
She gave protections ; the thoughts of her breast
Satan's rude Officers could ne'er arrest.
As these prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a sovereign State ; religion
Made her a Church ; and these two made her all.
She who was all this All, and could not fall

To worse, by company, (for she was still
More Antidote, than all the world was ill,)
She, she doth leave it, and by Death, survive
All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive
The more, because she's there, he doth not know
That accidental joys in Heaven do grow.
But pause, my soul; and study, ere thou fall
On accidental joys, th' essential.
Still before Accessories do abide
A trial, must the principal be tried.
And what essential joy canst thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthiest is to move)
Poor cozened cozener, *that* she, and *that* thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now;
You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
Next day repairs, (but ill) last day's decay.
Nor are, (although the river keep the name)
Yesterday's waters, and to-day's the same.
So flows her face, and thine eyes, neither now
That Saint, nor Pilgrim, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whilst you think you be
Constant, you're hourly in inconstancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Because that God did live so long above
Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,
That He at last made Creatures to bestow
Honour on Him; not that He needed it,
But that, to His hands, man might grow more fit.

Of essential joy in this life and in the next.

But since all Honours from inferiors flow,
(For they do give it ; Princes do but show
Whom they would have so honour'd) and that this
On such opinions, and capacities
Is built, as rise and fall, to more and less :
Alas, 'tis but a casual happiness.
Hath ever any man to himself assign'd
This or that happiness to arrest his mind,
But that another man which takes a worse,
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course ?
They who did labour Babel's tower to erect,
Might have considered, that for that effect,
All this whole solid Earth could not allow
Nor furnish forth materials enow ;
And that this Centre, to raise such a place,
Was far too little, to have been the Base ;
No more affords this world, foundation
To erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the Heathen made them several gods,
Of all God's Benefits, and all his Rods,
(For as the Wine, and Corn, and Onions are
Gods unto them, so Agues be, and War)
And as by changing that whole precious Gold
To such small Copper coins, they lost the old,
And lost their only God, who ever must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust :
So much mankind true happiness mistakes ;
No Joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
Then, Soul, to thy first pitch work up again ;
Know that all lines which circles do contain,

For once that they the Centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference ; and be thou such ;
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employ'd ;
All will not serve ; only who have enjoy'd
The sight of God, in fulness, can think it ;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is essential joy, where neither He
Can suffer diminution, nor we ;
'Tis such a full, and such a filling good ;
Had th' Angels once look'd on Him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She whom we celebrate, is gone before.
She, who had Here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy ;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to Him) as to know
His face in any natural Stone, or Tree,
Better than when in Images they be :
Who kept by diligent devotion,
God's Image, in such reparation,
Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
Was her first Parents' fault, and not her own :
Who being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading His safe precontract ;
Who by a faithful confidence, was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there ;
Whose twilights were more clear, than our mid-day ;
Who dreamt devoutlier, than most use to pray ;
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be,
Both where more grace, and more capacity

At once is given : she to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
Joy, (as our joys admit) essential.
But could this low world joys essential touch,
Heaven's accidental joys would pass them much.
How poor and lame, must then our casual be ?
If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do swell thee, thou art then,
By being greater, grown to be less Man.
When no Physician of redress can speak,
A joyful casual violence may break
A dangerous Apostem [1] in thy breast ;
And whilst thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
Whate'er was casual, may ever be.
What should the nature change ? Or make the same
Certain, which was but casual, when it came ?
All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Only in Heaven joy's strength is never spent ;
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a soul's arrival ne'er decays ;
For that soul ever joys and ever stays.
Joy that their last great Consummation
Approaches in the resurrection ;
When earthly bodies more celestial
Shall be, than Angels were, for they could fall ;

Of accidental joys in both places.

[1] The modern form of this word is imposthume, an abscess.

This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that she,
She, in whose goodness, he that names degree,
Doth injure her ; ('tis loss to be call'd best,
There where the stuff is not such as the rest)
She, who left such a body, as even she
Only in Heaven could learn, how it can be
Made better, for she rather was two souls,
Or like to full on both sides written Rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,
As strong Records for God, as minds within ;
She, who by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a Circle, and still keeps it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where she receives, and gives addition.
Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames *Con-*
A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very *clusion.*
names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet :
And where, what laws of Poetry admit,
Laws of Religion have at least the same,
Immortal Maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make me a French convertite.
But thou would'st not ; nor would'st thou be content,
To take this, for my second year's true Rent,
Did this Coin bear any other stamp, than His,
That gave thee power to do, me, to say this.
Since His will is, that to posterity,

Thou should'st for life, and death, a pattern be,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose, and th' authority is His ;
Thou art the Proclamation ; and I am
The Trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

UPON THE DEATHS OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES

ELEGY ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH

OF THE

INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY

Look to me, Faith; and look to my Faith, God:
For, both my centres feel this period.
Of weight, one centre; one of greatness is:
And Reason is that centre; Faith is this.
For into our Reason flow, and there do end,
All that this natural world doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and equi-distant hence,
Shut-in for Men in one circumference:
But, for th' enormous greatnesses, which are
So disproportion'd and so angular
As in God's essence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what, souls do, departed hence:
These things (eccentric else) on Faith do strike;
Yet neither All, nor upon all alike:
For, Reason, put to her best extension,
Almost meets Faith, and makes both centres one:

And nothing ever came so near to this,
As contemplation of that Prince we miss.
For, all that Faith might credit mankind could,
Reason still seconded that this Prince would.
If then, least movings of the centre make
(More than if whole hell belched) the world to shake,
What must this do, centres distracted so,
That we see not what to believe or know ?
Was it not well believ'd, till now, that he,
Whose reputation was an ecstasy
On neighbour States ; which knew not why to wake
Till he discovered what ways he would take :
For whom what Princes angled (when they tried)
Met a Torpedo, and were stupefied :
And others' studies, how he would be bent ;
Was his great father's greatest instrument,
And activest spirit to convey and tie
This soul of peace through Christianity ?
Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
This general peace th' eternal overtake ?
And that his times might have stretched out so far
As to touch those of which they emblems are ?
For, to confirm this just belief, that now
The last days came, we saw Heaven did allow
That but from his aspect and exercise,
In peaceful times, rumours of wars did rise.
But now this faith is heresy : we must
Still stay, and vex our great-grand-mother, Dust.
Oh, is God prodigal ? Hath He spent His store
Of plagues on us ? and only now, when more

Would ease us much, doth He grudge misery,
And will not let's enjoy our curse, to die?
As, for the Earth thrown lowest down of all,
'Twere an ambition to desire to fall:
So God, in our desire to die, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so.
Therefore we live: though such a life we have
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done?
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us; Earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other soul than That.
And could grief get so high as Heav'n, that Quire
Forgetting this, their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
To rectify our errors they foreknow.
Is th' other centre, Reason, faster, then?
Where should we look for that, now we're not men?
For, if our Reason be our connexion
Of causes, now to us there can be none.
For, as, if all the substances were spent,
'Twere madness to enquire of accident:
So is't to look for Reason, he being gone,
The only subject Reason wrought upon.
If Faith have such a chain, whose divers links,
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth join, and so steal-in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:
At a much deader fault must Reason be,
Death having broke-off such a link as he.

But, now, for us with busy proofs to come
That we've no Reason, would prove we had some:
So would just lamentations. Therefore we
May safelier say, that we are dead, than he.
So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We've double excuse; he is not dead, we are.
Yet would not I die yet; for though I be
Too narrow, to think him, as he is he
(Our Soul's best baiting and mid-period
In her long journey of considering God)
Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus;
As he embrac'd the fires of love with us.
Oh may I (since I live) but see or hear
That she-Intelligence which mov'd this sphere,
I pardon Fate, my life. Whoe'er thou be
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she.
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By th' oaths which only you two never broke,
By all the souls ye sigh'd; that if you see
These lines, you wish I knew your history:
So, much as you two mutual heavens were here,
I were an Angel singing what you were.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

MADAME,

I have learn'd by those laws wherein I am a little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the heir; I do not therefore send

this paper to your Ladyship, that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it ; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must express it : But, Madame, since your noble brother's fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours, so his virtue being yours, the evidences concerning it, belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one piece, in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth

Your Ladyship's most humble
and thankful servant
JOHN DONNE.

OBSEQUIES TO THE LORD HARRINGTON

BROTHER TO THE LADY LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

FAIR soul, which wast, not only, as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But didst continue so ; and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole Sphere :
If looking up to God ; or down to us,
Thou find that any way is previous,
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that man's actions do
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee,

And, by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make by this soft ecstasy,
This place a map of heav'n, myself of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest ;
Time's dead-low water ; when all minds divest
To-morrow's business, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this,
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes, must shut them then
Again by death), although sad watch he keep,
Doth practice dying by a little sleep,
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that Sun rises to me, midnight's noon,
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee ;
And I discern by favour of this light,
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass ; as thou when thou dost see
Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in these mirrors of thy ways, and end.
Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is He,
Yet are the trunks which do to us derive
Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,
Deeds of good men ; for by their living here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.

But where can I affirm, or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds ? which shall I call best ?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those Spirits, humours, blood I did last year,
And, as if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I looked on, is presently
Push'd with more waters from my sight, and gone,
So in this sea of virtues, can no one
Be insisted on ; virtues, as rivers, pass,
Yet still remains that virtuous man there was ;
And as if man feed on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knows where every Atom lies ;
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His virtues into names, and ranks ; but I
Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Destiny,
Should I divide and discontinue so,
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow.
For as, he that would say, spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much, as he
Which says, they have no parts, but simple be ;
So is't of virtue ; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant to have his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old ;

So, then that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen, and said, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just ;
In good short lives, virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, lack time, and space.
So was it in this person, forc'd to be
For lack of time, his own epitome :
So to exhibit in few years as much,
As all the long-breath'd Chronicles can touch.
As when an Angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company,
We cannot think, now he is at the Sun,
Now through the Moon, now he through th' air doth run,
Yet when he's come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, and Air ;
And as this Angel in an instant knows,
And yet we know, this sudden knowledge grows
By quick amassing several forms of things,
Which he successively to order brings ;
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot go
So fast as he, think that he doth not so ;
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell,
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt, he doth distinctly see
And lay together every A, and B ;
So, in short-liv'd good men, is not understood
Each several virtue, but the compound good ;
For, they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As Angels go, and know, and as men read.

O why should then these men, these lumps of Balm
Sent hither, this world's tempests to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
And so make us alive, themselves be dead ?
O Soul, O circle, why so quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee ?
Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
In the most large extent, through every path,
Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath.
Thou know'st, that though the tropic circles have
(Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave),
All the same roundness, evenness, and all
The endlessness of the equinoctial ;
Yet, when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the Sun affected is,
When he doth faintly work, and when prevail,
Only great circles, then can be our scale :
So, though thy circle to thyself express
All, tending to thy endless happiness,
And we, by our good use of it may try,
Both how to live well young, and how to die,
Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
Of hot ambitions, irreligion's ice,
Zeal's agues, and hydroptic avarice,
Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
As well as lust, and ignorance of youth ;
Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to do ?

Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
Doth each mismotion and distemper feel,
Whose hand gets shaking palsies, and whose string
(His sinews) slackens, and whose Soul, the spring,
Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the fly,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
Whose voice, the Bell, doth rattle, or grow dumb,
Or idle, as men, which to their last hours come,
If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will ;
So, youth is easiest to destruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns, to employ their time,
An error doth more harm, being general,
When, small clocks' faults, only on the wearer fall ;
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, servants, or the State rely.
Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soul,
A clock so true, as might the Sun control,
And daily hadst from Him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such as it could never be
Disordered, stay here, as a general
And great Sun-dial, to have set us All ?
O why wouldst thou be any instrument
To this unnatural course, or why consent
To this, not miracle, but Prodigy
That when the ebbs, longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out, than flow in ?

Though her flood was blown in, by thy first breath,
All is at once sunk in the whirl-pool death.
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death, else a desert, grown a Court by thee.
Now I grow sure, that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Methinks all Cities now, but Anthills be,
Where, when the several labourers I see,
For children, house, provision, taking pain,
They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain ;
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repair, that are in goodness rich.
There is the best concourse, and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins God's City, New Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
At that gate then Triumphant soul, dost thou
Begin thy Triumph ; but since laws allow
That at the Triumph day, the people may,
All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say,
Let me here use that freedom, and express
My grief, though not to make thy Triumph less.
By law, to Triumphs none admitted be,
Till they as Magistrates get victory ;
Though then to thy force, all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,
And so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subject's love,

Thou couldst no title, to this triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave.
Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou shouldst successfully advance
Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are
Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
(For, both these engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,)
Till then thy War was but a civil War,
For which to triumph, none admitted are.
No more are they, who though with good success,
In a defensive war, their power express ;
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be enlarg'd and not preserv'd alone ;
Why shouldst thou then, whose battles were to win
Thyself, from those straits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which He gave thee the vicariate,
(Which is thy soul and body) as entire
As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,
But didst not stay, to enlarge His kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didst, to do ;
Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
Hath got, by getting thee, than it had before ?
For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were.

But this from Triumph most disables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, must be
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out :
And hath he left us so ? or can it be
His territory was no more than He ?
No, we were all his charge, the Diocese
Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joined in commission
With Tutelar Angels, sent to everyone.
But though his freedom to upbraid, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawful, it was tied
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave ;
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that authority, by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might ;
So, though, triumphant soul, I dare to write,
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou so early wouldst abandon us ;
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great sovereignty, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
'Gainst nature's laws, which just impugners be
Of early triumphs ; and I (though with pain)
Lessen our loss, to magnify thy gain
Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit,
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our time, be not suffered
That testimony of love, unto the dead,

To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French *soldurii*[1] did ;
And though in no degree I can express
Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
Who at his friend's death, made whole towns divest
Their walls and bulwarks which became them best :
Do not, fair soul, this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muse,
Who, by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

ELEGY ON THE LADY MARKHAM

MAN is the World, and death th' Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This Sea environs all, and though as yet
God hath set marks, and bounds, 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend,
And breaks our banks, whene'er it takes a friend.
Then our land waters (tears of passion) vent ;
Our waters, then, above our firmament,
(Tears which our Soul doth for her sins let fall)
Take all a brackish taste, and funeral,
And even these tears, which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after God's *No*, drown our world again.
Nothing but man of all envenom'd things
Doth work upon itself, with inborn stings.

[1] Retainers.

Tears are false Spectacles, we cannot see
  Through passion's mist, what we are, or what she.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
  But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
  So is her flesh refin'd by death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's stay,
  Do take up Porcelain, where they buried Clay ;
So at this grave, her limbeck, which refines
  The Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Pearls, and Mines,
Of which this flesh was, her soul shall inspire
  Flesh of such stuff, as God, when His last fire
Annuls this world, to recompense it, shall,
  Make and name then, th' Elixir of this All.

They say, the sea, when it gains, loseth too ;
  If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body, our soul, which subject is
  To th' elder death, by sin, is freed by this ;
They perish both, when they attempt the just ;
  For, graves our trophies are, and both death's dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both ;
  For, none to death sins, that to sin is loth,
Nor do they die, which are not loth to die ;
  So hath she this, and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
  That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains ! Alas,
  How little poison cracks a crystal glass !
She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
  That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.

So much did zeal her conscience rarefy,
  That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lie,
Making omissions, acts ; laying the touch
  Of sin, on things that sometimes may be such.
As *Moses'* Cherubins, whose natures do
  Surpass all speed, by him are winged too ;
So would her soul, already in heaven, seem then,
  To climb by tears, the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
  To speak, that Death his vain haste may repent.
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
  How good in all her titles, and how meet,
To have reform'd this forward heresy,
  That women can no parts of friendship be ;
How Moral, how Divine shall not be told,
  Lest they that hear her virtues, think her old :
And lest we take Death's part, and make him glad
  Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

ELEGY ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED

DEATH I recant, and say, unsaid by me
  Whate'er hath slipp'd, that might diminish thee.
Spiritual treason, atheism 'tis, to say,
  That any can thy Summons disobey.
Th' earth's face is but thy Table ; there are set
  Plants, cattle, men, dishes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
  Into his bloody, or plaguey, or starv'd jaws.

Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
  Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last.
Now wantonly he spoils, and eats us not,
  But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
Nor will this earth serve him ; he sinks the deep
  Where harmless fish monastic silence keep,
Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand,
  Might sponge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
  In birds (Heaven's choristers), organic throats,
Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
  A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchy.
O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in ?
  And how without Creation didst begin ?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou diest,
  All the four Monarchies, and Antichrist.
How could I think thee nothing, that see now
  In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.
Our births and lives, vices, and virtues, be
  Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For, we to live, our bellows wear, and breath,
  Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou be'st, O mighty bird of prey,
  So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All that thou kill'st at His feet, yet doth He
  Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee.
And of those few, now thou hast overthrown
  One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.
She was more storeys high : hopeless to come
  To her Soul, thou hast offer'd at her lower room.

Her Soul and body was a King and Court :
  But thou hast both of Captain miss'd and fort.
As houses fall not, though the King remove,
  Bodies of Saints rest for their souls above.
Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
  As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,
Both work a separation, no divorce.
  Her Soul is gone to usher up her corse,
Which shall be almost another soul, for there
  Bodies are purer, than best Souls are here.
Because in her, her virtues did outgo
  Her years, wouldst thou, O emulous death, do so ?
And kill her young to thy loss ? must the cost
  Of beauty, and wit, apt to do harm, be lost ?
What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins of youth ?
  Oh, every age a diverse sin pursueth.
Thou shouldst have stay'd, and taken better hold,
  Shortly, ambitious ; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd : and such devotion
  Might once have stray'd to superstition.
If all her virtues must have grown, yet might
  Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had she persever'd just, there would have been
  Some that would sin, mis-thinking she did sin.
Such as would call her friendship, love, and feign
  To sociableness, a name profane ;
Or sin, by tempting, or, not daring that,
  By wishing, though they never told her what.

Thus might'st thou have slain more souls, hadst thou
not crost
Thyself, and to triumph, thine army lost.
Yet though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone.
But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much,
Our tears are due, because we are not such.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chain is broke, though no link lost.

ELEGY: DEATH

LANGUAGE, thou art too narrow, and too weak
To ease us now; great sorrow cannot speak;
If we could sigh out accents, and weep words,
Grief wears, and lessens, that tears breath affords.
Sad hearts, the less they seem the more they are,
(So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate.
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be;
Tyrant, in the fifth and greatest Monarchy,
Was't, that she did possess all hearts before,
Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge perish th' innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace won,
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?

Hadst thou stay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,
For they let out more light, than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin.
She was too Sapphirine, and clear for thee ;
Clay, flint, and jet now thy fit dwellings be ;
Alas, she was too pure, but not too weak ;
Whoe'er saw crystal ordnance but would break ?
And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
Thou'st lost thy end, for in her perish all ;
Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
They know her better now, that knew her well.
If we should vapour out, and pine, and die ;
Since, she first went, that were not misery.
She chang'd our world with hers ; now she is gone,
Mirth and prosperity is oppression ;
For of all moral virtues she was all,
The Ethics speak of virtues cardinal.
Her soul was Paradise ; the Cherubin
Set to keep it was grace, that kept out sin.
She had no more than let in death, for we
All reap consumption from one fruitful tree.
God took her hence, lest some of us should love
Her, like that plant, Him and His laws above,
And when we tears, He mercy shed in this,
To raise our minds to heaven where now she is ;
Who if her virtues would have let her stay
We had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but inspire

Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
That what we turn to *feast*, she turn'd to *pray*,
And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For she was of that order whence most fell)
Her body left with us, lest some had said,
She could not die, except they saw her dead ;
For from less virtue, and less beauteousness,
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesses.
The ravenous earth that now woos her to be
Earth too, will be a *Lemnia* ; and the tree
That wraps that crystal in a wooden Tomb,
Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with diamond ;
And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would waste a Stoic's heart.

ELEGY ON THE L[ORD]. C[HAMBERLAIN].

SORROW, who to this house scarce knew the way :
Is, Oh, heir of it, our All is his prey.
This strange chance claims strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus.
'Tis well his life's loud speaking works deserve,
And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve :
'Tis well, he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill, we might have store.
Oh, if a sweet briar climb up by a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted be,

Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
As we for him dead: though no family
E'er rigg'd a soul for heaven's discovery
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
Venture their states, with him in joy to share.
We lose what all friends lov'd, him; he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
If he could have foes, in whose practice grew
All virtues, whose names subtle Schoolmen knew.
What ease, can hope that we shall see him, beget,
When we must die first, and cannot die yet?
His children are his pictures, Oh they be
Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
Here needs no marble Tomb, since he is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

AN HYMN TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MARQUIS HAMILTON

To Sir Robert Carr

SIR,

I presume you rather try what you can do in me, than what I can do in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, smother it, and be that the sacrifice. If you had commanded me to

have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; but, I thank you that you would command me that which I was loth to do, for, even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend and servant in Christ Jesus

J. D.

WHETHER that soul which now comes up to you
Fill any former rank or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name itself, and order more
Than was in heaven till now; (for may not he
Be so, if every several Angel be
A kind alone?) What ever order grow
Greater by him in heaven, we do not so.
One of your orders grows by his access;
But, by his loss grow all our orders less;
The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one are lame;
Fair mirth is dampt, and conversation black,
The household widow'd, and the garter slack;
The Chapel wants an ear, Council a tongue;
Story, a theme; and Music lacks a song;
Blest order that hath him! the loss of him
Gangren'd all Orders here; all lost a limb.
Never made body such haste to confess
What a soul was; all former comeliness
Fled, in a minute, when the soul was gone,
And, having lost that beauty, would have none;

So fell our Monasteries, in one instant grown
Not to less houses, but, to heaps of stone ;
So sent this body that fair form it wore,
Unto the sphere of forms, and doth (before
His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone),
Anticipate a Resurrection ;
For, as in his fame, now, his soul is here,
So, in the form thereof his body's there ;
And if, fair soul, not with first Innocents
Thy station be, but with the Penitents,
(And, who shall dare to ask then when I am
Dyed scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men ?)
When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst find
Amongst those many friends now left behind,
And seest such sinners as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean ;
Wish him a David, her a Magdalen.

EPITAPHS

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

To the Countess of Bedford

MADAME,

That I might make your Cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame which I love next my soul,
Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
Admit to that place this last funeral Scroll.
Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you do beg a Legacy.

My fortune and my will this custom break,
When we are senseless grown to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see what thou art now :
Yet thou'rt not yet so good ; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, we're stubborn clay,
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass, here to grow gold we lie ;
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pampered is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses.

OMNIBUS

My Fortune and my choice this custom break,
When we are speechless grown, to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside seest what thou art now :
Yet thou'rt not yet so good, till death us lay
To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborn Clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass ; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses ;
So we ourselves miraculously destroy.
Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
Such privileges, enabled here to scale
Heaven, when the Trumpet's air shall them exhale.
Hear this, and mend thyself, and thou mend'st me
By making me being dead, do good to thee,
And think me well compos'd, that I could now
A last-sick hour to syllables allow.

"INFINITATI SACRUM"

16. *Augusti* 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS

POÉMA SATYRICON

EPISTLE

OTHERS at the Porches and entries of their Buildings set their Arms; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a mind so plain, and flat, and through-light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and stick, and do not say quickly, good. I censure much and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others, by how much my own things are worse than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against myself, as not to do it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Council forbids not books, but Authors, damning whatever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that

he gives not some thing exemplary, to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt; how my stock will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use; if I do borrow any thing of Antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good: you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him only that hath digg'd out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to find the same soul in an Emperor, in a Post-horse, and in a Mushroom, since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs works this. And therefore though this soul could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speak, when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poison to attain dignity. However the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time when she is he, whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL

FIRST SONG

I

I SING the progress of a deathless soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not control,
Plac'd in most shapes ; all times before the law
Yok'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing.
And the great world to his aged evening ;
From infant morn, through manly noon I draw.
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
Greek brass, or Roman iron, is in this one ;
A work to outwear *Seth's* pillars, brick and stone,
And (Holy Writ excepted) made to yield to none.

II

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soul envies not,
By thy male force, is all we have, begot.
In the first East, thou now begin'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and island spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danube dine,
And see at night thy Western land of Myne,
Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she,
That before thee, one day began to be,
And thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long
out-live thee.

III

Nor, holy *Janus*, in whose sovereign boat
The Church, and all the Monarchies did float ;
That swimming College, and free Hospital
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
Of fowls, and beasts, in whose womb, Destiny
Us, and our latest nephews did instal
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All),
Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
So diverse shapes into that floating park,
As have been moved, and inform'd by this heavenly spark.

IV

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For every thing ; who, where we off-spring took,
Our ways and ends seest at one instant ; Thou
Knot of all causes, thou whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O vouch thou safe to look
And show my story, in thy eternal book :
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
So much myself, as to know with what hand,
How scant, or liberal this my life's race is spann'd.

V

To my six lustres almost now outwore,
Except thy book owe me so many more,
Except my legend be free from the lets

Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beauty's nets,
And all that calls from this, and to others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let me save
Th' expense of brain and spirit ; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have.

VI

But if my days be long, and good enough,
In vain this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
Itself ; for I will through the wave, and foam,
And shall, in sad lone ways a lively sprite,
Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light.
For though through many straits, and lands I roam,
I launch at paradise, and I sail towards home ;
The course I there began, shall here be stay'd,
Sails hoisted there, struck here, and anchors laid
In Thames, which were at Tigris, and Euphrates weigh'd.

VII

For the great soul which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
Which, as the Moon the sea, moves us ; to hear
Whose story, with long patience you will long ;
(For 'tis the crown, and last strain of my song)
This soul to whom *Luther*, and *Mahomet* were
Prisons of flesh ; this soul which oft did tear,

And mend the wracks of th' Empire, and late Rome,
And liv'd when every great change did come,
  Had first in paradise, a low, but fatal room.

VIII

Yet no low room, nor than the greatest, less,
If (as devout and sharp men fitly guess)
That Cross, our joy, and grief, where nails did tie
That All, which always was all, everywhere ;
Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear ;
Which could not die, yet could not choose but die ;
Stood in the self-same room in Calvary,
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in security
  This Soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

IX

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born
That apple grew, which this Soul did enlive,
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankind weeps,
Took it, and to her whom the first man did wive
(Whom and her race, only forbiddings drive)
He gave it, she to her husband, both did eat ;
So perished the eaters, and the meat :
  And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die and sweat.

X

Man all at once was there by woman slain,
And one by one we're here slain o'er again
By them. The mother poison'd the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, rivulets ;
No smallness 'scapes, no greatness breaks their nets ;
She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Astray, from turning to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners Judges, 'twould seem rigorous,
She sinn'd, we bear ; part of our pain is, thus
To love them, whose fault to this painful love yok'd us.

XI

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare ask why we should be so.
Would God (disputes the curious Rebel) make
A law, and would not have it kept ? Or can
His creatures' will, cross His ? Of every man
For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take ?
Who sinn'd ? 'twas not forbidden to the snake
Nor her, who was not then made ; nor is't writ
That Adam cropt, or knew the apple ; yet
The worm and she, and he, and we endure for it.

XII

But snatch me, heavenly Spirit, from this vain
Reckoning their vanities, less is their gain
Than hazard still, to meditate on ill,

Though with good mind ; their reasons, like those toys
Of glassy bubbles, which the gamesome boys
Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill
That they themselves break, do themselves spill :
Arguing is heretics' game, and Exercise
As wrestlers, perfects them ; not liberties
Of speech, but silence ; hands, not tongues, end heresies.

XIII

Just in that instant when the serpent's gripe,
Broke the slight veins, and tender conduit-pipe,
Through which this soul from the tree's root did draw
Life, and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose soul, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
'Tis so soon gone, (and better proof the law
Of sense, than faith requires) swiftly she flew
To a dark and foggy Plot ; her, her fates threw
There through th' earth's pores, and in a Plant housed her anew.

XIV

The plant thus abled, to itself did force
A place, where no place was ; by nature's course
As air from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies, by this root throng'd so
His spongy confines gave him place to grow :
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the Prince, and have so fill'd the way

That weasels scarce could pass, when she comes near
They throng and cleave up, and a passage clear,
As if, for that time, their round bodies flatten'd were.

XV

His right arm he thrust out towards the East,
Westward his left ; th' ends did themselves digest
Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were :
And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way scattered
His other leg, which feet with toes upbear.
Grew on his middle parts, the first day, hair,
To show, that in love's business he should still
A dealer be, and be us'd well, or ill :
His apples kindle, his leaves, force of conception kill.

XVI

A mouth, but dumb, he hath ; blind eyes, deaf ears,
And to his shoulders dangle subtle hairs ;
A young *Colossus* there he stands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered
A leafy garland wears he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright
That for them you would call your Love's lips white ;
So, of a lone unhaunted place possest,
Did this soul's second Inn, built by the guest,
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII

No lustful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve ;
And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite ;
Her sin had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes
Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light ;
Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might,
And tore up both, and so cool'd her child's blood ;
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood ;
But he's short-liv'd, that with his death can do most good.

XVIII

To an unfetter'd soul's quick nimble haste
Are falling stars, and heart's thoughts, but slow-paced ;
Thinner than burnt air flies this soul, and she
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrake's tenant, runs
Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny
Confined, and enjail'd her, that seem'd so free,
Into a small blue shell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,
Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd itself a door.

XIX

Outcrept a sparrow, this soul's moving Inn,
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
As children's teeth through gums, to break with pain,

His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads,
All a new downy mantle overspreads,
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late house, and the first hour speaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steals for him, and so feeds then
One, that within a month, will beat him from his hen.

XX

In this world's youth wise nature did make haste,
Things ripened sooner, and did longer last ;
Already this hot cock, in bush and tree,
In field and tent, o'erflutters his next hen ;
He asks her not, who did so last, nor when,
Nor if his sister, or his niece she be ;
Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy
If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse
The next that calls ; both liberty do use ;
Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may freely choose.

XXI

Men, till they took laws which made freedom less,
Their daughters, and their sisters did ingress ;
Till now unlawful, therefore ill, 'twas not.
So jolly, that it can move, this soul is,
The body so free of his kindnesses,
That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
And slack'neth so the soul's, and body's knot

Which temperance straitens; freely on his she-
friends
He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

XXII

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood, which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With feign'd calls, hid nets, or enwrapping snare,
The free inhabitants of the pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive
Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leave:
Yet chooseth he, though none of these he fears,
Pleasantly three, than straiten'd twenty years
To live; and to increase his race, himself outwears.

XXIII

This coal with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The Soul from her too active organs fled
To a brook. A female fish's sandy Roe
With the male's jelly, newly leaven'd was,
For they had intertouch'd as they did pass,
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This soul inform'd, and abled it to row
Itself with finny oars, which she did fit:
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it.

XXIV

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd.
It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallow'd clear
This, and much such, and unblam'd devour'd there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

XXV

Now swam a prison in a prison put,
And now this Soul in double walls was shut,
Till melted with the Swan's digestive fire,
She left her house the fish, and vapour'd forth ;
Fate not affording bodies of more worth
For her as yet, bids her again retire
To another fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey ; for, he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone.
Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

XXVI

Pace with her native stream, this fish doth keep,
And journeys with her, towards the glassy deep,
But oft retarded, once with a hidden net

Though with great windows, for when Need first taught
These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
As now, with curious greediness to let
None 'scape, but few, and fit for use, to get,
As, in this trap a ravenous pike was ta'en,
Who, though himself distress'd, would fain have slain
This wretch ; so hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpast,
Once innocence 'scaped, and left the oppressor fast.
The net through-swum, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leap up sometimes to breathe
And suck in air, or find it underneath,
Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath
To make the water thin and airlike, faith
Cares not ; but safe the Place she's come unto
Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board or two.

XXVIII

So far from hiding her guests, water is,
That she shows them in bigger quantities
Than they are. Thus doubtful of her way,
For game and not for hunger a sea Pie
Spied through this traitorous spectacle, from high

The seely fish where it disputing lay,
And to end her doubts and her, bears her away :
Exalted she is, but to the exalter's good,
As are by great ones, men which lowly stood.
It's rais'd, to be the Raiser's instrument and food.

XXIX

Is any kind subject to rape like fish ?
Ill unto man, they neither do, nor wish :
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,
They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away ;
Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoil the nests industrious birds do make ;
Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon,
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make Fasts, and Lents for their destruction.

XXX

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour
To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fish ; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttony's best orator : at last
So long he hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast
That many leagues at sea, now tired he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languish'd, dies :
The souls no longer foes, two ways did err,
The fish I follow, and keep no calendar
Of the other ; he lives yet in some great officer.

XXXI

Into an embryon fish, our Soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To such vastness as, if unmanacled
From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swum,
Or seas from Afric's body had severed
And torn the hopeful promontory's head,
This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ship overset, or without sail
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this whale.

XXXII

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons' voices, when the air they tear :
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof :
Swim in him swallow'd Dolphins, without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
Some inland sea, and ever as he went
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas, with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII

He hunts not fish, but as an officer,
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthral ;

So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat, sucks every thing
That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall ;
O might not states of more equality
Consist ? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltless smalls, to make one great,
must die ?

XXXIV

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks,
He jostles Islands, and he shakes firm rocks.
Now in a roomful house this Soul doth float,
And like a Prince she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as Provinces.
The Sun hath twenty times both crab and goat
Parched, since first launch'd forth this living boat ;
'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
Nearest ; there's no pause at perfection ;
Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

XXXV

Two little fishes whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death (they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oils, which thence outstreat)
Conspir'd against him, and it might undo
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,

But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
How shall a Tyrant wise strong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak ?

XXXVI

The flail-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
Only attempt to do, what all do wish.
The Thresher backs him, and to beat begins ;
The sluggard Whale yields to oppression,
And to hide himself from shame and danger, down
Begins to sink ; the Swordfish upward spins,
And gores him with his beak ; his staff-like fins,
So well the one, his sword the other plies,
That now a scoff, and pray, this tyrant dies,
And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

XXXVII

Who will revenge his death ? or who will call
Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall ?
The heirs of slain kings, we see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obsequies forget,
Nor will against such men the people go,
Because he's now dead, to whom they should show
Love in that act ; some kings by vice being grown
So needy of subjects' love, that of their own
They think they lose, if love be to the dead Prince
shown.

XXXVIII

This Soul, now free from prison, and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That so small hammers should so soon down beat
So great a castle. And having for her house
Got the strait cloister of a wretched mouse
(As basest men that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy aught, do far more hate the great
Than they, who good repos'd estates possess)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by less
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

XXXIX

Nature's great masterpiece, an Elephant,
The only harmless great thing ; the giant
Of beasts ; who thought, no more had gone, to make
one wise
But to be just, and thankful, loth to offend,
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And foe to none, suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood ; vex'd not his fantasy
Black dreams ; like an unbent bow, carelessly
His sinewy Proboscis did remissly lie :

XL

In which as in a gallery this mouse
Walk'd, and survey'd the rooms of this vast house,

And to the brain, the soul's bedchamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there ; like a whole town
Clean undermin'd, the slain beast tumbled down ;
With him the murderer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not 'scape, (for, only he that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better room),
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tomb :
  Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI

Next, hous'd this Soul a Wolf's yet unborn whelp,
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help,
To issue. It could kill, as soon as go.
Abel, as white, and mild as his sheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdoms, there
Was the first type) was still infested so,
With this wolf, that it bred his loss and woe ;
And yet his bitch, his sentinel attends
The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
  That the wolf, (hopeless else) to corrupt her, intends.

XLII

He took a course, which since, successfully,
Great men have often taken, to espy
The counsels, or to break the plots of foes.
To Abel's tent he stealeth in the dark,
On whose skirts the bitch slept ; ere she could bark,
Attach'd her with strait grips, yet he call'd those,
Embracements of love ; to love's work he goes

Where deeds move more than words ; nor doth she
show,
Nor much resist, nor needs he straiten so
His prey, for, were she loose, she would nor bark,
nor go.

XLIII

He hath engag'd her ; his, she wholly bides ;
Who not her own, none other's secrets hides.
If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
She feigns hoarse barkings, but she biteth not,
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At last a trap, of which some every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loss, and fear,
By the Wolf's death ; and now just time it was
That a quick soul should give life to that mass
Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did pass.

XLIV

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
But in the lives of Emperors you shall not
Read of a lust the which may equal this ;
This wolf begot himself, and finished
What he began alive, when he was dead ;
Son to himself, and father too, he is
A riddling lust, for which Schoolmen would miss
A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,
His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play.

XLV

He soon for her too harsh, and churlish grew,
And Abel (the dam dead) would use this new
For the field. Being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
And as his Sire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he liv'd, and cozened with his trade,
Then hopeless that his faults were hid, betray'd
Himself by flight, and by all followed,
From dogs, a wolf ; from wolves, a dog he fled ;
And, like a spy to both sides false, he perished.

XLVI

It quicken'd next a toyful Ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play.
His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
That why he cannot laugh, and speak his mind,
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adam's fifth daughter *Siphatecia*,
Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, pass,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass,
And wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

XLVII

He was the first that more desir'd to have
One than another ; first that e'er did crave
Love by mute signs, and had no power to speak ;

First that could make love faces, or could do
The vaulter's somersaults, or us'd to woo
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break
To make his mistress merry ; or to wreak
Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
They easily do, that can let feed their mind
With outward beauty ; beauty they in boys and beasts do find.

XLVIII

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high ; beasts and angels have been lov'd.
This Ape, though else through-vain, in this was wise,
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not she would say nay :
His toys prevail not, likelier means he tries,
He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
And up lifts subtly with his russet paw
Her kidskin apron without fear or awe
Of Nature ; Nature hath no gaol, though she hath law.

XLIX

First she was silly and knew not what he meant.
That virtue, by his touches, chaf'd and spent,
Succeeds an itchy warmth, that melts her quite ;
She knew not first, now cares not what he doth,
And willing half and more, more than half loth,
She neither pulls nor pushes, but outright
Now cries, and now repents ; when *Tethlemite*

Her brother, enter'd, and a great stone threw
After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew.
This house thus batter'd down, the Soul possess'd a new.

L

And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone in.
Adam and *Eve* had mingled bloods, and now
Like chemic's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had stew'd and form'd it : and part did become
A spongy liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit, on a high hill's brow,
Life-keeping moisture unto every part ;
Part harden'd itself to a thicker heart,
Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

LI

Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence,
Those sinewy strings which do our bodies tie,
Are ravell'd out ; and fast there by one end,
Did this Soul limbs, these limbs a soul attend ;
And now they join'd ; keeping some quality
Of every past shape, she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
To be a woman. *Themech* she is now,
Sister and wife to *Cain*, *Cain* that first did plow.

LII

Whoe'er thou be'st that read'st this sullen Writ,
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,
Let me arrest thy thoughts ; wonder with me,
Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,
By cursed *Cain's* race invented be,
And blest *Seth* vex'd us with Astronomy.
There's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,
Of every quality Comparison
The only measure is, and judge, Opinion.

DIVINE POEMS

TO E[ARL]. OF D[ORSET]. WITH SIX HOLY SONNETS

SEE Sir, how as the Sun's hot Masculine flame
  Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
  In me, your fatherly yet lusty Rhyme
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same;
But though the engend'ring force from whence they came
  Be strong enough, and nature do admit
  Seven to be born at once, I send as yet
But six ; they say, the seventh hath still some maim.
  I choose your judgment, which the same degree
  Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossy Rhymes to purify,
  Or as Elixir, to change them to gold ;
You are that Alchemist which always had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT: OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN

HER of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo:
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew, more than the Church did know,
The Resurrection; so much good there is
Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be
Loth to believe one Woman could do this;
But, think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
To their Dévotion, add your Innocence;
Take so much of th' example, as of the name;
The latter half; and in some recompense
That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,
Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name address'd.

HOLY SONNETS

LA CORONA

I

DEIGN at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my low devout melancholy,
Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,
All changing unchang'd Ancient of days;

But do not, with a vile crown of frail bays,
Reward my muse's white sincerity,
But what Thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,
A crown of Glory, which doth flower always ;
The ends crown our works, but Thou crown'st our ends,
For, at our end begins our endless rest ;
The first last end, now zealously possess'd,
With a strong sober thirst, my soul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

II

Annunciation

Salvation to all that will is nigh ;
That All, which always is All every where,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
Lo, faithful Virgin, yields Himself to lie
In prison, in thy womb ; and though He there
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet He'll wear
Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force may try.
Ere by the spheres time was created, thou
Wast in His mind, who is thy Son, and Brother ;
Whom thou conceiv'st, conceiv'd ; yea thou art now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother ;
Thou hast light in dark ; and shutt'st in little room,
Immensity cloister'd in thy dear womb.

III

Nativity

Immensity cloister'd in thy dear womb,
Now leaves His well-belov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made Himself to His intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come ;
But Oh, for thee, for Him, hath th' Inn no room ?
Yet lay Him in this stall, and from the Orient,
Stars, and wisemen will travel to prevent
Th' effect of Herod's jealous general doom.
See'st thou, my Soul, with thy faith's eyes, how He
Which fills all place, yet none holds Him, doth lie ?
Was not His pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee ?
Kiss Him, and with Him into Egypt go,
With His kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV

Temple

With His kind mother who partakes thy woe,
Joseph turn back ; see where your child doth sit,
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which Himself on the Doctors did bestow ;
The Word but lately could not speak, and lo
It suddenly speaks wonders, whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow seeming child, should deeply know ?

His Godhead was not soul to His manhood,
Nor had time mellowed Him to this ripeness,
But as for one which hath a long task, 'tis good,
With the Sun to begin his business,
He in His age's morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

V

CRUCIFYING

By miracles exceeding power of man,
He faith in some, envy in some begat,
For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious, hate ;
In both affections many to Him ran,
But Oh ! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
Measuring self-life's infinity to a span,
Nay to an inch. Lo, where condemned He
Bears His own cross, with pain, yet by and by
When it bears Him, He must bear more and die.
Now Thou art lifted up, draw me to Thee,
And at Thy death giving such liberal dole,
Moist, with one drop of Thy blood, my dry soul.

VI

RESURRECTION

Moist with one drop of Thy blood, my dry soul
Shall (though she now be in extreme degree

Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly), be
Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard, or foul,
And life, by this death abled, shall control
Death, whom Thy death slew ; nor shall to me
Fear of first or last death, bring misery,
If in Thy little book my name Thou enrol,
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrefied,
But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas ;
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then sin's sleep, and death's soon from me pass,
That wak'd from both, I again risen may
Salute the last, and everlasting day.

VII

Ascension

Salute the last, and everlasting day,
Joy at the uprising of this Sun, and Son,
Ye whose just tears, or tribulation
Have purely wash'd, or burnt your drossy clay ;
Behold the Highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds, which He treads upon,
Nor doth He by ascending, show alone,
But first He, and He first enters the way.
O strong Ram, which hast batter'd heaven for me,
Mild Lamb, which with Thy blood, hast mark'd the path;
Bright Torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
Oh, with Thy own blood quench Thy own just wrath,
And if Thy holy Spirit, my Muse did raise,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

HOLY SONNETS

I

THOU hast made me, and shall Thy work decay ?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday ;
I dare not move my dim eyes any way,
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh ;
Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee
By Thy leave I can look, I rise again ;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain ;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

II

As due by many titles I resign
Myself to Thee, O God, first I was made
By Thee, and for Thee, and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was Thine ;
I am Thy son, made with Thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repaid,
Thy sheep, Thine Image, and, till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of Thy Spirit divine ;

Why doth the devil then usurp on me ?
Why doth he steal, nay ravish that's Thy right ?
Except Thou rise and for Thine own work fight,
Oh I shall soon despair, when I do see
That Thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III

O MIGHT those sighs and tears return again
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain ;
In mine Idolatry what showers of rain
Mine eyes did waste ? what griefs my heart did rent ?
That sufferance was my sin ; now I repent ;
'Cause I did suffer I must suffer pain.
Th' hydroptic drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
The itchy Lecher, and self-tickling proud
Have the remembrance of past joys, for relief
Of coming ills. To poor me is allow'd
No ease ; for, long, yet vehement grief hath been
Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV

OH my black Soul ! now thou art summoned
By sickness, death's herald, and champion ;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled,

Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison ;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack ;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin ?
Oh make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin ;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

V

I AM a little world made cunningly
Of Elements, and an Angelic sprite,
But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
My world's both parts, and, oh, both parts must die.
You which beyond that heaven which was most high
Have found new spheres, and of new lands can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more :
But oh it must be burnt ! alas the fire
Of lust and envy have burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler ; let their flames retire,
And burn me O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of Thee and Thy house, which doth in eating heal.

VI

THIS is my play's last scene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile ; and my race
Idly, yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point,
And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoint
My body, and soul, and I shall sleep a space,
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose fear already shakes my every joint :
Then, as my soul, to heaven her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body, in the earth shall dwell,
So, fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would press me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

VII

AT the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scatter'd bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For, if above all these, my sins abound,

'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there ; here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent ; for that's as good
As if Thou hadst seal'd my pardon, with Thy blood.

VIII

If faithful souls be alike glorified
As Angels, then my father's soul doth see
And adds this even to full felicity,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride :
But if our minds to these souls be descry'd
By circumstances, and by signs that be
Apparent in us, not immediately,
How shall my mind's white truth by them be try'd ?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call
On Jesus' name, and Pharisaical
Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn
O pensive soul, to God, for He knows best
Thy true grief, for He put it in my breast.

IX

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd ; alas ! why should I be ?

Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous ?
And mercy being easy, and glorious
To God ; in His stern wrath, why threatens He ?
But who am I, that dare dispute with Thee
O God ? Oh ! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory ;
That Thou remember them, some claim as debt,
I think it mercy, if Thou wilt forget.

X

Intermediate Poetry.

DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate
men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke ; why swell'st thou then ?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more ; death, thou shalt die.

XI

SPIT in my face you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet, and scoff, scourge, and crucify me,
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and only He,
Who could do no iniquity, hath died :
But by my death can not be satisfied
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety :
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorified.
Oh let me then, His strange love still admire :
Kings pardon, but He bore our punishment.
And Jacob came cloth'd in vile harsh attire
But to supplant, and with gainful intent :
God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII

WHY are we by all creatures waited on ?
Why do the prodigal elements supply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simple, and further from corruption ?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection ?
Why dost thou bull, and boar so seelily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
Whose whole kind, you might swallow and feed upon ?
Weaker I am, woe is me, and worse than you,
You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous.
But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue,

But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tied,
For us, His Creatures, and His foes, hath died.

XIII

WHAT if this present were the world's last night ?
Mark in my heart, O Soul, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affright,
Tears in His eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills His frowns, which from His pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for His foes' fierce spite ?
No, no ; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour : so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous form assures a piteous mind.

XIV

BATTER my heart, three-person'd God ; for, you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend ;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy :

Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV

WILT thou love God, as He thee? then digest,
My Soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
In heaven, doth make His Temple in thy breast.
The Father having begot a Son most blest,
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to choose thee by adoption,
Coheir to His glory, and Sabbath's endless rest;
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stol'n stuff sold, must lose or buy it again:
The Son of glory came down, and was slain,
Us whom He had made, and Satan stol'n, to unbind.
'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI

FATHER, part of His double interest
Unto Thy kingdom, Thy Son gives to me,
His jointure in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me His death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death, with life the world hath blest,
Was from the world's beginning slain, and He
Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacy
Of His and Thy kingdom, do Thy Sons invest.

Yet such are Thy laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfil ;
None doth ; but all-healing grace and spirit
Revive again what law and letter kill.
Thy law's abridgement, and Thy last command
Is all but love ; Oh let this last Will stand !

XVII

SINCE she whom I lov'd hath paid her last debt
To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
And her Soul early into heaven ravished,
Wholly on heavenly things my mind is set.
Here the admiring her mind did whet
To seek Thee God ; so streams do show their head ;
But though I have found Thee, and Thou my thirst
hast fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts me yet.
But why should I beg more Love, when as Thou
Dost woo my soul for hers ; off'ring all Thine :
And dost not only fear lest I allow
My Love to Saints and Angels, things divine,
But in Thy tender jealousy dost doubt
Lest the World, Flesh, yea Devil put Thee out.

XVIII

SHOW me, dear Christ, Thy Spouse, so bright and
clear.
What ! is it She, which on the other shore

Goes richly painted ? or which robb'd and tore
Laments and mourns in Germany and here ?
Sleeps she a thousand, then peeps up one year ?
Is she self truth and errs ? now new, now outwore ?
Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
On one, on seven, or on no hill appear ?
Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
First travail we to seek and then make Love ?
Betray kind husband thy spouse to our sights,
And let mine amorous soul court thy mild Dove,
Who is most true, and pleasing to thee, then
When she is embrac'd and open to most men.

XIX

OH, to vex me, contraries meet in one ;
Inconstancy unnaturally hath begot
A constant habit ; that when I would not
I change in vows, and in devotion.
As humorous is my contrition
As my profane Love, and as soon forgot :
As riddlingly distemper'd, cold and hot,
As praying, as mute ; as infinite, as none.
I durst not view heaven yesterday ; and to-day
In prayers, and flattering speeches I court God :
To-morrow I quake with true fear of His rod.
So my devout fits come and go away
Like a fantastic Ague : save that here
Those are my best days, when I shake with fear.

THE CROSS

SINCE Christ embrac'd the Cross itself, dare I
His image, th' image of His Cross deny ?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen Altar to despise ?
It bore all other sins, but is it fit
That it should bear the sin of scorning it ?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he fly his pains, who there did die ?
From me, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandal taken, shall this Cross withdraw,
It shall not, for it cannot ; for, the loss
Of this Cross, were to me another Cross ;
Better were worse, for, no affliction,
No Cross is so extreme, as to have none.
Who can blot out the Cross, which th' instrument
Of God, dew'd on me in the Sacrament ?
Who can deny me power, and liberty
To stretch mine arms, and mine own Cross to be ?
Swim, and at every stroke, thou art thy Cross ;
The Mast and yard make one, where seas do toss ;
Look down, thou spiest out Crosses in small things ;
Look up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings ;
All the Globe's frame, and sphere's, is nothing else
But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
Material Crosses then, good physic be,
But yet spiritual have chief dignity.
These for extracted chemic medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve ;

Then are you your own physic, or need none,
When still'd, or purg'd by tribulation.
For when that Cross ungrudg'd, unto you sticks,
Then are you to yourself, a Crucifix.
As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
But that away, which hid them there, do take ;
Let Crosses, so, take what hid Christ in thee,
And be His image, or not His, but He.
But, as oft Alchemists do coiners prove,
So may a self-despising, get self-love ;
And then as worst surfeits, of best meats be,
So is pride, issued from humility,
For, 'tis no child, but monster ; therefore Cross
Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double loss ;
And cross thy senses, else, both they, and thou
Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
For if the eye seek good objects, and will take
No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sour, stinking, cross the rest,
Make them indifferent ; call nothing best.
But most the eye needs crossing, that can roam,
And move ; to th' other th' objects must come home.
And cross thy heart : for that in man alone
Points downwards, and hath palpitation.
Cross those dejections, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the brain through bony walls doth vent
By sutures, which a Cross's form present,
So when thy brain works, ere thou utter it,
Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.

Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall.
Cross no man else, but cross thyself in all.
Then doth the Cross of Christ work fruitfully
Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
That Cross's pictures much, and with more care
That Cross's children, which our Crosses are.

RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT

SLEEP sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repass'd
As yet, the wound thou took'st on Friday last ;
Sleep then, and rest ; Thy world may bear thy stay,
A better Sun rose before thee to-day,
Who, not content to enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou, enlighten'd hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As, at thy presence here, our fires grow pale.
Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
Hasting to Heaven, would, that He might allow
Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
For these three days become a mineral ;
He was all gold when He lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even sinful flesh like His.
Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought, that a Soul one might discern and see
Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen,

He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.
Desunt caetera.

UPON THE ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION FALLING UPON ONE DAY. 1608

TAMELY, frail body, abstain to-day ; to-day
My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away.
She sees Him man, so like God made in this,
That of them both a circle emblem is,
Whose first and last concur ; this doubtful day
Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.
She sees Him nothing twice at once, who's all ;
She sees a Cedar plant itself, and fall,
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead.
She sees at once the virgin mother stay
Reclus'd at home, public at Golgotha ;
Sad and rejoic'd she's seen at once, and seen
At almost fifty, and at scarce fifteen.
At once a Son is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriel gives Christ to her, He her to John ;
Not fully a mother, She's in orbity,
At once receiver and the legacy.
All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
Th' Abridgement of Christ's story, which makes one
(As in plain Maps, the furthest West is East)
Of the Angels' *Ave*, and *Consummatum est*.

How well the Church, God's Court of faculties
Deals, in some times, and seldom joining these !
As by the self-fix'd Pole we never do
Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
Which shows where the other is, and which we say
(Because it strays not far) doth never stray ;
So God by His Church, nearest to Him, we know,
And stand firm, if we by her motion go ;
His Spirit, as His fiery Pillar doth
Lead, and His Church, as cloud ; to one end both.
This Church, by letting these days join, hath shown
Death and conception in mankind is one ;
Or 'twas in Him the same humility,
That He would be a man, and leave to be :
Or as creation He hath made, as God,
With the last judgment, but one period,
His imitating Spouse would join in one
Manhood's extremes : He shall come, He is gone :
Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have serv'd, He yet shed all ;
So though the least of His pains, deeds, or words,
Would busy a life, she all this day affords ;
This treasure then, in gross, my Soul uplay,
And in my life retail it every day.

GOOD FRIDAY, 1613. RIDING WESTWARD

LET man's Soul be a Sphere, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,

And as the other Spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motions, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey :
Pleasure or business, so, our Souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West
This day, when my Soul's form bends toward the East.
There I should see a Sun, by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget ;
But that Christ on this Cross, did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self life, must die ;
What a death were it then to see God die ?
It made His own Lieutenant Nature shrink,
It made His footstool crack, and the Sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And turn all spheres at once, pierc'd with those holes ?
Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us ? or that blood which is
The seat of all our Souls, if not of His,
Made dirt of dust ; or that flesh which was worn,
By God, for His apparel, ragg'd, and torn ?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us ?

Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and Thou look'st
towards me,
O Saviour, as Thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turn my back to Thee, but to receive
Corrections, till Thy mercies bid Thee leave.
O think me worth Thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rusts, and my deformity,
Restore Thine Image, so much, by Thy grace,
That Thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

THE LITANY

I

THE FATHER

FATHER of Heaven, and Him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all else, for us
Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come
And re-create me, now grown ruinous:
My heart is by dejection, clay,
And by self-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
I may rise up from death, before I 'm dead.

II

THE SON

O Son of God, who seeing two things,
Sin, and death crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, tried'st with what stings
The other could Thine heritage invade ;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified again,
Part not from it, though it from Thee would part,
But let it be, by applying so Thy pain,
Drown'd in Thy blood, and in Thy passion slain.

III

THE HOLY GHOST

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
Am, but of mud walls, and condensed dust,
And being sacrilegiously
Half wasted with youth's fires, of pride and lust,
Must with new storms be weather-beat ;
Double in my heart Thy flame,
Which let devout sad tears intend ; and let
(Though this glass lanthorn, flesh, do suffer maim)
Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

IV

THE TRINITY

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
Bones to Philosophy, but milk to faith,

Which, as wise serpents, diversely
Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd undistinct
By power, love, knowledge be,
Give me a such self different instinct
Of these ; let all me elemented be,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumber'd three.

V

THE VIRGIN MARY

For that fair blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us ; that she-Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin,
Whose womb was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloth'd Himself, and grew;
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, so are her prayers ; nor can she sue
In vain, who hath such titles unto You.

VI

THE ANGELS

And since this life our nonage is,
And we in Wardship to Thine Angels be,
Native in heaven's fair Palaces,
Where we shall be but denizen'd by Thee,

As th' earth conceiving by the Sun,
Yields fair diversity,
Yet never knows which course that light doth run,
So let me study, that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

VII

THE PATRIARCHS

And let thy Patriarchs' Desire
(Those great Grandfathers of Thy Church, which saw
More in the cloud, than we in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more, than us Grace and Law,
And now in Heaven still pray, that we
May use our new helps right,)
Be satisfi'd, and fructify in me ;
Let not my mind be blinder by more light
Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.

VIII

THE PROPHETS

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,
Which were thy Church's Organs, and did sound
That harmony, which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound ;
Those heavenly Poets which did see
Thy will, and it express
In rhythmic feet, in common pray for me,
That I by them excuse not my excess
In seeking secrets, or Poeticness.

IX

THE APOSTLES

And Thy illustrious Zodiac
Of twelve Apostles, which engirt this All,
(From whom whosoever do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits, throw down, and fall,)
As through their prayers, Thou'st let me know
That their books are divine ;
May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying ; O decline
Me, when my comment would make Thy word mine.

X

THE MARTYRS

And since Thou so desirously
Did'st long to die, that long before Thou could'st,
And long since Thou no more could'st die,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystic body wouldst
In Abel die, and ever since
In Thine ; let their blood come
To beg for us, a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life : for Oh, to some
Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdom.

XI

THE CONFESSORS

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,

Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were,
Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers :
They know, and pray, that we may know,
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow ;
Temptations martyr us alive ; a man
Is to himself a diocletian.

XII

THE VIRGINS

The cold white snowy Nunnery,
Which, as Thy mother, their high Abbess, sent
Their bodies back again to Thee,
As Thou hadst lent them, clean and innocent,
Though they have not obtain'd of Thee,
That or Thy Church, or I,
Should keep, as they, our first integrity ;
Divorce thou sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhead Virginity.

XIII

THE DOCTORS

Thy sacred Academy above
Of Doctors, whose pains have unclasp'd, and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know Thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote
In Thy other book) pray for us there
That what they have misdone
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere ;

Their zeal may be our sin. Lord let us run
Mean ways, and call them stars, but not the Sun.

XIV

And whilst this universal Quire,
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost Thee dear,
Prays ceaselessly, and Thou hearken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this prayer Lord: O Lord deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, though pour'd out thus.

XV

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clods of sadness, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
All, or no happiness, or that this earth
Is only for our prison fram'd,
Or that Thou art covetous
To them Thou lovest, or that they are maim'd
From reaching this world's sweet, who seek Thee thus,
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI

From needing danger, to be good,
From owing Thee yesterday's tears to-day,

From trusting so much to Thy blood,
That in that hope, we wound our soul away,
From bribing Thee with Alms, to excuse
Some sin more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, news,
From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivance, or slack company,
From measuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to choke sin's spawn, Vanity,
From indiscreet humility,
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christianity,
From being spies, or to spies pervious,
From thirst, or scorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII

Deliver us for Thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
Of middle kind; and Thou being sent
To ungracious us, stay'd'st at her full of grace;
And through Thy poor birth, where first Thou
Glorified'st Poverty,
And yet soon after riches didst allow,
By accepting Kings' gifts in the Epiphany,
Deliver, and make us, to both ways free.

XIX

And through that bitter agony,
Which is still the agony of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted Thee,
And interrupted evenness, with fits ;
And through Thy free confession
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that Thou might'st from them have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when
We may not, and we may blind unjust men.

XX

Through Thy submitting all, to blows
Thy face, Thy clothes to spoil ; Thy fame to scorn,
All ways, which rage, or Justice knows,
And by which Thou could'st show, that Thou wast born ;
And through Thy gallant humbleness
Which Thou in death didst show,
Dying before Thy soul they could express,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

XXI

When senses, which Thy soldiers are,
We arm against Thee, and they fight for sin,
When want, sent but to tame, doth war
And work despair a breach to enter in,

When plenty, God's image, and seal
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not Him, whom it should reveal,
When we are mov'd to seem religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII

In Churches, when the infirmity
Of him which speaks, diminishes the Word,
When Magistrates do mis-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,
When plague, which is Thine Angel, reigns,
Or wars, Thy Champions, sway,
When Heresy, Thy second deluge, gains ;
In th' hour of death, th' Eve of last judgment day,
Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII

Hear us, O hear us Lord ; to Thee
A sinner is more music, when he prays,
Than spheres, or Angels' praises be,
In Panegyric Alleluias ;
Hear us, for till Thou hear us, Lord
We know not what to say ;
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts gives voice and word.
O Thou who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear Thyself now, for Thou in us dost pray.

XXIV

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish Piety ;
That snatching cramps of wickedness
And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die ;
That music of Thy promises,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our just offices ;
What in Thy book, Thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may hear, Lord hear us, when we pray.

XXV

That our ears' sickness we may cure,
And rectify those Labyrinths aright,
That we, by heark'ning, not procure
Our praise, nor others' dispraise so invite,
That we get not a slipperiness,
And senselessly decline,
From hearing bold wits jest at King's excess,
To admit the like of majesty divine,
That we may lock our ears, Lord open Thine.

XXVI

That living law, the Magistrate,
Which to give us, and make us physic, doth,
Our vices often aggravate,
That Preachers taxing sin, before her growth,

That Satan, and envenom'd men
Which well, if we starve, dine.
When they do most accuse us, may see then
Us, to amendment, hear them ; Thee decline :
That we may open our ears, Lord lock Thine.

XXVII

That learning, Thine Ambassador,
From Thine allegiance we never tempt,
That beauty, paradise's flower
For physic made, from poison be exempt,
That wit, born apt high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too,
That our affections kill us not, nor die,
Hear us, weak echoes, O thou ear, and cry.

XXVIII

Son of God hear us, and since Thou
By taking our blood, owest it us again,
Gain to Thyself, or us allow ;
And let not both us and Thyself be slain ;
O Lamb of God, which took'st our sin
Which could not stick to Thee,
O let it not return to us again,
But Patient and Physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it nowhere be.

UPON THE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,

AND THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE HIS SISTER

ETERNAL God, (for whom who ever dare
Seek new expressions, do the Circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite)
I would but bless Thy Name, not name Thee now ;
(And Thy gifts are as infinite as Thou :)
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,
That, as Thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These Psalms' first Author in a cloven tongue ;
(For 'twas a double power by which he sung
The highest matter in the noblest form ;)
So Thou hast cleft that spirit, to perform
That work again, and shed it, here, upon
Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one ;
A Brother and a Sister, made by Thee
The Organ, where Thou art the Harmony.
Two that make one *John Baptist's* holy voice,
And who that Psalm, *Now let the Isles rejoice*,
Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They show us Islanders our joy, our King,
They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing ;
Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and
spheres ;
The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man hears,

The Spheres have Music, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung ;
But our third Quire, to which the first gives ear,
(For, Angels learn by what the Church does here)
This Quire hath all. The Organist is he
Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we :
The songs are these, which heaven's high holy Muse
Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Jews :
And *David's* Successors, in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoice as I would do
When I behold that these Psalms are become
So well attir'd abroad, so ill at home,
So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
As I can scarce call that reform'd until
This be reform'd ; would a whole State present
A lesser gift than some one man hath sent ?
And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing ?
For *that* we pray, we praise Thy name for *this*,
Which, by this *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is
Already done ; and as those Psalms we call
(Though some have other Authors) *David's* all :
So though some have, some may some Psalms translate.
We thy Sidneian Psalms shall celebrate,
And, till we come th' Extemporal song to sing,
(Learn'd the first hour, that we see the King,
Who hath translated those translators) may
These their sweet learned labours, all the way

Be as our tuning, that, when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

TO MR. TILMAN AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS

THOU, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
Not an impediment, but victory ;
What bringst thou home with thee ? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage ? Dost thou find
New thoughts and stirrings in thee ? and as Steel
Touch'd with a Loadstone, dost new motions feel ?
Or, as a Ship after much pain and care,
For Iron and Cloth, brings home rich Indian ware,
Hast thou thus traffick'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain ?
Thou art the same materials, as before,
Only the stamp is changed ; but no more.
And as new crowned Kings alter the face,
But not the money's substance ; so hath grace
Chang'd only God's old Image by Creation,
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy Coronation ;
Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
They bear God's message, and proclaim His laws,
Since thou must do the like and so must move,
Art thou new feather'd with celestial love ?
Dear, tell me where thy purchase lies, and show
What thy advantage is above, below.

But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession,
Whose joys pass speech? Why do they think unfit
That Gentry should join families with it?
As if their day were only to be spent
In dressing, Mistressing and compliment;
Alas poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placed in sublimed dust;
(For, such are clothes and beauty, which though gay,
Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.)
Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.
What function is so noble, as to be
Ambassador to God and destiny?
To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than Kings give dignities; to keep heaven's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ, so
'Tis preachers' to convey Him, for they do
As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speak;
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then th' Astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found Star, their Optics magnify,
How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
Bring man to heaven, and heaven again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences,
And so the heavens which beget all things here,
And the earth our mother, which these things doth bear,
Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit,
And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of Thy Ark ;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of Thy blood ;
Though Thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face ; yet through that mask I know those eyes,
  Which, though they turn away sometimes,
    They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Island unto Thee,
And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd me ;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
Put thou Thy sea betwixt my sins and Thee.
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
  Where none but Thee, th' Eternal root
    Of true Love I may know.

Nor Thou nor Thy religion dost control,
The amorousness of an harmonious Soul,
But thou would'st have that love Thyself : as Thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, Thou free
My soul : who ever gives, takes liberty :
  O, if Thou car'st not whom I love
    Alas, Thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall ;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to Thee.
Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light :
To see God only, I go out of sight :
And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An Everlasting night.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY

FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELLIUS [1]

CHAP. I

1 How sits this city, late most populous,
Thus solitary, and like a widow thus !
Amplest of Nations, Queen of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is !

2 Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her ; perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions
Judah is captive led ; those nations
With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford,
In straits she meets her Persecutor's sword.

[1] The numbers inserted in the text refer to the verses in the Vulgate.

4 Empty are the gates of Sion, and her ways
  Mourn, because none come to her solemn days.
Her Priests do groan, her maids are comfortless,
  And she's unto herself a bitterness.

5 Her foes are grown her head, and live at Peace,
  Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord struck her with sadness : the enemy
  Doth drive her children to captivity.

6 From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone ;
  Like Harts, which seek for Pasture, and find none,
Her Princes are, and now before the foe
  Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

7 Now in her days of Tears, Jerusalem
  (Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old, she esteemed most,
  Whilst her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.

8 Jerusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is she
  Remov'd, as women in uncleanness be ;
Who honour'd, scorn her, for her foulness they
  Have seen ; herself doth groan, and turn away.

9 Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
  Remembered not her end ; miraculously
Therefore she fell, none comforting : behold
  O Lord my affliction, for the Foe grows bold.

10 Upon all things where her delight hath been,
  The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for she hath seen

Heathen, whom thou command'st, should not do so,
  Into her holy Sanctuary go.

11 And all her people groan, and seek for bread ;
  And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay :
  How cheap I 'm grown, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

12 All this concerns not you, who pass by me,
  O see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath
  Done to me in the day of His fierce wrath ?

13 That fire, which by Himself is governed
  He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown,
  And made me languish all the day alone.

14 His hand hath of my sins framed a yoke
  Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies
  Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15 He under foot hath trodden in my sight
  My strong men ; He did company invite
To break my young men ; He the winepress hath
  Trod upon Judah's daughter in His wrath.

16 For these things do I weep, mine eye, mine eye
  Casts water out ; for He which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed far ;
  The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17 There's none, though *Sion* do stretch out her hand,
To comfort her, it is the Lord's command
That *Jacob's* foes girt him. *Jerusalem*
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.

18 But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against His holy will ;
O hear all people, and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men in captivity.

19 I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the city ; for they sought for meat
Which should refresh their souls, they could not get.

20 Because I am in straits, *Jehovah* see
My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within, doth waste.

21 Of all which hear I mourn, none comforts me,
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be,
That Thou hast done it ; but Thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22 Let all their wickedness appear to Thee,
Do unto them, as Thou hast done to me,
For all my sins : the sighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

Chap. II

1 How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
  His wrath's thick cloud! and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath
  Forgot His foot-stool in the day of wrath!

2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
  All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strengths of Judah, and profan'd
  The Princes of the Kingdom, and the land.

3 In heat of wrath, the horn of *Israel* He
  Hath clean cut off, and lest the enemy
Be hinder'd, His right hand He doth retire,
  But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.

4 Like to an enemy He bent His bow,
  His right hand was in posture of a foe,
To kill what *Sion's* daughter did desire,
  'Gainst whom His wrath, He poured forth, like fire.

5 For like an enemy *Jehovah* is,
  Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
  To *Judah's* daughters' lamentations.

6 Like to a garden hedge He hath cast down
  The place where was his congregation,
And *Sion's* feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
  Her King, her Priest, His wrath regardeth not.

7 The Lord forsakes His Altar, and detests
  His Sanctuary, and in the foes' hand rests
His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries
  Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8 The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
  And level *Sion's* walls unto the ground ;
He draws not back His hand, which doth o'erturn
  The wall, and Rampart, which together mourn.

9 Their gates are sunk into the ground, and He
  Hath broke the bars ; their King and Princes be
Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
  Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appear.

10 There *Sion's Elders* on the ground are plac'd,
  And silence keep ; dust on their heads they cast,
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
  The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.

11 My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
  Are faint with weeping : and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery
  That sucking children in the streets do die.

12 When they had cried unto their Mothers, where
  Shall we have bread, and drink ? they fainted there,
And in the streets like wounded persons lay
  Till 'twixt their mothers' breasts they went away.

13 *Daughter Jerusalem*, Oh what may be
  A witness, or comparison for thee ?

Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee ?
Thy breach is like the sea, what help can be ?

14 For thee vain foolish things thy Prophets sought,
Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturn [1] thy bondage : but for thee
False burthens, and false causes they would see.

15 The passengers do clap their hands, and hiss,
And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
That city, which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all ?

16 Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiss,
And gnash their teeth, and say, Devour we this,
For this is certainly the day which we
Expected, and which now we find, and see.

17 The Lord hath done that which He purposed,
Fulfill'd His word of old determined ;
He hath thrown down, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let tears fall
Down like a river, day and night ; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19 Arise, cry in the night, pour, for thy sins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins ;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

[1] Turn away, avert.

20 Behold O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this ; what, shall the women come
To eat their children of a span ? shall Thy
Prophet and Priest be slain in Sanctuary ?

21 On ground in streets, the young and old do lie,
My virgins and young men by sword do die ;
Them in the day of Thy wrath Thou hast slain,
Nothing did Thee from killing them contain.

22 As to a solemn feast, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'st about me ; when Thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or 'scape, for those which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemy.

Chap. III

1 I am the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been,
2 He hath led me to darkness, not to light,
3 And against me all day, His hand doth fight.

4 He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and skin,
5 Built up against me ; and hath girt me in
With hemlock, and with labour ; 6 and set me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7 He hath hedg'd me lest I 'scape, and added more
To my steel fetters, heavier than before.
8 When I cry out, He out shuts my prayer : 9 And hath
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.

10 And like a Lion hid in secrecy,
Or Bear which lies in wait, He was to me.
11 He stops my way, tears me, made desolate,
12 And He makes me the mark He shooteth at.

13 He made the children of His quiver pass
Into my reins, 14 I with my people was
All the day long, a song and mockery.
15 He hath fill'd me with bitterness, and He

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16 He hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust ;
17 And thus my Soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.

18 My strength, my hope (unto myself I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
19 But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20 My Soul is humbled in rememb'ring this ;
21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is.
22 'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Consum'd, for His compassions do not die ;

23 For every morning they renewed be,
For great, O Lord, is Thy fidelity.
24 The Lord is, saith my Soul, my portion,
And therefore in Him will I hope alone.

25 The Lord is good to them, who on Him rely,
And to the Soul that seeks Him earnestly.

26 It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lord's salvation unto the end :

27 'Tis good for one His yoke in youth to bear ;
28 He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he hath borne it. 29 And his mouth he lays
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.

30 He gives his cheeks to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.
31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,
32 But when He hath struck with sadness, He doth take

Compassion, as His mercy is infinite ;
33 Nor is it with His heart, that He doth smite ;
34 That underfoot the prisoners stamped be,
35 That a man's right the Judge himself doth see
To be wrung from him, 36 That he subverted is
In his just cause ; the Lord allows not this.
37 Who then will say, that aught doth come to pass,
But that which by the Lord commanded was ?

38 Both good and evil from His mouth proceeds ;
39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds ?
40 Turn we to God, by trying out our ways ;
41 To Him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.

42 We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from Thee,
Thou pardon'st not ; 43 Usest no clemency ;
Pursuest us, kill'st us, coverest us with wrath,
44 Cover'st Thyself with clouds, that our prayer hath

No power to pass. 45 And Thou hast made us fall
As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
46 All our foes gape at us. 47 Fear and a snare
With ruin, and with waste, upon us are.

48 With watery rivers doth mine eye o'erflow
For ruin of my people's daughter so ;
49 Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly,
50 Until the Lord look down from heaven to see.

51 And for my city's daughters' sake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52 Causeless mine enemy,
Like a bird chas'd me. 53 In a dungeon
They have shut my life, and cast on me a stone.

54 Waters flow'd o'er my head, then thought I, I am
Destroy'd ; 55 I called Lord, upon Thy name
Out of the pit. 56 And Thou my voice didst hear ;
Oh from my sigh, and cry, stop not Thine ear.

57 Then when I call'd upon Thee, Thou drew'st near
Unto me, and said'st unto me, Do not fear.
58 Thou Lord my Soul's cause handled hast, and Thou
Rescu'd'st my life. 59 O Lord do Thou judge now,

Thou heardst my wrong. 60 Their vengeance all they
have wrought ;
61 How they reproach'd, Thou hast heard, and
what they thought,
62 What their lips uttered, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63 I am their song, whether they rise or sit,
64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
65 Sorrow of heart, Thy curse. 66 And with Thy might
Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

Chap. IV

1 How is the gold become so dim? How is
Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this?
The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
Scattered in corners of each street do lie.

2 The precious sons of Sion, which should be
Valued at purest gold, how do we see
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand,
Which are the work of a poor Potter's hand.

3 Even the Sea-calfs draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young; my people's daughters live,
By reason of the foes' great cruelness,
As do the Owls in the vast Wilderness.

4 And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

5 They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorn have perished,
And they which ever were in scarlet cloth'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6 The daughters of my people have sinned more,
  Than did the town of *Sodom* sin before ;
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remain
  No hands amongst them, to vex them again.

7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite
  Was than the snow, and milk was not so white ;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,
  And all their polish'dness was sapphirine.

8 They are darker now than blackness, none can know
  Them by the face, as through the streets they go,
For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,
  And withered, is like to dry wood grown.

9 Better by sword than famine 'tis to die ;
  And better through-pierc'd, than through penury.
10 Women by nature pitiful have eat
  Their children dress'd with their own hands for meat.

11 *Jehovah* here fully accomplish'd hath
  His indignation, and pour'd forth His wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
  To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
  In the inhabitable world believe,
That any adversary, any foe
  Into *Jerusalem* should enter so.

13 For the Priests' sins, and Prophets', which have shed
  Blood in the streets, and the just murdered

14 Which when those men, whom they made blind,
did stray
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garments should 'scape touching, as they pass,
15 Would cry aloud, Depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not : and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the *Gentiles* were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell
there ;
16 For this they are scattered by Jehovah's face
Who never will regard them more ; no grace

Unto their old men shall the foe afford,
Nor, that they are Priests, redeem them from the
sword.

17 And we as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes :

And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have.
18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear
To go : our end is now approached near,

Our days accomplish'd are, this the last day.
19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
Which follow us, o'er mountain tops they fly
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20 The anointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, He
Of whom we said, Under His shadow, we

Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit which these men digged, fell.

21 Rejoice O *Edom's daughter*, joyful be
Thou which inhabit'st *Huz*, for unto thee
This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness
Shalt fill thyself, and show thy nakedness.

22 And then thy sins O *Sion*, shall be spent,
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.
Thy sins, O *Edom's daughter*, He will see,
And for them, pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V

1 REMEMBER, O Lord, what is fallen on us;
See, and mark how we are reproached thus,
2 For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,

3 Our mothers are become as widows, we
As Orphans all, and without father be;
4 Waters which are our own, we drink, and pay,
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

5 Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
They make us travail, and not intermit,
6 We stretch our hands unto th' *Egyptians*
To get us bread; and to the *Assyrians*.

7 Our Fathers did these sins, and are no more,
But we do bear the sins they did before.
8 They are but servants, which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9 With danger of our life our bread we gat ;
For in the wilderness, the sword did wait.
10 The tempests of this famine we liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skin :

11 In *Judah's* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd.
12 The Princes with their hands they hung ; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elder's face.

13 Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
14 Elders, the gates ; youth did their songs forbear,
15 Gone was our joy ; our dancings, mournings were.

16 Now is the crown fall'n from our head ; and woe
Be unto us, because we have sinned so.
17 For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is.

18 Because mount *Sion* desolate doth lie,
And foxes there do go at liberty :
19 But thou O Lord art ever, and Thy throne
From generation, to generation.

20 Why should'st Thou forget us eternally ?
Or leave us thus long in this misery ?

21 Restore us Lord to Thee, that so we may
Return, and as of old, renew our day.

22 For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
And to be utterly enrag'd at us ?

HYMN TO GOD MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS

SINCE I am coming to that Holy room,
Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy Music ; as I come
I tune the Instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my Physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their Map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my South-west discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die,

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West ;
For, though their currents yield return to none,
What shall my West hurt me ? As West and East
In all flat Maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home ? Or are
The Eastern riches ? Is *Jerusalem* ?
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltar*,
All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them,
Whether where *Japhet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Shem*.

We think that *Paradise* and *Calvary*,
Christ's Cross, and *Adam's* tree, stood in one place ;
Look Lord, and find both *Adams* met in me ;
As the first *Adam's* sweat surrounds my face,
May the last *Adam's* blood my soul embrace.

So, in His purple wrapp'd receive me Lord,
By these His thorns give me His other Crown ;
And as to others' souls I preach'd Thy word,
Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine own,
Therefore that He may raise the Lord throws down.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

I

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before ?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still : though still I do deplore ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For, I have more.

II

Wilt Thou forgive that sin by which I have won
Others to sin ? and, made my sin their door ?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year, or two : but wallowed in, a score ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore ;
And, having done that, Thou hast done,
I fear no more.

LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT,

WITH ONE OF MY SEALS, OF THE ANCHOR AND CHRIST

QUI prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas
  Signare, (haec nostrae symbola parva Domus)
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
  Stemmate, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux primo quae fronti impressa lavacro,
  Finibus extensis, anchora facta patet.
Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,
  Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
  Crux, et ab Affixo, est Anchora facta, Jesu.
Nec Natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor,
  Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quâ sapiens, Dos est ; Quâ terram lambit et ambit,
  Pestis ; At in nostra fit Medicina Cruce,
Serpens ; fixa Cruci si sit Natura ; Crucique
  A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat.

Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora facta, sigillum
  Non tam dicendum hoc quam Catechismus erit.
Mitto nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,
  Pignora amicitiae, et munera ; Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet, sanctus cognominis, Ille
  Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo.

A SHEAF of Snakes used heretofore to be
My Seal, The Crest of our poor Family.
Adopted in God's Family, and so
Our old Coat lost, unto new arms I go.
The Cross (my seal at Baptism) spread below,
Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors ; bear, as thou shouldst do
Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
But He that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us.
Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old ;
The Serpent, may, as wise, my pattern be ;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
And as he rounds the Earth to murder sure,
My death he is, but on the Cross, my cure.
Crucify nature then, and then implore
All Grace from Him, crucified there before ;
When all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown,
This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone.
Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
Wishes, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.

And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,
To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS, *VOTA AMICO FACTA.* Fol. 160

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things outshine ;
May thy soul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares,
Nor thy life, ever lively, know grey hairs.
Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds,
Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleats, or folds.
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing,
Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling.
Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise,
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies.
Nor thy prayers, know low objects, still Divine ;
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

LETTERS

THE following letters cover the major part of Donne's life. The first was written when he was twenty-five, the last shortly before his death. The letters to Sir George More were occasioned by the imprisonment which Donne suffered for eloping with More's daughter.

I

[TO—— ?]

[August 1597]

The first act of that play which I said I would go over the water to see is done and yet the people hiss. How it will end I know not ast ego vicissim (Cicero). It is true that Jonah was in a whale's belly three days but he came not voluntary as I did nor was troubled with the stink of 150 land soldiers as we ; and I was there 20 days of so very very bad weather that even some of the mariners have been drawn to think it were not altogether amiss to pray, and myself heard one of them say, " God help us." For all our pains we have

seen the land of promise, Spain; whether we shall enter or no I guess not; I think there is a blot in their tables but perchance 'tis not on our dice to hit it. We are now again at Plymouth quasi ply-mouth; for we do nothing but eat and scarce that: I think when we came in the burghers took us for the spanish fleet for they have either hid or conveyed all their money. Never was extreme beggary so extremely brave except when a company of mummers had lost their box. I do not think that 77 Kelleys could distil £10 out of all the town. He that hath supt and hath 2 or 3s is a king; for none hath a crown, faith; lands, jerkins, knighthoods, are reprobate pawns and but for the much gay clothes (which yet are much melted) I should think we were in utopia: all are so utterly coinless. In one bad bare word the want is so general that the lord general wants, and till this day we wanted the lord general: you will pardon me if I write nothing earnest. Salute all whom thou lovest in my name and love me as I would deserve.

Written from Plymouth

II

TO SIR GEORGE MORE

SIR,

If a very respective fear of your displeasure, and a doubt that my Lord whom I know out of your worthi-

ness to love you much, would be so compassionate with you as to add his anger to yours, did not so much increase my sickness as that I cannot stir, I had taken the boldness to have done the office of this letter by waiting upon you myself to have given you truth and clearness of this matter between your daughter and me, and to show you plainly the limits of our fault, by which I know your wisdom will proportion the punishment. So long since as her being at York House this had foundation, and so much then of promise and contract built upon it without violence to conscience might not be shaken. At her lying in town this last Parliament, I found means to see her twice or thrice. We both knew the obligations that lay upon us, and we adventured equally, and about three weeks before Christmas we married. And as at the doing, there were not used above five persons, of which I protest to you by my salvation, there was not one that had any dependence or relation to you, so in all the passage of it did I forbear to use any such person, who by furthering of it might violate any trust or duty towards you. The reasons why I did not foreacquaint you with it (to deal with the same plainness that I have used) were these. I knew my present estate less than fit for her, I knew (yet I knew not why) that I stood not right in your opinion. I knew that to have given any intimation of it had been to impossibilitate the whole matter. And then having these honest purposes in our hearts, and those fetters in our consciences, methinks we should be pardoned,

if our fault be but this, that we did not, by fore-revealing of it, consent to our hindrance and torment. Sir, I acknowledge my fault to be so great, as I dare scarce offer any other prayer to you in mine own behalf than this, to believe this truth, that I neither had dishonest end nor means. But for her whom I tender much more than my fortunes or life (else I would I might neither joy in this life, nor enjoy the next), I humbly beg of you that she may not to her danger feel the terror of your sudden anger. I know this letter shall find you full of passion; but I know no passion can alter your reason and wisdom, to which I adventure to commend these particulars; that it is irremediably done; that if you incense my Lord you destroy her and me; that it is easy to give us happiness, and that my endeavours and industry, if it please you to prosper them, may soon make me somewhat worthier of her. If any take the advantage of your displeasure against me, and fill you with ill thoughts of me, my comfort is, that you know that faith and thanks are due to them only, that speak when their informations might do good; which now it cannot work towards any party. For my excuse I can say nothing, except I knew what were said to you. Sir, I have truly told you this matter, and I humbly beseech you so to deal in it as the persuasions of Nature, Reason, Wisdom, and Christianity shall inform you; and to accept the vows of one whom you may now raise or scatter, which are that as my love is directed unchangeably upon her, so all my labours shall concur to her con-

tentment, and to show my humble obedience to yourself.

Yours in all duty and humbleness,

J. DONNE.

From my lodging by the Savoy,
2 Februa : 1601 [/2].
To the right wor. Sir George
More, kt.

III

TO SIR GEORGE MORE

SIR,

The inward accusations in my conscience, that I have offended you beyond any ability of redeeming it by me, and the feeling of my Lord's heavy displeasure following it, forceth me to write, though I know my faults make my letters very ungracious to you. Almighty God, whom I call to witness that all my grief is that I have in this manner offended you and him, direct you to believe that which out of an humble and afflicted heart I now write to you. And since we have no means to move God, when he will not hear our prayers, to hear them, but by praying, I humbly beseech you to allow by his gracious example, my penitence so good entertainment, as it may have a belief and a pity. Of nothing in this one fault that I hear said to me, can I disculpe myself, but of the contemptuous and despiteful purpose towards you, which I hear is surmised against me. But for my dutiful regard to my late lady, for my religion, and for

my life, I refer myself to them that may have observed them. I humbly beseech you to take off these weights, and to put my fault into the balance alone, as it was done without the addition of these ill reports, and though then it will be too heavy for me, yet then it will less grieve you to pardon it. How little and how short the comfort and pleasure of destroying is, I know your wisdom and religion informs you. And though perchance you intend not utter destruction, yet the way through which I fall towards it is so headlong, that being thus pushed, I shall soon be at bottom, for it pleaseth God, from whom I acknowledge the punishment to be just, to accompany my other ills with so much sickness as I have no refuge but that of mercy, which I beg of him, my Lord, and you, which I hope you will not repent to have afforded me, since all my endeavours, and the whole course of my life shall be bent, to make myself worthy of your favour and her love, whose peace of conscience and quiet I know must be much wounded and violenced if your displeasure sever us. I can present nothing to your thoughts which you knew not before, but my submission, my repentance, and my hearty desire to do anything satisfactory to your just displeasure. Of which I beseech you to make a charitable use and construction. From the Fleet, 11 Febr. 1601 [/2].

Yours in all faithful duty and obedience,

J. DONNE.

To the right wor. Sir Geo.
More, kt.

IV

TO SIR H. GOODYERE

SIR, [Mitcham, Sept. 1608]

Every tuesday I make account that I turn a great hour-glass, and consider that a week's life is run out since I wrote. But if I ask myself what I have done in the last watch, or would do in the next, I can say nothing; if I say that I have passed it without hurting any, so may the Spider in my window. The primitive Monks were excusable in their retirings and enclosures of themselves: for even of them every one cultivated his own garden and orchard, that is, his soul and body, by meditation, and manufactures; and they owed the world no more since they consumed none of her sweetness, nor begot others to burden her. But for me, if I were able to husband all my time so thriftily, as not only not to wound my soul in any minute by actual sin, but not to rob and cosen her by giving any part to pleasure or business, but bestow it all upon her in meditation, yet even in that I should wound her more, and contract another guiltiness: As the Eagle were very unnatural if because she is able to do it, she should perch a whole day upon a tree, staring in contemplation of the majesty and glory of the Sun, and let her young Eglets starve in the nest. Two of the most precious things which God hath afforded us

here, for the agony and exercise of our sense and spirit, which are a thirst and inhiation after the next life, and a frequency of prayer and meditation in this, are often envenomed, and putrified, and stray into a corrupt disease : for as God doth thus occasion, and positively concur to evil, that when a man is purposed to do a great sin, God infuses some good thoughts which make him choose a less sin, or leave out some circumstance which aggravated that ; so the devil doth not only suffer but provoke us to some things naturally good, upon condition that we shall omit some other more necessary and more obligatory. And this is his greatest subtlety ; because herein we have the deceitful comfort of having done well, and can very hardly spy our error because it is but an insensible omission, and no accusing act. With the first of these I have often suspected myself to be overtaken ; which is, with a desire of the next life : which though I know it is not merely out of a weariness of this, because I had the same desires when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than now : yet I doubt worldly encumbrances have increased it. I would not that death should take me asleep. I would not have him merely seize me, and only declare me to be dead, but win me, and overcome me. When I must shipwrack, I would do it in a Sea, where mine impotency might have some excuse ; not in a sullen weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming. Therefore I would fain do something ; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder. For to choose, is to do : but

to be no part of any body, is to be nothing. At most, the greatest persons are but great wens, and excrescences; men of wit and delightful conversation, but as moles for ornament, except they be so incorporated into the body of the world, that they contribute something to the sustentation of the whole. This I made account that I begun early, when I understood the study of our laws: but was diverted by the worst voluptuousness, which is an Hydroptic immoderate desire of humane learning and languages: beautiful ornaments to great fortunes; but mine needed an occupation, and a course which I thought I entered well into, when I submitted myself to such a service, as I thought might employ those poor advantages, which I had. And there I stumbled too, yet I would try again: for to this hour I am nothing, or so little, that I am scarce subject and argument good enough for one of mine own letters: yet I fear, that doth not ever proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be less, that is dead. You, Sir, are far enough from these descents, your virtue keeps you secure, and your natural disposition to mirth will preserve you; but lose none of these holds, a slip is often as dangerous as a bruise, and though you cannot fall to my lowness, yet in a much less distraction you may meet my sadness; for he is no safer which falls from an high tower into the leads, than he which falls from thence to the ground: make therefore to yourself some mark, and go towards it *allegrement*. Though I be in such a planetary and erratic fortune,

that I can do nothing constantly, yet you may find some constancy in my constant advising you to it.

Your hearty true friend

J. DONNE.

V

TO SIR H[ENRY]. G[OODYERE].

SIR,

[c. 1609]

It should be no interruption to your pleasures, to hear me often say that I love you, and that you are as much my meditations as myself: I often compare not you and me, but the sphere in which your resolutions are, and my wheel; both I hope concentric to God: for methinks the new Astronomy is thus appliable well, that we which are a little earth, should rather move towards God, than that He which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, should move towards us. To your life full of variety, nothing is old, nor new to mine; and as to that life, all stickings and hesitations seem stupid and stony, so to this, all fluid slipperinesses, and transitory migrations seem giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever in the porch or postern, going in or out, never within his house himself: It is a garment made of remnants, a life ravelled out into ends, a line discontinued, and a number of small wretched points, useless, because they concur not: A life built of past and future, not proposing any constant present; they have more pleasures than we, but not more pleasure; they joy oftener, we

longer ; and no man but of so much understanding as may deliver him from being a fool, would change with a mad-man, which had a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. You know, they which dwell farthest from the Sun, if in any convenient distance, have longer days, better appetites, better digestion, better growth, and longer life : And all these advantages have their minds who are well removed from the scorchings, and dazzlings, and exhalings of the world's glory : but neither of our lives are in such extremes ; for you living at Court without ambition, which would burn you, or envy, which would divest others, live in the Sun, not in the fire : And I which live in the Country without stupefying, am not in darkness, but in shadow, which is not no light, but a pallid, waterish, and diluted one. As all shadows are of one colour, if you respect the body from which they are cast, (for our shadows upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden green, and flowery) so all retirings into a shadowy life are alike from all causes, and alike subject to the barbarousness and insipid dullness of the Country: only the employments, and that upon which you cast and bestow your pleasure, business, or books, gives it the tincture, and beauty. But truly wheresoever we are, if we can but tell ourselves truly what and where we would be, we may make any state and place such ; for we are so composed, that if abundance, or glory scorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies, to go into by consideration, and cool ourselves : and if we be frozen, and contracted with lower and

dark fortunes, we have within us a torch, a soul, lighter and warmer than any without: we are therefore our own umbrellas, and our own suns. These, Sir, are the salads and onions of *Mitcham*, sent to you with as wholesome affection as your other friends send Melons and Quelque-choses from Court and *London*. If I present you not as good diet as they, I would yet say grace to theirs, and bid much good do it you. I send you, with this, a Letter which I sent to the Countess.[1] It is not my use nor duty to do so, but for your having of it, there were but two consents, and I am sure you have mine, and you are sure you have hers. I also wrote to her Ladyship for the verses she shewed in the garden, which I did, not only to extort them, nor only to keep my promise of writing, for that I had done in the other Letter, and perchance she hath forgotten the promise; nor only because I think my Letters just good enough for a progress, but because I would write apace to her, whilst it is possible to express that which I yet know of her, for by this growth I see how soon she will be ineffable.

VI

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND G[EORGE]. G[ERRARD]., ESQUIRE

SIR,

Neither your Letters, nor silence, needs excuse; your friendship is to me an abundant possession,

[1] The Countess of Bedford.

though you remember me but twice in a year: He that could have two harvests in that time, might justly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as we do not only then thank our land, when we gather the fruit, but acknowledge that all the year she doth many motherly offices in preparing it: so is not friendship then only to be esteemed, when she is delivered of a Letter, or any other real office, but in her continual propenseness and inclination to do it. This hath made me easy in pardoning my long silences, and in promising my self your forgiveness for not answering your Letter sooner. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so far as to a title you may be pleased to correct that imagination, wheresoever you find it. I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment, and pastime, but I have no ambition, nor design upon the style. Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledge in my self, is to have descended to print anything in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times, by men who profess, and practise much gravity; yet I confess I wonder how I declined to it, and do not pardon myself: But for the other part of the imputation of having said too much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could: for since I never saw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound myself to have spoken just truths, but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her, or any other in rhyme; except I took such a person, as might be capable of all that I could say. If any of those Ladies think that

Mistress *Drewry* was not so, let that Lady make herself fit for all those praises in the book, and they shall be hers. Sir, this messenger makes so much haste that I cry you mercy for spending any time of this letter in other employment than thanking you for yours. I hope before *Christmas* to see *England*, and kiss your hand, which shall ever, (if it disdain not that office) hold all the keys of the liberty and affection, and all the faculties of

Your most affectionate servant,
J. D.

Paris the 14th of
April, here, 1612.

VII

TO SIR ROBERT CARR NOW EARL OF ANKERUM, WITH MY BOOK BIATHANATOS AT MY GOING INTO GERMANY

SIR,

[April 1619]

I had need do somewhat towards you above my promises; How weak are my performances, when even my promises are defective! I cannot promise, no not in mine own hopes, equally to your merit towards me. But besides the Poems, of which you took a promise, I send you another Book to which there belongs this History. It was written by me many years since; and because it is upon a misinterpretable subject, I have always gone so near

suppressing it, as that it is only not burnt: no hand hath passed upon it to copy it, nor many eyes to read it: only to some particular friends in both Universities, then when I wrote it, I did communicate it: And I remember, I had this answer, That certainly, there was a false thread in it, but not easily found: Keep it, I pray, with the same jealousy; let any that your discretion admits to the sight of it, know the date of it; and that it is a Book written by *Jack Donne*, and not by D. *Donne*: Reserve it for me, if I live, and if I die, I only forbid it the Press, and the Fire: publish it not, but yet burn it not; and between those, do what you will with it. Love me still, thus far, for your own sake, that when you withdraw your love from me, you will find so many unworthinesses in me, as you grow ashamed of having had so long, and so much, such a thing as

Your poor servant in Christ Jesus.
J. DONNE.

VIII

TO SIR H. [GOODYERE?]

Octob. the 4th 1622. *almost at midnight.*

SIR,

All our moralities are but our outworks, our Christianity is our Citadel; a man who considers duty but the dignity of his being a man, is not easily beat from his outworks, but from his Christianity never; and

therefore I dare trust you, who contemplates them both. Every distemper of the body now, is complicated with the spleen, and when we were young men we scarce ever heard of the spleen. In our declinations now, every accident is accompanied with heavy clouds of melancholy; and in our youth we never admitted any. It is the spleen of the mind, and we are affected with vapours from thence; yet truly, even this sadness that overtakes us, and this yielding to the sadness, is not so vehement a poison (though it be no Physic neither) as those false ways, in which we sought our comforts in our looser days. You are able to make rules to your self, and our B. Saviour continue to you an ability to keep within those rules. And this particular occasion of your present sadness must be helped by the rule, for, examples you will scarce find any, scarce any that is not encumbered and distressed in his fortunes. I had locked myself, sealed and secured myself against all possibilities of falling into new debts, and in good faith, this year hath thrown me £400 lower than when I entered this house. I am a Father as well as you, and of children (I humbly thank God) of as good dispositions; and in saying so, I make account that I have taken my comparison as high as I could go; for in good faith, I believe yours to be so: but as those my daughters (who are capable of such considerations) cannot but see my desire to accommodate them in this world, so I think they will not murmur if heaven must be their Nunnery, and they associated to the B. virgins there:

I know they would be content to pass their lives in a Prison, rather than I should macerate myself for them, much more to suffer the mediocrity of my house, and my means, though that cannot prefer them : yours are such too, and it need not that patience, for your fortune doth not so far exercise their patience. But to leave all in God's hands, from whose hands nothing can be wrung by whining but by praying, nor by praying without the *Fiat voluntas tua*. Sir, you are used to my hand, and, I think have leisure to spend some time in picking out sense, in rags ; else I had written less, and in longer time. Here is room for an *Amen* ; the prayer—so I am going to my bedside to make for all you and all yours, with

Your true friend and servant in Christ Jesus

J. DONNE.

IX

[TO MRS. COKAIN]

My noble and virtuous Sister, [1629]

If I had had such an occasion as this to have written to you, in the first year of our acquaintance, I had been likely to have presented you with an Essay of Moral Comfort. Now my Letter may well be excused, if it amount to an Homily. My profession and my willingness, to stay long upon so good an office, as to assist you, will bear it. Our Souls are truly said to be in

every part of our bodies; but yet, if any part of the body be cut off, no part of the soul perishes, but is sucked in to that soul that remains, in that that remains of the body. When any limb or branch of a family is taken away, the virtue, the love, and (for the most part) the patrimony and fortune of him that is gone, remains with the Family. The family would not think itself the less, if any little quillet of ground had been evicted from it; nor must it, because a clod of earth, one person of the family, is removed. In these cases, there is nothing lost; one part, the soul, enjoys a present gain; and the other, the body, expects a future. We think it good husbandry to place our children's portions so, as that in so many years it may multiply to so much: Shall we not be as glad to lay their bodies there, where only they can be mellowed and ripened for glorification. The perverseness of the father put you to such a necessity of hiding your sons, as that this son is scarce more out of your sight, by being laid under ground, than he was before. And perchance you have been longer time, at some times, from meeting and seeing one another in this world, than you shall be now from meeting in the glory of the Resurrection. That may come sooner, than you looked he should come from the *Bath*. A man truly liberal, or truly charitable, will borrow money to lend: For, if I be bound to assist another with my meat, or with my money, I may be as much bound to assist him with my credit, and borrow to lend. We do but borrow Children of God, to lend

them to the world. And when I lend the world a daughter in marriage, or lend the world a son in a profession, the world does not always pay me well again; my hopes are not always answered in that daughter or that son. But, of all that I lend to, the Grave is my best pay-Master. The Grave shall restore me my child, where he and I shall have but one Father; and pay me my Earth, when that Earth shall be Amber, a sweet Perfume, in the nostrils of his and my Saviour. Since I am well content to send one son to the Church, the other to the Wars; Why should I be loth to send one part of either son to Heaven, and the other to the Earth. Comfort yourself in this, my noble Sister, that for those years he lived, you were answerable to God for him; for yet, he was so young, as a Mother's power might govern him; and so long he was under your charge, and you accountable for him. Now, when he was growing into those years, as needed a stronger hand, a Father's care, and had not that; God hath cancelled your Bonds, discharged you, and undertakes the office of a Father himself. But, above all, comfort yourself in this, That it is the declared will of God. In sicknesses, and other worldly crosses, there are anxieties, and perplexities; we wish one thing to-day, in the behalf of a distressed child or friend, and another to-morrow; because God hath not yet declared his will. But when he hath done that, in death, there is no room for any anxiety, for any perplexity, no, not for a wish; for we may not so much as pray for the

dead. You know, *David* made his child's Sickness his *Lent*, but his Death his *Easter*: he fasted till the Child's death, but then he returned to his repast, because then he had a declaration of God's will. I am far from quenching in you, or discharging natural affections; but, I know your easy apprehensions, and over-tenderness in this kind. And, I know some persons in the world, that I wish may live, especially for this respect, because I know their death would over-affect you. In so noble and numerous a family as yours is, every year must necessarily present you some such occasion of sorrow, in the loss of some near friend, And therefore I, in the office of a Friend, and a Brother, and Priest of God, do not only look that you should take this patiently, as a declaration of God's present will; but that you take it catechistically, as an instruction for the future; and that God, in this, tells you, That he will do so again, in some other· your friends. For, to take any one cross patiently, is but to forgive God for once; but to surrender one's self entirely to God, is to be ready for all that he shall be pleased to do. And, that his pleasure may be either to lessen your crosses, or multiply your strength, shall be the prayer of

Your Brother, and Friend, and
Servant, and Chaplain,

JOHN DONNE.

X

[TO MRS. COKAIN]

My noble dear Sister, [Jan. 1630/1]

I am come now, not only to pay a Fever every half year, as a Rent for my life; but I am called upon before the day, and they come sooner in the year than heretofore. This Fever that I had now, I hoped, for divers days, to have been but an exaltation of my damps and flashings, such as exercise me sometimes four or five days, and pass away, without whining or complaint. But, I neglected this somewhat too long, which makes me (though, after I took it into consideration, the Fever itself declined quickly) much weaker, than, perchance, otherwise I should have been. I had Doctor *Fox* and Doctor *Clement* with me, but, I thank God, was not much trouble to them. Ordinary means set me soon upon my legs. And I have broke my close prison, and walked into the Garden; and (but that the weather hath continued so spitefully foul) make no doubt, but I might safely have done more. I eat, and digest well enough. And it is no strange thing, that I do not sleep well; for, in my best health, I am not much used to do so. At the same time, little *Betty* had a Fever too; and, for her, we used Doctor *Wright*, who, by occasion, lies within two miles of us; and he was able to ease my sickness,

with his report of your good health, which, he told us, he had received from you. But I found it not seconded in your own Letters, which I had the honour to receive by Mr. *Hazard*. My noble sister, I am afraid that Death will play with me so long, as he will forget to kill me; and suffer me to live in a languishing and useless age, A life, that is rather a forgetting that I am dead, than of living. We dispute whether the dead shall pray for the living: and because my life may be short, I pray with the most earnestness for you now. By the advantage of sickness, I return the oftener to that holy exercise, and in it join yours with mine own Soul. I would not have dignified myself, or my sickness with saying so much of either, but that it is in obedience to your Command, that I should do so. And though there lie upon me no Command, yet there lies a necessity growing out of my respect, and a nobler root, than that my love to you, to enlarge myself, as far as I have gone already, in Mr. *Hazard's* business. My noble Sister, when you carry me up to the beginning, which it pleases you to call a promise to yourself, and your noble Sister; I never slackened my purpose of performing that promise. But if my promise, which was, that I should be ready to assist him in anything I could, were translated by you, or your noble Sister, or him, that I would give him the next Living in my gift, certainly we speak not one language, or understand not one another, and I had thought we had; This which he imagined to be vacant, (for it is not yet, nor any way

likely) is the first that fell to me, since I made that promise. And, my noble Sister, if a person of my place, from whom, one Scholar in each University sucks something, and must be weaned by me, and who hath otherwise a latitude of importunate friends and very many obligations, have a Living once in five or six years fall in his gift, (for it is so long since I gave any) and may not make a good choice with freedom then, it is hard; yet it is not my fortune to do so now: for, now there is a living fallen (though not that); I am not left to my choice. For my Lords *Carlile*, and *Percy* have chosen for me; but truly such a man as I would have chosen; and for him, they laid an obligation upon me three years since, for the next that should fall: yet Mr. *Hazard* presses you to write for that, because he to whom my promise belongs, hath another before, but doth he or his Lord owe me anything for that? yet Mr. *Hazard* importunes me, to press that Chaplain of my Lord, that when he takes mine, he shall resign the other to him, which, as it is an ignorant request, (for if it be resigned, it is not in his power to place it upon Mr. *Hazard*) so it is an unjust request, that I that gave him fifty pounds a year, should take from him forty. But amongst Mr. *Hazard's* manifold importunities, that that I took worst, was, that he should write of domestic things, and what I said of my Son, to you; and arm you with that plea, that my Son was not in Orders. But, my noble Sister, though I am far from drawing my Son immaturely into Orders, or putting into his hands

any Church with cure; yet there are many Prebends and other helps in the Church, which a man without taking Orders, may be capable of, and for some such I might change a Living with cure, and so begin to accommodate a Son in some Preparation. But Mr. *Hazard* is too piercing. It is good counsel, (and as I remember I gave it him) that if a man deny him anything, and accompany his denial with a reason, he be not too searching, whether that be the true reason or no, but rest in the denial: for many times it may be out of my power to do a man a courtesy which he desires, and yet I not tied to tell him the true reason; Therefore out of his Letter to you, I continue my opinion, that he meddled too far herein. I cannot shut my Letter, till (whilst we are upon this consideration or reasons of denials) I tell you one Answer of his, which perchance may weaken your so great assurance of his modesty. I told him that my often sicknesses, had brought me to an inability of Preaching, and that I was under a necessity of Preaching twelve or fourteen solemn Sermons every year, to great Auditories, at *Paul's*, and to the Judges, and at Court; and that therefore I must think of conferring something upon such a man as may supply my place in these Solemnities: And surely, said I, I will offer them no man in those cases which shall not be at least equal to myself; and, Mr. *Hazard*, I do not know your faculties. He gave me this answer, I will not make comparisons, but I do not doubt but I should give them satisfaction in that kind. Now, my noble

Sister, whereas you repeat often, that you and your sister rested upon my word, and my worth; and, but for my word and my worth, you would not have proceeded so far: I must necessarily make my protestation, that my word and my worth is, herein, as chaste, and untouched as the best Maiden-head in the world. For, my noble sister, Goes there no more to the giving of a Scholar a Church in *London*, but that he was a young Gentleman's School-master? You know the ticklishness of *London*-Pulpits, and how ill it would become me, to place a man in a *London*-Church that were not both a strong and a sound man. And therefore, those things must come into consideration before he can have a Living from me; though there was no need of reflecting upon those things, when I made that general promise, that I would assist his fortune in anything. You end in a phrase of indignation and displeasure, rare in you towards me, therefore it affects me; which is, that he may part from me, as I received him at first, as though I were likely to hinder him. The heat that produced that word I know is past, and therefore, my most beloved Sister, give me leave to say to you, that he shall not part from me, but I shall keep him still in my care, and make you always my judge of all omissions

Your faithful Friend and Servant.

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SERMONS

I

IMPERFECT PRAYERS

But when we consider with a religious seriousness the manifold weaknesses of the strongest devotions in time of Prayer, it is a sad consideration. I throw my self down in my Chamber, and I call in, and invite God, and his Angels thither, and when they are there, I neglect God and his Angels, for the noise of a Fly, for the rattling of a Coach, for the whining of a door; I talk on, in the same posture of praying; Eyes lifted up; knees bowed down; as though I prayed to God; and, if God, or his Angels should ask me, when I thought last of God in that prayer, I cannot tell: Sometimes I find that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it, I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of to-morrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a Chimera in my brain, troubles me in my prayer. So certainly is there nothing, nothing in spiritual things, perfect in this world.

II

THE BELLMAN

HE that will die with Christ upon Good-Friday, must hear his own bell toll all Lent; he that will be partaker of his passion at last, must conform himself to his discipline of prayer & fasting before. Is there any man, that in his chamber hears a bell toll for another man, and does not kneel down to pray for that dying man? and then when his charity breathes out upon another man, does he not also reflect upon himself, and dispose himself as if he were in the state of that dying man? We begin to hear Christ's bell toll now, and is not our bell in the chime? We must be in his grave, before we come to his resurrection, and we must be in his death-bed before we come to his grave: we must do as he did, fast and pray, before we can say as he said, that *In manus tuas*, Into thy hands O Lord I commend my Spirit. You would not go into a Medicinal Bath without some preparatives; presume not upon that Bath, the blood of Christ Jesus, in the Sacrament then, without preparatives neither. Neither say to yourselves, we shall have preparatives enough, warnings enough, many more Sermons before it come to that, and so it is too soon yet; you are not sure you shall have more; not sure you shall have all this; not sure you shall be affected with any. If you be,

when you are, remember that as in that good Custom in these Cities, you hear cheerful street music in the winter mornings, but yet there was a sad and doleful bellman, that waked you, and called upon you two or three hours before that music came; so for all that blessed music which the servants of God shall present to you in this place, it may be of use, that a poor bellman waked you before, and though but by his noise, prepared you for their music.

III

SANCTIFIED PASSIONS

As the Prophets, and the other Secretaries of the Holy Ghost in penning the books of Scriptures, do for the most part retain, and express in their writings some impressions, and some air of their former professions; those that had been bred in Courts and Cities, those that had been Shepherds and Herdsmen, those that had been Fishers, and so of the rest; ever inserting into their writings some phrases, some metaphors, some allusions, taken from that profession which they had exercised before; so that soul, that hath been transported upon any particular worldly pleasure, when it is entirely turned upon God, and the contemplation of his all-sufficiency and abundance, doth find in God fit subject, and just occasion to exercise the same affection piously, and religiously, which had before so sinfully transported, and possessed it.

A covetous person, who is now truly converted to God, he will exercise a spiritual covetousness still, he will desire to have him all, he will have good security, the seal and assurance of the Holy Ghost; and he will have his security often renewed by new testimonies, and increases of those graces in him; he will have witnesses enough; he will have the testimony of all the world, by his good life and conversation; he will gain every way at God's hand, he will have wages of God, for he will be his servant; he will have a portion from God, for he will be his Son; he will have a reversion, he will be sure that his name is in the book of life; he will have pawns, the seals of the Sacraments, nay, he will have a present possession; all that God hath promised, all that Christ hath purchased, all that the Holy Ghost hath the stewardship and dispensation of, he will have all in present, by the appropriation and investiture of an actual and applying faith; a covetous person converted will be spiritually covetous still.

So will a voluptuous man, who is turned to God, find plenty and deliciousness enough in him, to feed his soul, as with marrow, and with fatness, as *David* expresses it; and so an angry and passionate man, will find zeal enough in the house of God to eat him up.

All affections which are common to all men, and those to which in particular, particular men have been addicted to, shall not only be justly employed upon God, but also securely employed, because we cannot

exceed, nor go too far in employing them upon him. According to this Rule, St. *Paul*, who had been so vehement a persecutor, had ever his thoughts exercised upon that; and thereupon after his conversion, he fulfils the rest of the sufferings of Christ in his flesh, he suffers most, he makes most mention of his suffering of any of the Apostles.

And according to this Rule too, *Solomon*, whose disposition was amorous, and excessive in the love of women, when he turned to God, he departed not utterly from his old phrase and language, but having put a new, and a spiritual tincture, and form and habit in all his thoughts, and words, he conveys all his loving approaches and applications to God, and all God's gracious answers to his amorous soul, into songs, and Epithalamions, and meditations upon contracts, and marriages between God and his Church, and between God and his soul; as we see so evidently in all his other writings, and particularly in this text, *I love them*, &c.

In which words is expressed all that belongs to love, all which, is to desire, and to enjoy; for to desire without fruition, is a rage, and to enjoy without desire is a stupidity: In the first alone we think of nothing, but that which we then would have; and in the second alone, we are not for that, when we have it; in the first, we are without it; in the second, we were as good as we were, for we have no pleasure in it; nothing then can give us satisfaction, but when those two concur, *amare* and *frui*, to love and to enjoy.

IV

IMPERFECTION

I NEED not call in new Philosophy, that denies a settledness, an acquiescence in the very body of the Earth, but makes the Earth to move in that place, where we thought the Sun had moved; I need not that help, that the Earth itself is in Motion, to prove this, That nothing upon Earth is permanent; The Assertion will stand of itself, till some man assign me some instance, something that a man may rely upon, and find permanent. Consider the greatest Bodies upon Earth, The Monarchies; Objects, which one would think, Destiny might stand and stare at, but not shake; Consider the smallest bodies upon Earth, The hairs of our head, Objects, which one would think, Destiny would not observe, or could not discern; And yet, Destiny, (to speak to a natural man) And God, (to speak to a Christian) is no more troubled to make a Monarchy ruinous, than to make a hair gray. Nay, nothing needs be done to either, by God, or Destiny; A Monarchy will ruin, as a hair will grow gray, of itself. In the Elements themselves, of which all sub-elementary things are composed, there is no acquiescence, but a vicissitudinary transmutation into one another; Air condensed becomes water, a more solid body, And Air rarified becomes fire, a body

more disputable, and inapparent. It is so in the Conditions of men too; A Merchant condensed, kneaded and packed up in a great estate, becomes a Lord; And a Merchant rarified, blown up by a perfidious Factor, or by a riotous Son, evaporates into air, into nothing, and is not seen. And if there were any thing permanent and durable in this world, yet we got nothing by it, because howsoever that might last in itself, yet we could not last to enjoy it; If our goods were not amongst Moveables, yet we ourselves are; if they could stay with us, yet we cannot stay with them; which is another Consideration in this part.

The world is a great Volume, and man the Index of that Book; Even in the body of man, you may turn to the whole world; This body is an Illustration of all Nature; God's recapitulation of all that he had said before, in his *Fiat lux*, and *Fiat firmamentum*, and in all the rest, said or done, in all the six days. Propose this body to thy consideration in the highest exaltation thereof; as it is the *Temple of the Holy Ghost:* Nay, not in a Metaphor, or comparison of a Temple, or any other similitudinary thing, but as it was really and truly the very body of God, in the person of Christ, and yet this body must wither, must decay, must languish, must perish. When *Goliath* had armed and fortified this body, And *Jezebel* had painted and perfumed this body, And *Dives* had pampered and larded this body, As God said to *Ezekiel*, when he brought him to the *dry bones*, *Fili*

hominis, Son of Man, dost thou think these bones can live? They said in their hearts to all the world, Can these bodies die? And they are dead. *Jezebel's* dust is not Amber, nor *Goliath's* dust *Terra sigillata*, Medicinal; nor does the Serpent, whose meat they are both, find any better relish in *Dives'* dust, than in *Lazarus'*.

V

GOD PROCEEDS LEGALLY

GOD proceeds legally; Publication before Judgement. God shall condemn no man, for not believing in Christ, to whom Christ was never manifested. *'Tis true*, that God is said to have come to *Eliah* in that still small voice, and not in the *strong wind*, not in the *Earthquake*, not in the *fire*. So God says, *Sibilabo populum meum*, I will but hiss, I will but whisper for my people, and gather them so. So Christ tells us things in *darkness*; And so Christ speaks to us in our *Ear*; And these low voices, and holy whisperings, and half-silences, denote to us, the inspirations of his Spirit, *as his Spirit bears witness with our spirit*; as the Holy Ghost insinuates himself into our souls, and works upon us so, by his *private motions*. But this is not God's ordinary way, to be whispering of secrets. The first thing that God made, was *light*; The last thing, that he hath reserved to do; is the manifestation of the light of his Essence in our Glorification.

And for Publication of himself here, by the way, he hath constituted a *Church*, in a Visibility, in an eminency, *as a City upon a hill*; And in this Church, his Ordinance is Ordinance indeed; his Ordinance of preaching batters the soul, and by that breach, the Spirit enters; His Ministers are an *Earthquake*, and shake an earthly soul; They are the *sons of thunder*, and scatter a cloudy conscience; They are as the fall of waters, and carry with them whole Congregations; 3000 at a Sermon, 5000 at a Sermon, a whole City, such a City as Niniveh at a Sermon; and they are as the roaring of a Lion, where the Lion of the tribe of Juda, cries down the Lion that seeks whom he may devour; that is, Orthodoxal and fundamental truths, are established against clamorous, and vociferant innovations. Therefore what Christ tells us in the dark, he bids us speak in the light; and what he says in our ear, he bids us preach on the house top. Nothing is Gospel, not *Evangelium*, good message, if it be not put into a Messenger's mouth, and delivered by him; nothing is conducible to his end, nor available to our salvation, except it be avowable doctrine, doctrine that may be spoke aloud, though it awake them, that sleep in their sin, and make them the more froward, for being so awaked.

God hath made all things in a *Roundness*, from the round superficies of this earth, which we tread here, to the round convexity of those heavens, which (as long as they shall have any being) shall be our foot-stool, when we come to heaven, God hath wrapped

up all things in Circles, and then a Circle hath no *Angles*; there are no *Corners* in a Circle. Corner Divinity, clandestine Divinity are incompatible terms; If it be Divinity, it is avowable. *The heathens* served their Gods in Temples, *sub dio*, without roofs or coverings, in a free openness; and, where they could, in Temples made of *Specular stone*, that was transparent as glass, or crystal, so as they which walked without in the streets, might see all that was done within. And even nature itself taught the natural man, to make that one argument of a man truly religious, *Aperto vivere voto*, That he durst pray aloud, and let the world hear, what he asked at God's hand; which duty is best performed, when we join with the Congregation in public prayer. *Saint Augustine*, hath made that note upon the *Donatists*, That they were *Clancularii*, clandestine Divines, Divines in Corners. And in *Photius*, we have such a note almost upon all Heretics; as the *Nestorian* was called *Coluber*, a snake, because though he kept in the garden, or in the meadow, in the Church, yet he lurked and lay hid, to do mischief. And the *Valentinian* was called a Grasshopper, because he leaped and skipped from place to place; and that creature, the Grasshopper, you may hear as you pass, but you shall hardly find him at his singing; you may hear a Conventicle Schismatic, hear him in his Pamphlets, hear him in his Disciples, but hardly surprise him at his exercise. Publication is a fair argument of truth. That tastes of *Luther's* holy animosity, and zealous vehemency, when he says,

Audemus gloriari Christum à nobis primo vulgatum ; other men had made some attempts at a Reformation, and had felt the pulse of some persons, and some Courts, and some Churches, how they would relish a Reformation ; But *Luther* rejoices with a holy exultation, That he first published it, that he first put the world to it. So the Apostles proceeded ; when they came in their peregrination, to a new State, to a new Court, to Rome itself, they did not enquire, how stands the Emperor affected to Christ, and to the preaching of his Gospel ; Is there not *a Sister*, or *a Wife* that might be wrought upon to further the preaching of Christ ? Are there not some persons, great in power and place, that might be content to hold a party together, by admitting the preaching of Christ ? This was not their way ; They only considered who sent them ; Christ Jesus : And what they brought ; *salvation* to every soul that embraced Christ Jesus. That they preached ; and still begun with a *Væ si non* ; Never tell us of displeasure, or disgrace, or detriment, or death, for preaching of Christ. For, *woe be unto us*, if we preach him not : And still they ended with a *Qui non crediderit, Damnabitur*, Never deceive your own souls, He, to whom Christ hath been preached, and believes not, shall be damned. All Divinity that is bespoken, and not ready made, fitted to certain turns, and not to general ends ; And all Divines that have their *souls* and *consciences*, so disposed, *as their Libraries may be*, (At that end stand Papists, and at that end Protestants, and he comes in in the middle, as near one as the other) all

these have a brackish taste ; as a River hath that comes near the Sea, so have they, in coming so near the Sea of Rome.

VI

GOING TO CHURCH

BETWEEN that fearful occasion of coming to Church, which S. *Augustine* confesses and laments, That they came to make wanton bargains with their eyes, and met there, because they could meet nowhere else ; and that more fearful occasion of coming, when they came only to elude the Law, and proceeding in their treacherous and traitorous religion in their heart, and yet communicating with us, draw God himself into their conspiracies, and to mock us, make a mock of God, and his religion too : between these two, this licentious coming, and this treacherous coming, there are many comings to Church, comings for company, for observation, for music : And all these indispositions are ill at prayers ; there they are unwholesome, but at the Sacrament, deadly : He that brings any collateral respect to prayers, loses the benefit of the prayers of the Congregation ; and he that brings that to a Sermon, loses the blessing of God's ordinance in that Sermon ; he hears but the Logic, or the Rhetoric, or the Ethic, or the poetry of the Sermon, but the Sermon of the Sermon he hears not ; but he that brings this disposition to the Sacrament, ends not in

the loss of a benefit, but he acquires, and procures his own damnation.

VII

GOD'S MERCIES

I WILL *sing of thy mercy and judgement*, says *David*; when we fix ourselves upon the meditation and modulation of the mercy of God, even his judgements cannot put us out of tune, but we shall sing, and be cheerful, even in them. As God made grass for beasts, before he made beasts, and beasts for man, before he made man: As in that first generation, the Creation, so in the regeneration, our re-creating, he begins with that which was necessary for that which follows, Mercy before Judgement. Nay, to say that mercy was first, is but to post-date mercy; to prefer mercy but so, is to diminish mercy; The names of first or last derogate from it, for first and last are but rags of time, and his mercy hath no relation to time, no limitation in time, it is not first, nor last, but eternal, everlasting; Let the Devil make me so far desperate as to conceive a time when there was no mercy, and he hath made me so far an Atheist, as to conceive a time when there was no God; if I despoil him of his mercy, any one minute, and say, now God hath no mercy, for that minute I discontinue his very Godhead, and his being. Later Grammarians have wrung the name of mercy out of misery; *Misericordia præsumit miseriam*, say

these, there could be no subsequent mercy, if there were no precedent misery ; But the true root of the word mercy, through all the Prophets, is *Racham*, and *Racham* is *diligere*, to love ; as long as there hath been love (and *God is love*) there hath been mercy : And mercy considered externally, and in the practice and in the effect, began not at the helping of man, when man was fallen and become miserable, but at the making of man, when man was nothing. So then, here we consider not mercy as it is radically in God, and an essential attribute of his, but productively in us, as it is an action, a working upon us, and that more especially, as God takes all occasions to exercise that action, and to shed that mercy upon us : for particular mercies are feathers of his wings, and that prayer, *Lord let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee,* is our birdlime ; particular mercies are that cloud of Quails which hovered over the host of Israel, and that prayer, *Lord let thy mercy lighten upon us,* is our net to catch, our Gomer to fill of those Quails. The air is not so full of Motes, of Atoms, as the Church is of Mercies ; and as we can suck in no part of air, but we take in those Motes, those Atoms ; so here in the Congregation we cannot suck in a word from the preacher, we cannot speak, we cannot sigh a prayer to God, but that that whole breath and air is made of mercy. But we call not upon you from this Text, to consider God's ordinary mercy, that which he exhibits to all in the ministry of his Church ; nor his miraculous mercy, his extraordinary deliverances of States

and Churches; but we call upon particular Consciences, by occasion of this Text, to call to mind God's occasional mercies to them; such mercies as a regenerate man will call mercies, though a natural man would call them accidents, or occurrences, or contingencies; A man wakes at midnight full of unclean thoughts, and he hears a passing Bell; this is an occasional mercy, if he call that his own knell, and consider how unfit he was to be called out of the world then, how unready to receive that voice, *Fool, this night they shall fetch away thy soul.* The adulterer, whose eye waits for the twilight, goes forth, and casts his eyes upon forbidden houses, and would enter, and sees a *Lord have mercy upon us* upon the door; this is an occasional mercy, if this bring him to know that they who lie sick of the plague within, pass through a furnace, but by God's grace, to heaven; and he without, carries his own furnace to hell, his lustful loins to everlasting perdition. What an occasional mercy had *Balaam*, when his Ass Catechized him? What an occasional mercy had one Thief, when the other catechized him so, *Art not thou afraid being under the same condemnation?* What an occasional mercy had all they that saw that, when the Devil himself fought for the name of Jesus, and wounded the sons of *Sceva* for exorcising in the name of Jesus, with that indignation, with that increpation, *Jesus we know, and Paul we know, but who are ye?* If I should declare what God hath done (done occasionally) for my soul, where he instructed me for fear of falling,

where he raised me when I was fallen, perchance you would rather fix your thoughts upon my illness, and wonder at that, than at God's goodness, and glorify him in that; rather wonder at my sins, than at his mercies, rather consider how ill a man I was, than how good a God he is. If I should inquire upon what occasion God elected me, and writ my name in the book of Life, I should sooner be afraid that it were not so, than find a reason why it should be so. God made Sun and Moon to distinguish seasons, and day, and night, and we cannot have the fruits of the earth but in their seasons: But God hath made no decree to distinguish the seasons of his mercies; In paradise, the fruits were ripe, the first minute, and in heaven it is always Autumn, his mercies are ever in their maturity. We ask *panem quotidianum*, our daily bread, and God never says you should have come yesterday, he never says you must again to-morrow, but *to-day if you will hear his voice*, to-day he will hear you. If some King of the earth have so large an extent of Dominion, in North, and South, as that he hath Winter and Summer together in his Dominions, so large an extent East and West, as that he hath day and night together in his Dominions, much more hath God mercy and judgement together: He brought light out of darkness, not out of a lesser light; he can bring thy Summer out of Winter, though thou have no Spring; though in the ways of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintered and frozen, clouded and eclipsed, damped

and benumbed, smothered and stupefied till now, now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in the bud of the Spring, but as the Sun at noon to illustrate all shadows, as the sheaves in harvest, to fill all penuries, all occasions invite his mercies, and all times are his seasons.

VIII

ACCESS TO GOD

DAVID knew he could not retire himself from God in his bedchamber; Guards and Ushers could not keep him out. He knew he could not defend himself from God in his Army; for *the Lord of Hosts is Lord of his Hosts.* If he *fled to Sea, to Heaven, to Hell,* he was sure to meet *God there*; and there thou shalt meet him too, if thou fly from God, to the relief of outward comforts, of music, of mirth, of drink, of cordials, of Comedies, of conversation. Not that such recreations are unlawful; the mind hath her physic as well as the body; but when thy sadness proceeds from a sense of thy sins, (which is God's key to the door of his mercy, put into thy hand) it is a new, and a greater sin, to go about to overcome that holy sadness, with these profane diversions; to fly *Ad consolatiunculas creaturulæ* (as that elegant man *Luther* expresses it, according to his natural delight in that elegancy of Diminutives, with which he abounds above

all Authors) to the little and contemptible comforts of little and contemptible creatures. And as *Luther* uses the physic, *Job* useth the Physician; *Luther* calls the comforts, Miserable comforts; and *Job* calls them that minister them, *Onerosos consolatores, Miserable comforters are you all.* *David* could not drown his adultery in blood; never think thou to drown thine in wine. The Ministers of God are Sons of Thunder, they are falls of waters, trampling of horses, and runnings of Chariots; and if these voices of these Ministers, cannot overcome thy music, thy security, yet the Angels' trumpet will; That *Surgite qui dormitis, Arise ye that sleep in the dust, in the dust of the grave,* is a Treble that over-reaches all; That *Ite maledicti, Go ye accursed into Hell fire,* is a Base that drowns all. There is no recourse but to God, no relief but in God; and therefore *David* applied himself to the right method, to make his first access to God.

IX

LIGHT SINS

THERE are some sins so rooted, so riveted in men, so incorporated, so consubstantiated in the soul, by habitual custom, as that those sins have contracted the nature of Ancient possessions. As men call Manners by their names, so sins have taken names from men, and from places; *Simon Magus* gave the name to a sin,

and so did *Gehazi*, and *Sodom* did so: There are sins that run in Names, in Families, in Blood; Hereditary sins, entailed sins; and men do almost prove their Gentry by those sins, and are scarce believed to be rightly born, if they have not those sins; These are great possessions, and men do much more easily part with Christ, than with these sins. But then there are less sins, light sins, vanities; and yet even these come to possess us, and separate us from Christ. How many men neglect this ordinary means of their Salvation, the coming to these Exercises, not because their undoing lies on it, or their discountenancing; but merely out of levity, of vanity, of nothing; they know not what to do else, and yet do not this. You hear of one man that was drowned in a vessel of Wine; but how many thousands in ordinary water? And he was no more drowned in that precious liquor, than they in that common water. A gad of steel does no more choke a man, than a feather, than a hair; Men perish with whispering sins, nay with silent sins, sins that never tell the conscience they are sins, as often as with crying sins: And in hell there shall meet as many men, that never thought what was sin, as that spent all their thoughts in the compassing of sin; as many, who in a slack inconsideration, never cast a thought upon that place, as that by searing their conscience, overcame the sense and fear of the place. Great sins are great possessions; but levities and vanities possess us too; and men had rather part with Christ, than with any possessions.

X

DELIGHT IN EVIL

FIRST then, what is this *setting of the heart upon evil*; and then, what is this *fullness*, that leaves no room for a Cure? When a man receives figures and images of sin, into his Fancy and Imagination, and leads them on to his understanding and Discourse, to his Will, to his Consent, to his Heart, by a delightful dwelling upon the meditation of that sin; yet this is not a *setting of the heart upon doing evil*. To be surprised by a Temptation, to be overthrown by it, to be held down by it for a time, is not it. It is not when the devil looks in at the window to the heart, by presenting occasions of temptations, to the eye; nor when he comes in at the door, to our heart, at the ear, either in lascivious discourses, or Satirical and Libellous defamations of other men: It is not, when the devil is put to his Circuit, to *seek whom he may devour*, and how he may corrupt the King by his Council, That is, the Soul by the Senses: But it is, when by a habitual custom in sin, the sin arises merely and immediately from myself: It is, when the heart hath usurped upon the devil, and upon the world too, and is able and apt to sin of itself, if there were no devil, and if there were no outward objects of temptation: when our own heart is become *spontanea*

insania, & *voluntarius dæmon*, Such a wilful Madness, and such a voluntary and natural Devil to itself, as that we should be ambitious, though we were in an Hospital; and licentious, though we were in a wilderness; and voluptuous, though in a famine: so that such a man's heart, is as a land of such Giants, where the Children are born as great, as the Men of other nations grow to be; for those sins, which in other men have their birth, and their growth, after their birth, they begin at a Concupiscence, and proceed to a Consent, and grow up to Actions, and swell up to Habits; In this man, sin begins at a stature and proportion above all this; he begins at a delight in the sin, and comes instantly to a defence of it, and to an obduration and impenitibleness in it: This is the evil of the heart, by the mis-use of God's grace, to divest and lose all tenderness and remorse in sin.

XI

REBUKE OF SIN

THE rebuke of sin, is like the fishing of *Whales*; the Mark is great enough; one can scarce miss hitting; but if there be not *sea room* and line enough, & a dexterity in letting out that line, he that hath fixed his harping Iron, in the Whale, endangers himself, and his boat; God hath made us *fishers of Men*; and when we have struck a *Whale*, touched the conscience

of any person, which thought himself above rebuke, and increpation, it struggles, and strives, and as much as it can, endeavours to draw fishers, and boat, the Man and his fortune into contempt, and danger. But if God tie a *sickness*, or any other calamity, to the end of the line, that will wind up this Whale again, to the boat, bring back this rebellious sinner better advised, to the mouth of the Minister, for more counsel, and to a better suppleness, and inclinableness to conform himself, to that which he shall after receive from him ; only calamity makes way for a rebuke to enter.

XII

PRIDE

SOLITUDE is not the scene of Pride ; The danger of pride is in company, when we meet to look upon another. But in *Adam's* wife, *Eve*, her first act (that is noted) was an act of Pride, a hearkening to that voice of the Serpent, *Ye shall be as Gods*. As soon as there were two, there was pride. How many may we have known, (if we have had any conversation in the world) that have been content all the week, at home alone, with their workaday faces, as well as with their workaday clothes, and yet on Sundays, when they come to Church, and appear in company, will mend both, their faces as well as their clothes. Not solitude, but company is the scene of pride ; And therefore I

know not what to call that practice of the Nuns in Spain, who though they never see man, yet will paint. So early, so primary a sin is Pride, as that it grew instantly from her, whom God intended for a *Helper*, because he saw *that it was not good for man to be alone*. God sees that it is not good for man to be without health, without wealth, without power, and jurisdiction, and magistracy, and we grow proud of our helpers, proud of our health and strength, proud of our wealth and riches, proud of our office and authority over others.

So early, so primary a sin is pride, as that, out of every mercy, and blessing, which God affords us, (and, *His mercies are new every morning*) we gather Pride; we are not the more thankful for them, and yet we are the prouder of them. Nay, we gather Pride, not only out of those things, which mend and improve us, (God's blessings and mercies) but out of those actions of our own, that destroy and ruin us, we gather pride; sins overthrow us, demolish us, destroy and ruin us, and yet we are proud of our sins. How many men have we heard boast of their sins; and, (as S. *Augustine* confesses of himself) belie themselves, and boast of more sins than ever they committed! Out of every thing, out of nothing sin grows. Therefore was this commandment in our text, *Sequere*, *Follow*, come after, well placed first, for we are come to see even children strive for place and precedency, and mothers are ready to go to the Heralds to know how Cradles shall be ranked, which Cradle shall have the highest place;

Nay, even in the womb, there was contention for precedency; *Jacob* took hold of his brother *Esau's* heel, and would have been born before him.

And as our pride begins in our Cradle, it continues in our graves and Monuments. It was a good while in the primitive Church, before any were buried in the Church; The best contented themselves with the Churchyards. After, a holy ambition, (may we call it so) a holy Pride brought them *ad Limina*, to the Church-threshold, to the Church-door, because some great Martyrs were buried in the Porches, and devout men desired to lie near them, as one Prophet did to lie near another, (*Lay my bones beside his bones.*) But now, persons whom the Devil kept from Church all their lives, Separatists, Libertines, that never came to any Church, And persons, whom the Devil brought to Church all their lives, (for, such as come merely out of the obligation of the Law, and to redeem that vexation, or out of custom, or company, or curiosity, or a perverse and sinister affection to the particular Preacher, though they come to God's house, come upon the Devil's invitation) Such as one Devil, that is, worldly respect, brought to Church in their lives, another Devil, that is, Pride and vain-glory, brings to Church after their deaths, in an affectation of high places, and sumptuous Monuments in the Church. And such as have given nothing at all to any pious uses, or have determined their alms and their dole which they have given, in that one day of their funeral, and no farther, have given large annuities,

perpetuities, for new painting their tombs, and for new flags, and scutcheons, every certain number of years.

O the earliness! O the lateness! how early a Spring, and no Autumn! how fast a growth, and no declination, of this branch of this sin Pride, against which, this first word of ours, *Sequere*, *Follow*, come after, is opposed! this love of place, and precedency, it rocks us in our Cradles, it lies down with us in our graves.

DEATH'S DUEL
OR, A CONSOLATION TO THE SOUL, AGAINST THE DYING LIFE, AND LIVING DEATH OF THE BODY

Delivered in a Sermon at White-Hall, before the King's Majesty, in the beginning of Lent [Feb. 25], 1630. Being his last Sermon, and called by his Majesty's household THE DOCTOR'S OWN FUNERAL SERMON

TO THE READER
[Preface to the 1st edition (1632) by Richard Redmer, the publisher.]

This Sermon was, by Sacred Authority, styled the Author's own funeral Sermon. Most fitly: whether we respect the time, or the matter. It was preached not many days before

his death; as if, having done this, there remained nothing for him to do, but to die: And the matter is, of Death; the occasion and subject of all funeral Sermons. It hath been observed of this Reverend Man, That his Faculty in Preaching continually increased: and, That as he exceeded others at first; so, at last he exceeded himself. This is his last Sermon; I will not say, it is therefore his best; because, all his were excellent. Yet thus much: A dying Man's words, if they concern ourselves, do usually make the deepest impression, as being spoken most feelingly, and with least affectation. Now, whom doth it not concern to learn, both the danger, and benefit of death? Death is every man's enemy, and intends hurt to all; though to many, he be occasion of greatest goods. This enemy we must all combat dying; whom he living did almost conquer; having discovered the utmost of his power, the utmost of his cruelty. May we make such use of this and other the like preparatives, That neither death, whensoever it shall come, may seem terrible; nor life tedious, how long soever it shall last.

R.

PSALM 68. VERS. 20. *In finè.*

And unto God *the* (LORD) *belong the issues of death.*
i.e. *From death.*

BUILDINGS stand by the benefit of their *foundations* that sustain and *support* them, and of their *buttresses* that comprehend and *embrace* them, and of their *contignations* that knit and *unite* them: The *foundations*

suffer them not to *sink*, the *buttresses* suffer them not to *swerve*, and the *contignation* and knitting suffers them not to *cleave*; The body of our building is in the former part of this verse: It is this; he that *is our God* is the *God of salvation*; *ad salutes*, of salvations in the plural, so it is in the original; the *God* that gives us spiritual and temporal salvation too. But of this *building*, the *foundation*, the *buttresses*, the *contignations* are in this part of the *verse*, which constitutes *our text*, and in the three divers *acceptations* of the words amongst our expositors. *Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.* For *first* the *foundation* of this *building*, (that our *God* is the *God of all salvations*) is laid in this; That *unto* this *God the Lord belong the issues of death*, that is, it is in his power to give us an *issue* and deliverance, even then when we are brought to the jaws and teeth of death, and to the lips of that whirlpool, the grave. And so in this acceptation, this *exitus mortis*, this *issue of death* is *liberatio à morte, a deliverance from death*, and this is the most obvious and most ordinary acceptation of these words, and that upon which our *translation* lays hold, *The issues from death.* And then *secondly* the buttresses that comprehend and settle this building, That he that is *our God*, is the *God of* all *salvations*, are thus raised; *Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*, that is, the disposition and *manner of our death:* what kind of *issue* and *transmigration* we shall have out of this world, whether prepared or sudden, whether violent or natural, whether in our perfect senses or shaken and disordered by sickness, there is no condemnation

to be argued out of that, no Judgement to be made upon that, for howsoever they die, *precious in his sight is the death of his saints*, and with him are *the issues of death*, the *ways* of our *departing* out of this *life* are in his *hands*. And so in this *sense* of the *words*, this *exitus mortis*, the *issue of death*, is *liberatio in morte*, *A deliverance in death*; Not that *God* will *deliver* us *from dying*, but that he will *have a care* of us in the *hour of death*, of what kind soever our passage be. And in this *sense* and acceptation of the *words*, the natural frame and contexture doth well and pregnantly administer unto us; And then *lastly* the *contignation* and knitting of this building, that he that is *our God* is the *God of all salvations*, consists in this, *Unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death*, that is, that this *God* the *Lord* having *united* and knit *both natures in one*, and being *God*, having also *come* into this *world*, in our *flesh*, he could have no other means to save us, he could have no other *issue* out of this world, nor *return* to his former *glory*, but by *death*; And so in this sense, this *exitus mortis*, this *issue of death*, is *liberatio per mortem*, a *deliverance by death*, by the death of this *God* our *Lord Christ Jesus*. And this is Saint *Augustine's* acceptation of the words, and those many and great persons that have adhered to him. In all these three lines, then, we shall look upon these words; *First*, as the *God* of *power*, the *Almighty Father* rescues his servants from the jaws of death: *And then* as the *God* of *mercy*, the glorious *Son* rescued us, by taking upon himself this *issue of death*: *And then* between these two, as the *God* of *comfort*, the *Holy Ghost*

rescues us from all discomfort by his blessed impressions before hand, that what manner of death soever be ordained for us, yet this *exitus mortis* shall be *introitus in vitam*, our *issue in death* shall be an *entrance into everlasting life*. And these three considerations, our deliverance *à morte, in morte, per mortem, from death, in death, and by death*, will abundantly do all the offices of the *foundations*, of the *buttresses*, of the *contignation* of this our *building*; That he that is our *God*, is the *God of all salvations*, because *unto* this *God the Lord belong the issues of death*.

First, then, we consider this *exitus mortis*, to be *liberatio à morte*, that with *God* the *Lord* are the *issues of death*, and therefore in all our deaths, and deadly calamities of this life, we may justly *hope* of a good *issue* from him. And all our *periods* and *transitions* in this life, are so many passages *from death* to *death*; our very *birth* and entrance into this life, is *exitus à morte*, an *issue from death*, for in our mother's *womb* we are *dead so*, as that we do *not know* we *live*, not so much as we do in our *sleep*, neither is there any *grave* so close, or so *putrid* a *prison*, as the *womb* would be unto us, if we stayed in it *beyond* our time, or died there *before* our time. In the *grave* the *worms* do not kill us, we *breed* and *feed*, and then *kill* those worms which we ourselves produced. In the womb the dead *child* kills the *Mother* that conceived it, and is a murderer, nay a *parricide*, even after it is dead. And if we be not dead so in the *womb*, so as that being dead we kill her that gave us our first life, our life of *vegetation*,

yet we are dead so, as *David's Idols* are dead. In the *womb* we have *eyes and see not, ears and hear not ;* There in the womb we are fitted for *works of darkness,* all the while deprived of light : And there in the *womb* we are taught *cruelty,* by being *fed with blood,* and may be *damned,* though we be *never born.* Of our very making in the *womb, David* says, *I am wonderfully and fearfully made,* and, *Such knowledge is too excellent for me,* for even that *is the Lord's doing,* and it *is wonderful in our eyes ; Ipse fecit nos,* it is *he that hath made us, and not we ourselves* nor our parents neither ; *Thy hands have made me and fashioned me round about,* saith *Job,* and (as the *original word is*) *thou hast taken pains about me,* and *yet,* says he, *thou dost destroy me.* Though I be the *Master-piece* of the greatest *Master* (*man* is so), yet if thou do no more for me, if thou leave me where thou madest me, destruction will follow. The *womb* which should be the *house of life,* becomes *death* itself, if *God* leave us there. That which God threatens so often, the *shutting of the womb,* is not so *heavy,* nor so discomfortable a *curse* in the *first,* as in the *latter* shutting, nor in the shutting of *barrenness,* as in the shutting of *weakness,* when *children are come to the birth,* and there is not *strength to bring forth.*

It is the *exaltation of misery,* to *fall* from a *near hope* of *happiness.* And in that vehement imprecation, the *Prophet* expresses the highest of *God's* anger, *give them ô Lord, what wilt thou give them ?* give them a *miscarrying womb.* Therefore as soon as we are men, (that is, *inanimated,* quickened in the *womb*) though we cannot

ourselves, our parents have reason to say in our behalf, *wretched man that he is, who shall deliver* him *from this body of death ?* for even the *womb* is a *body of death*, if there be no deliverer. It must be he that said to *Jeremy*, Before *I formed thee I knew thee*, and *before thou camest out of the womb I sanctified thee*. We are not sure that there was no kind of ship nor boat to fish in, nor to pass by, till *God* prescribed *Noah* that absolute *form* of *the Ark*. That word which the *Holy Ghost* by *Moses* useth for the *Ark*, is common to all kind of *boats*, *Thebah*, and is the same word that *Moses* useth for the *boat* that he was *exposed in*, That *his mother laid him in an ark of bulrushes*. But we are sure that *Eve* had no *Midwife* when she was *delivered* of *Cain*, therefore she might well say, *possedi virum à Domino*, I *have gotten a man from the Lord*, wholly, entirely from the Lord ; It is the *Lord* that *enabled* me to *conceive*, The *Lord* that *infused* a *quickening soul* into that conception, the *Lord* that *brought into the world* that which himself *had quickened*, without all this might *Eve* say, My *body had been* but *the house of death*, and *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis*, to *God the Lord belong the issues of death*.

But then this *exitus à morte*, is but *introitus in mortem*, this *issue*, this deliverance *from* that *death*, the death of the *womb*, is an *entrance*, a delivering over to *another death*, the manifold deaths of this *world*. We have a winding sheet in our Mother's womb, which grows with us from our conception, and we come into the world, wound up in that *winding sheet*, for we come to *seek a grave ;* And as prisoners discharged of actions

may lie for fees, so when the *womb* hath discharged us, yet we are bound to it by *cords* of flesh by such a *string*, as that we cannot go thence, nor stay there; we célebrate our own funerals with cries, even at our birth; as though our *threescore and ten years' life* were spent in our mother's labour, and our circle made up in the first point thereof, we beg our *Baptism*, with another *Sacrament*, with *tears*; And we come into a world that lasts many ages, but we last not; *in domo Patris*, says our *Saviour*, speaking of *heaven*, *multæ mansiones*, there *are many mansions*, divers and durable, so that if a man cannot possess a *martyr's* house, (he hath shed no blood for *Christ*) yet he may have a *Confessor's*, he hath been ready to glorify *God* in the *shedding of his blood*. And if a woman cannot possess a *virgin's* house (she hath embraced the *holy state* of *marriage*) yet she may have a *matron's* house, she hath brought forth and brought up *children in the fear of God*. *In domo patris, in my father's house*, in heaven there *are many mansions*; but here upon earth the *son of man hath not where to lay his head*, says he himself. *Nonne terram dedit filiis hominum?* how then hath *God given this earth* to the *sons of men?* he hath *given* them *earth* for their *materials* to be made of earth, and he hath given them *earth* for their *grave* and sepulture, to *return* and resolve to *earth*, but not for their *possession*: *Here we have no continuing city*, nay no *cottage* that continues, nay no persons, no bodies that continue. Whatsoever moved Saint *Jerome* to call the journies of the *Israelites*, in the *wilderness*, mansions; The *word* (the word is *Nasang*)

signifies but a *journey*, but a peregrination. Even the *Israel of God* hath no mansions; but journies, pilgrimages in this life. By that measure did *Jacob* measure his life to *Pharaoh*; *the days* of the years *of my pilgrimage*. And though the *Apostle* would not say *morimur*, that, whilst we *are in the body* we *are dead*, yet he says, *Peregrinamur*, whilst we are *in the body*, we are but in *a pilgrimage*, and we are *absent from the Lord*; he might have said *dead*, for this whole *world* is but an *universal churchyard*, but one *common grave*, and the life and motion that the greatest persons have in it, is but as the shaking of buried bodies in the grave, by an *earthquake*. That which we call life, is but *Hebdomada mortium*, a *week of deaths*, seven days, seven periods of our life spent in dying, *a dying seven times over*; and there is an end. *Our birth dies* in *infancy*, and our *infancy* dies in *youth*, and *youth* and the rest die in *age*, and *age* also dies, and *determines all*. Nor do all these, youth out of infancy, or age out of youth arise so, as a *Phœnix* out of the *ashes* of another *Phœnix* formerly *dead*, but as a *wasp* or a *serpent* out of a *carrion*, or as a *Snake* out of *dung*. Our *youth* is *worse* than our *infancy*, and our *age worse* than our *youth*. Our *youth* is *hungry and thirsty*, after those *sins*, which our *infancy knew not*; And our *age* is *sorry* and *angry*, that it *cannot pursue* those *sins* which our *youth did*; and besides, all the way, so many deaths, that is, so many deadly calamities accompany every condition, and every period of this life, as that death itself would be an ease to them that suffer them: Upon this sense doth *Job*

wish that *God had not given him* an *issue* from the *first death*, from the *womb*, *Wherefore hast thou brought me* forth *out of the womb ?* O *that I had given up the Ghost, and no eye seen me ! I should have been as though I had not been.* And not only the impatient *Israelites* in their murmuring (*would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt*) but *Eliah* himself, when he *fled* from *Jezabel*, and went for his life, as that text says, under the *Juniper tree*, requested that *he might die*, and said, *it is enough now, O Lord, take away my life.* So *Jonah* justifies his impatience, nay his anger towards *God* himself. *Now ô Lord take, I beseech thee, my life from me, for it is better to die than to live.* And when *God* asked him, *dost thou well to be angry for this*, he replies, *I do well to be angry, even unto death.* How much worse a death than death, is this life, which so good men would so often change for death ! But if my case be as Saint *Paul's* case, *quotidiè morior*, that *I die daily*, that something heavier than death falls upon me every day ; If my case be *David's* case, *tota die mortificamur ; all the day long we are killed*, that not only every day, but every hour of the day something heavier than death falls upon me, though that be true of me, *Conceptus in peccatis*, I *was shapen* in *iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me*, (there I died one death), though that be true of me (*Natus filius iræ*) I *was born* not only the child of sin, but *the child of wrath*, of the wrath of *God* for sin, which is a heavier death ; Yet *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis*, with *God the Lord are the issues of death*, and after a *Job*, and a *Joseph*, and

a *Jeremy*, and a *Daniel*, I cannot doubt of a deliverance. And if no other deliverance conduce more to his glory and my good, yet he hath the *keys of death*, and he can let me out at that door, that is, deliver me from the manifold deaths of this world, the *omni die* and the *tota die*, the *every day's death* and *every hour's death*, by that *one death*, the *final dissolution* of body and soul, the end of all. But then is that the end of all? Is that dissolution of body and soul, the last death that the body shall suffer? (for of spiritual death we speak not now) It is not. Though this be *exitus à morte*, It is *introitus in mortem*; though it be an *issue from* the manifold *deaths* of this *world*, yet it is an *entrance* into the *death of corruption* and *putrefaction* and *vermiculation* and *incineration*, and dispersion in and from the *grave*, in which every dead man dies over again. It was a *prerogative* peculiar to *Christ*, not to die this death, *not to see corruption*: what gave him this privilege? Not *Joseph's* great proportion of *gums and spices*, that might have preserved his body from corruption and *incineration* longer than he needed it, longer than *three days*, but would not have done it for ever: what preserved him then? did his exemption and *freedom from original sin* preserve him from this corruption and *incineration?* 'tis true that original sin hath induced this corruption and *incineration* upon us; If we had not sinned in *Adam*, *mortality had not put on immortality*, (as the *Apostle* speaks) nor, *corruption had not put on incorruption*, but we had had our *transmigration* from this to the other world, without any

mortality, any *corruption at all*. But yet since Christ took *sin* upon him, so far as made him *mortal*, he had it so far too, as might have made him see this corruption and *incineration*, though he had no *original sin* in himself; what preserved him then? Did the *hypostatical union* of both *natures*, *God* and *Man*, preserve him from this corruption and *incineration?* 'tis true that this was a most powerful *embalming*, to be embalmed with the *divine nature* itself, to be embalmed with *eternity*, was able to preserve him from corruption and *incineration* for ever. And he was embalmed so, embalmed with the *divine nature* itself, even in his *body* as well as in his *soul*; for the *Godhead*, the *divine nature* did not depart, but remained still *united* to his *dead body* in the *grave*; But yet for all this powerful *embalming*, this *hypostatical union* of both natures, we see *Christ* did *die*; and for all this *union* which made him *God* and *Man*, he became no man (for the *union* of the *body* and *soul* makes the man, and he whose soul and body are separated by *death* as long as that state lasts is properly no man.) And therefore as in him the dissolution of *body* and *soul* was no *dissolution* of the *hypostatical union*; so is there nothing that constrains us to say, that though the *flesh* of *Christ* had *seen corruption* and *incineration* in the grave, this had been any *dissolution* of the *hypostatical union*, for the divine *nature*, the Godhead might have remained with all the *Elements* and *principles* of *Christ's* body, as well as it did with the two *constitutive* parts of his *person*, his *body* and his *soul*. This *incorruption* then was not in

Joseph's gums and *spices*, nor was it in *Christ's* innocency, and *exemption* from *original sin*, nor was it (that is, it is not necessary to say it was) in the *hypostatical union*. But this *incorruptibleness* of his *flesh* is most conveniently placed in that, *Non dabis, thou wilt not suffer thy holy one to see corruption.* We look no further for *causes* or *reasons* in the *mysteries of religion*, but to the *will* and pleasure of *God*: *Christ* himself limited his *inquisition* in that *ita est, even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.* *Christ's* body did *not see corruption*, therefore, because *God* had *decreed* it should not. The humble soul (and only the humble soul is the religious soul) rests himself upon *God's* purposes and the decrees of *God*, which he hath declared and manifested not such as are *conceived* and imagined in ourselves, though upon some probability, some *verisimilitude.* So in our present case *Peter* proceeds in his *Sermon* at *Jerusalem*, and so *Paul* in *his* at *Antioch.* They preached *Christ* to have *been risen* without seeing *corruption* not only because *God* had *decreed* it, but because he had *manifested* that *decree* in his *Prophet.* Therefore doth Saint *Paul* cite by special number the *second Psalm* for that *decree*; And therefore both Saint *Peter* and S. *Paul* cite for it that place in the 16. *Psalm*, for when *God* declares his *decree* and purpose in the express words of his *Prophet*, or when he declares it in the real execution of the decree, then he makes it ours, then he manifests it to us. And therefore as the *Mysteries* of our *Religion*, are *not* the *objects* of *our reason*, but *by faith we rest* on *God's decree* and purpose, (It is so ô *God*, because it is

thy will, it should be so) so *God's decrees* are ever to be considered in the *manifestation* thereof. All *manifestation* is either in the *word* of *God*, or in the *execution* of the *decree ;* And when these two concur and meet, it is the strongest *demonstration* that can be : when therefore I find those *marks* of *adoption* and *spiritual filiation*, which are delivered in the *word* of *God* to be upon me, when I find that real *execution* of his *good purpose* upon me, as that *actually* I do *live* under the *obedience*, and under the *conditions* which are *evidences* of *adoption* and *spiritual filiation ;* Then so long as I see these *marks* and live so ; I may safely comfort myself in a *holy certitude* and a *modest infallibility* of my *adoption*. *Christ* determines himself in that, the purpose of *God* was manifest to him : S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* determine themselves in those two ways of knowing the *purpose* of *God*, the *word* of *God* before, the *execution* of the *decree* in the *fulness of time*. It was *prophesied before*, say they, and it *is performed now*, *Christ is risen* without seeing corruption. Now this which is so singularly peculiar to him, that *his flesh should not see corruption*, at his *second coming*, his coming to *Judgement*, shall extend to all that are then alive, their flesh shall not *see corruption*, because as the *Apostle* says, and says as *a secret*, as *a mystery ; Behold I shew you a mystery, we shall not all sleep*, (that is, not continue in the state of the dead in the grave,) *but we shall all be changed in an instant*, we shall have a *dissolution*, and in the *same instant* a *reintegration*, a *recompacting* of *body* and *soul*, and that shall be truly a death and truly a resurrection,

but no sleeping in corruption; But for us that die now and sleep in the state of the dead, we must all pass this *posthume* death, this *death* after *death*, nay this death after burial, this *dissolution* after *dissolution*, this *death* of *corruption* and *putrefaction*, of *vermiculation* and *incineration*, of *dissolution* and *dispersion* in and *from* the *grave*, when these bodies that have been the *children* of *royal parents*, and the *parents* of *royal children*, must say with *Job*, *Corruption thou art my father*, and *to the Worm thou art my mother and my sister*. *Miserable riddle*, when the *same worm* must be *my mother*, and *my sister*, and *myself*. *Miserable incest*, when I must be *married* to my *mother* and my *sister*, and be both *father* and *mother* to my *own mother* and *sister*, *beget* and *bear* that *worm* which is all that *miserable penury*; when my *mouth* shall be *filled* with *dust*, and the *worm* shall *feed*, and *feed sweetly* upon me, when the *ambitious* man shall have *no satisfaction*, *if* the *poorest alive* tread upon him, nor the *poorest* receive any *contentment* in being made *equal* to *Princes*, for they *shall be equal* but *in dust*. One dieth at his full strength, being wholly at ease and in quiet, and another dies in the *bitterness of his soul*, and never *eats* with *pleasure*, but they lie down *alike* in *the dust*, and the *worm covers them*; In *Job* and in *Esau*, it *covers them and is spread under them*, the worm is spread *under thee*, and the worm *covers thee*, There's the *Mats* and the *Carpets* that *lie under*, and there's the *State* and the *Canopy*, that *hangs over* the greatest of the sons of men; Even those bodies that were *the temples of the Holy Ghost*, come to this *dilapidation*, to ruin, to

rubbish, to dust, even the *Israel of the Lord*, and *Jacob* himself hath no other specification, no other denomination, but that *vermis Jacob*, thou *worm of Jacob*. Truly the consideration of this *posthume death*, this death after burial, that after *God*, (with whom are the *issues of death*) hath delivered me from the *death* of the *womb*, by bringing me into the *world*, and from the manifold *deaths* of the *world*, by laying me in the *grave*, I must die again in an *Incineration* of this *flesh*, and in a dispersion of that dust. That that *Monarch*, who spread over many nations alive, must in his dust lie in a corner of that *sheet of lead*, and there, but so long as that lead will last, and that private and *retired man*, that thought himself his own for ever, and never came forth, must in his dust of the grave be published, and (such are the *revolutions* of the *graves*) be mingled with the dust of every high way, and of every dunghill, and swallowed in every puddle and pond : This is the most inglorious and contemptible *vilification*, the most deadly and peremptory *nullification* of man, that we can consider ; *God* seems to have carried the declaration of his *power* to a great height, when he sets the *Prophet Ezekiel* in the *valley of dry bones*, and says, *Son of man can these bones live ?* as though it had been impossible, and yet they did ; The *Lord* laid *Sinews upon them, and flesh*, and *breathed into them*, and *they did live :* But in that case there were *bones* to be *seen*, something visible, of which it might be said, can this thing live ? But in this death of *incineration*, and dispersion of dust, we see *nothing* that we call *that man's ;* If we say, can this

dust live? perchance it *cannot*, it may be the mere *dust* of the *earth*, which never did live, never shall. It may be the dust of that man's *worm*, which did live, but shall no more. It may be the dust of *another* man, that concerns not him of whom it is asked. This death of *incineration* and dispersion, is, to natural *reason*, the most *irrecoverable death* of all, and yet *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis, unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*, and by *recompacting* this *dust* into the *same body*, and *reinanimating* the *same body* with the *same soul*, he shall in a blessed and glorious *resurrection* give me such an *issue from* this *death*, as shall never pass into any other *death*, but establish me into a life that shall last as long as the *Lord of life* himself.

And so have you that that belongs to the *first acceptation* of these words, (*unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*) That though from the *womb* to the *grave* and in the grave itself we pass from *death* to *death*, yet, as *Daniel* speaks, the *Lord our God is able to deliver us, and he will deliver us.*

And so we pass unto our *second accommodation* of *these words*, (*unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*) That it *belongs* to *God*, and *not* to *man* to *pass a judgement* upon us at our death, or to conclude a dereliction on *God's* part upon the manner thereof.

Those *indications* which the *Physicians* receive, and those *presagitions* which they give for *death* or *recovery* in the *patient*, they receive and they give out of the grounds and the *rules of their art:* But we have no such rule or art to give a *presagition* of *spiritual death*

and damnation upon any such *indication* as we see in any *dying man ;* we see often enough to be sorry, but not to despair ; we may be deceived both ways ; we use to comfort ourself in the death of *a friend*, if it be testified that he went away like a *Lamb*, that is, without any *reluctation*. But, *God* knows, that [he] may be accompanied with a *dangerous damp* and *stupefaction*, and *insensibility* of his *present state*. Our blessed *Saviour* suffered *coluctations* with *death*, and a *sadness even in his soul to death*, and an *agony* even to a *bloody sweat* in his *body*, and *expostulations* with *God*, and *exclamations* upon the cross. He was a *devout man*, who said upon his death bed, or dead turf (for he was an *Hermit*) *septuaginta annis Domino servivisti, et mori times? hast thou served a good Master threescore and ten years*, and *now art thou loath to go into his presence ?* yet *Hilarion* was loath ; *Barlaam* was a *devout* man (an *Hermit* too) that said that day he died, *Cogita te hodie cœpisse servire Domino, et hodie finiturum. Consider this to be the first day's service that ever thou didst thy Master*, to glorify him in a Christianly and a constant death, *and if thy first day* be *thy last day too, how soon dost thou come* to *receive thy wages ?* yet *Barlaam* could have been content to have stayed longer for it : Make no *ill conclusions* upon any man's *loathness* to *die*, for the *mercies* of *God* work *momentarily* in minutes, and many times *insensibly* to *bystanders* or any other than the party departing. And then upon *violent deaths* inflicted, as upon malefactors, *Christ* himself hath forbidden us by his own death to make any *ill conclusion ;* for his

own *death* had those impressions in it; He was *reputed*, he was *executed* as a *malefactor*, and no doubt many of them who concurred to his death, did believe him to be so; Of *sudden death* there are scarce examples to be found in the *scriptures* upon *good men*, for *death* in *battle* cannot be called *sudden death*; But *God* governs not by *examples*, but by *rules*, and therefore make no *ill conclusion* upon *sudden death* nor upon *distempers* neither, though perchance accompanied with some *words of diffidence* and distrust in the *mercies of God*: The *tree lies as it falls*, it's true, but it is *not* the *last stroke* that *fells* the *tree*, nor the *last word* nor *gasp* that *qualifies* the *soul*. Still *pray* we for a *peaceable life* against *violent death*, and for *time* of *repentance* against *sudden death*, and for *sober* and *modest assurance* against *distempered* and *diffident death*, but never make *ill conclusions* upon persons overtaken with such deaths; *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis, to God the Lord belong the issues of death.* And *he* received *Samson*, who went out of this world in *such* a *manner* (consider it *actively*, consider it *passively* in his *own death*, and in those whom he *slew* with himself) as was subject to interpretation hard enough. Yet the *Holy Ghost* hath moved S. *Paul* to celebrate *Samson* in his *great Catalogue*, and so doth all the *Church*: Our *critical* day is *not* the *very day* of our *death*: but the whole course of our life. I thank him that *prays* for me when the *Bell* tolls, but I thank him much more that *Cathechises* me, or *preaches* to me, or *instructs me how to live. Fac hoc et vives*, *there's* my security, the mouth of the *Lord hath said it*,

do this and thou shalt live : But *though I do it*, yet I *shall die too*, die a bodily, a natural death. But *God* never mentions, never seems to consider that death, the bodily, the natural death. *God* doth not say, live well and thou shalt die well, that is, an easy, a quiet death ; But *live well here*, and thou shalt *live well for ever*. As the first part of a sentence pieces well with the last, and never respects, never hearkens after the *parenthesis* that comes between, so doth a *good life* here flow into an *eternal life*, without any consideration, what *manner* of *death* we die : But whether the *gate* of *my prison* be *opened* with an *oiled key* (by a gentle and *preparing sickness*), *or* the gate be *hewn down* by a *violent death*, *or* the gate be *burnt down* by a *raging* and *frantic fever*, *a gate into heaven* I *shall have*, for *from* the *Lord is the cause* of *my life*, and *with God the Lord* are the *issues of death*. And further we carry not this *second acceptation* of the *words*, as this *issue of death is liberatio in morte*, *God's care* that the *soul* be *safe*, what *agonies* soever the *body suffers* in the *hour* of *death*.

But pass to our *third part* and last part ; as this *issue of death* is *liberatio per mortem*, a *deliverance by the death* of another, by the death of Christ. *Sufferentiam Job audiisti, et vidisti finem Domini*, says Saint *James* 5. 11. *You have heard of the patience of Job*, says he, All this while you have done that, for in every man, calamitous, miserable man, a *Job* speaks ; Now *see the end of the Lord*, saith that *Apostle*, which is not that end that the *Lord* proposed to himself (*salvation to us*) nor the end which he proposes to us (*conformity to him*) but *see the*

end of the Lord, says he, The end, *that the Lord* himself *came to*, *Death* and a painful and a shameful death. But why did he die? and why die so? *Quia Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis* (as Saint *Augustine* interpreting this *text* answers that question) because *to* this *God our Lord belonged the issues of death*. *Quid apertius diceretur?* says he there, what can be more obvious, more manifest than this sense of these words. In the former part of this verse, it is said; *He that is our God, is the God of salvation*, *Deus salvos faciendi*, so he reads it, the *God* that must save us. Who can that be, says he, but *Jesus?* for *therefore* that *name* was *given him*, because he was to *save us*. And to this *Jesus*, says he, this *Saviour*, *belong the issues of death*; *Nec oportuit eum de hac vita alios exitus habere quam mortis*. Being come into this life in our mortal nature, *He could not go out of it* any other way *but by death*. *Ideo dictum*, says he, *therefore it is said*, To *God the Lord belong the issues of death*; *ut ostenderetur moriendo nos salvos facturum*, to *shew that his way to save us was to die*. And from this *text* doth Saint *Isodore* prove, that *Christ* was *truly Man*, (which as many *sects* of *heretics denied*, as that he was *truly God*) because to him, though he were *Dominus Dominus* (as the *text* doubles it) *God* the *Lord*, yet to *him*, to *God the Lord belonged the issues of death*, *oportuit eum pati* more can not be said, than *Christ* himself says of himself; *These things Christ ought to suffer*, he had no other way but by death: So then *this part* of our *Sermon* must needs be a *passion Sermon*; since all his *life* was a *continual passion*, all *our Lent* may well be a *continual*

good Friday. *Christ's* painful life took off none of the pains of his death, he felt not the less then for having felt so much before. Nor will anything that shall be said before, lessen, but rather enlarge the devotion, to that which shall be said of his passion at the time of due *solemnization* thereof. *Christ* bled not a drop the less at the last, for having bled at his *Circumcision* before, nor will you shed a tear the less then, if you shed some now. And therefore be now content to consider with me how to *this God the Lord belonged the issues of death.* That *God*, this *Lord*, the *Lord* of *life could die*, is a strange contemplation; That the *Red Sea* could be *dry*, That the *Sun* could *stand still*, That an *Oven* could be *seven times heated* and *not burn*, That *Lions* could be *hungry* and *not bite*, is strange, *miraculously strange*, but *supermiraculous* that *God could die*; but that *God would die* is an *exaltation* of that. But even of that also it is a *superexaltation*, that *God should die*, *must die*, and *non exitus* (said S. *Augustine*) *God* the *Lord had no issue but by death*, and *oportuit pati* (says *Christ* himself) all this *Christ ought to suffer*, was bound to suffer; *Deus ultionum Deus* says *David*, *God* is the *God of revenges*, he would *not pass* over the *sin of man* unrevenged, unpunished. But then *Deus ultionum liberè egit* (says *that place*) The *God of revenges works freely*, he *punishes*, he *spares whom he will.* And would he *not spare himself?* he would not: *Dilectio fortis ut mors*, *love is strong as death*, stronger, it drew in death that naturally is not welcome. *Si possibile*, says *Christ*, *If it be possible*, *let this Cup pass*, when his *love expressed*

in a former decree with his *Father*, had *made it impossible*. Many *waters quench not love*, *Christ* tried many ; He was *Baptized* out of his *love*, and his love determined not there. He *mingled blood* with *water* in his *agony* and that determined not his love ; he *wept pure blood*, all his blood at all his eyes, at all his pores, in his *flagellation* and *thorns* (*to the Lord our God belonged the issues of blood*) and these *expressed*, but these did *not quench his love*. He *would not* spare, nay he *could not spare himself*. There was nothing more free, more voluntary, more spontaneous than the death of *Christ*. 'Tis true, *libere egit*, he *died voluntarily*, but yet when we consider the *contract* that had passed between his *Father* and *him*, there was an *oportuit*, a kind of *necessity* upon him. All this *Christ ought to suffer*. And when shall we *date* this *obligation*, this *oportuit*, this *necessity?* when shall we say *that began?* Certainly this *decree* by which *Christ was to suffer* all this, was an *eternal decree*, and was there anything before that, that was eternal? *Infinite love, eternal love ;* be pleased to follow this home, and to consider it seriously, that what liberty soever we can *conceive* in *Christ*, to die or not to die ; this *necessity of dying*, this *decree* is as *eternal* as that *liberty ;* and yet how small a matter made he of this *necessity* and this *dying?* His *Father* calls it but *a bruise*, and but a *bruising of his heel* (*the serpent shall bruise his heel*) and yet that was that, the *serpent* should *practise* and *compass* his *death*. Himself calls it but a *Baptism*, as though he were to be the better for it. *I have a Baptism to be Baptized with*, and he was in pain till it

was accomplished, and yet this *Baptism* was *his death*. The *Holy Ghost* calls it *Joy* (for *the Joy which was set before him he endured the Cross*) which was not a *joy* of his reward after his passion, but a joy that filled him even in the midst of those torments, and arose from him; when *Christ* calls his *Calicem, a Cup*, and no worse (*can ye drink of my Cup*) he speaks not odiously, not with detestation of it: Indeed it was a *Cup, salus mundo, a health to all the world*. And *quid retribuam*, says *David, what shall I render to the Lord?* answer you with *David, accipiam Calicem*, I *will take the Cup of salvation*, take it, that *Cup* is *salvation*, his *passion*, if not into your *present imitation*, yet into your *present contemplation*. And behold how that *Lord* that was *God*, yet *could die, would die, must die*, for your *salvation*. That *Moses* and *Elias talked with Christ* in the *transfiguration*, both Saint *Matthew* and Saint *Mark* tell us, but what they talked of only S. *Luke, Dicebant excessum ejus*, says he, *they talked of his decease*, of *his death* which *was to be accomplished* at *Jerusalem*, The *word* is of his *Exodus*, the very word of our *text, exitus*, his *issue by death*. *Moses* who in his *Exodus* had *prefigured* this *issue of our Lord*, and in passing *Israel* out of *Egypt* through the *Red Sea*, had foretold in that actual *prophesy, Christ passing* of *mankind through* the *sea* of his *blood*. And *Elias*, whose *Exodus* and *issue out of* this *world* was a *figure* of *Christ's ascension*, had no doubt a great satisfaction in *talking* with our *blessed Lord de excessu ejus*, of the *full consummation* of *all this* in *his death*, which was to be *accomplished* at *Jerusalem*. Our *meditation* of his *death* should be more

visceral and affect us more because it is of a thing already done. The ancient *Romans* had a certain tenderness and detestation of the name of death, they could not name death, no, not in their wills. There they could not say *Si mori contigerit*, but *si quid humanitus contingat*, not if, or when I die, but when the course of nature is accomplished upon me. To us that speak daily of the *death* of *Christ*, (he was *crucified*, *dead* and *buried*) can the memory or the mention of our own *death* be irksome or bitter? There are in these latter times amongst us, that name death freely enough, and the death of *God*, but in *blasphemous oaths* and *execrations*. Miserable men, who shall therefore be said never to have named *Jesus*, because they have named him *too often*. And therefore hear *Jesus* say, *Nescivi vos*, I *never knew you*, because they made themselves *too familiar* with him. *Moses* and *Elias* talked with *Christ* of his *death*, only, in *a holy* and *joyful sense* of the *benefit* which *they* and *all* the world were to *receive by that*. *Discourses* of *Religion* should not be *out* of *curiosity*, but to *edification*. And then they talked with *Christ* of his *death* at that time, when he was in the greatest *height of glory* that ever he admitted in this world, that is, his *transfiguration*. And we are afraid to speak to the *great men* of this world of their *death*, but nourish in them a *vain imagination* of *immortality*, and *immutability*. But *bonum est nobis esse hic* (as Saint *Peter* said there), It *is good to dwell here*, in this *consideration* of his *death*, and therefore *transfer* we our *tabernacle* (our *devotions*) through some of those *steps* which *God* the *Lord* made

to his *issue of death* that *day*. Take in the *whole day* from the *hour* that *Christ received* the *passover* upon *Thursday, unto* the *hour* in which he *died* the *next day*. Make *this* present *day* that *day* in thy *devotion*, and consider what *he did*, and remember what *you have done*. Before he *instituted* and *celebrated* the *Sacrament*, (which was *after* the *eating of the passover*) he proceeded to that *act* of *humility*, to *wash his disciples' feet*, even *Peter's*, *who* for a while *resisted* him ; In thy *preparation* to the holy and blessed *Sacrament*, hast thou with a sincere *humility* sought a *reconciliation* with all the *world*, even with those that have been *averse* from it, and *refused* that *reconciliation* from thee ? If so and not else thou hast spent that *first part* of his *last day*, in a *conformity* with him. After the *Sacrament* he spent the time till night in *prayer*, in *preaching*, in *Psalms* ; Hast thou considered that a *worthy receiving* of the *Sacrament* consists in a *continuation* of *holiness after*, as well as in a *preparation* before ? If so, thou hast therein also *conformed* thyself to him, so *Christ* spent his time till night ; *At night* he *went into the garden* to *pray*, and he prayed *prolixius* he spent *much time* in *prayer*. How much ? Because it is literally expressed, that he *prayed there three several times*, and that *returning to his Disciples* after his *first prayer*, and *finding them asleep* said, *could ye not watch with me one hour*, it is collected that he *spent three hours* in *prayer*. I dare scarce ask thee *whither* thou *wentest*, or *how* thou *disposedst* of *thyself*, when it *grew dark* and after *last night* : If that time were spent in a *holy recommendation* of thyself to *God*, and a *sub-*

mission of *thy will* to *his*, It was spent in a *conformity* to him. In that *time* and in those *prayers* was *his agony* and *bloody sweat*. I will *hope* that thou didst *pray*, but not *every ordinary* and *customary prayer*, but *prayer actually* accompanied with *shedding of tears*, and *dispositively* in a readiness to *shed blood* for *his glory* in *necessary cases*, puts thee into a *conformity* with him; About midnight he was *taken* and *bound with a kiss*. Art thou not too *conformable* to him in that? Is not that *too literally*, too exactly *thy case?* at *midnight* to have *been taken and bound with a kiss?* from thence he was *carried back* to *Jerusalem*, first to *Annas*, then to *Caiaphas*, and (as late as it was) then he was *examined* and *buffeted*, and *delivered over* to the custody of those *officers*, from whom he received all those *irrisions*, and *violences*, the *covering of his face*, the *spitting upon his face*, the *blasphemies of words*, and the *smartness of blows* which that *Gospel* mentions. In which compass fell that *Gallicinium*, that *crowing of the Cock* which *called up Peter* to his *repentance*. How thou passedst all that time last night thou knowest. If thou didst anything that needed *Peter's tears*, and has *not shed them*, let me be thy *Cock*, do it now, Now thy *Master* (in the unworthiest of his servants) *looks back upon thee*, do it now; *Betimes*, in the morning, so soon as it was day, the *Jews held a council* in the *High Priest's hall*, and *agreed upon their evidence* against him, and then carried him to *Pilate*, who was to be his *Judge;* didst thou *accuse* thyself when thou *wakedst this morning*, and wast thou content even with *false accusations* (that is) rather to

suspect actions to have been sin, which were not, than to *smother* and *justify* such as were *truly sins ?* then thou spentst that *hour* in *conformity* to him : *Pilate* found *no evidence against him*, and therefore to ease himself, and to pass a *compliment* upon *Herod*, *Tetrarch* of *Galilee*, who was at that time at *Jerusalem* (because *Christ* being a *Galilean* was of *Herod's jurisdiction*) *Pilate sent him* to *Herod*, and rather as a *madman* than a *malefactor*, *Herod* remanded him (*with scorns*) to *Pilate* to proceed against him ; And this was about *eight* of the *clock*. Hast thou been content to come to this *Inquisition*, this examination, this agitation, this cribration, this pursuit of thy *conscience*, to *sift* it, to follow it from the *sins* of thy *youth* to thy *present sins*, from the *sins* of thy *bed*, to the *sins* of thy *board*, and from the *substance* to the *circumstance* of thy *sins?* That's *time spent* like thy *Saviour's*. *Pilate* would have *saved Christ*, by using the *privilege* of *the day* in his behalf, because that *day* one *prisoner was to be delivered*, but they *chose Barabbas*. He would have *saved* him *from death*, by *satisfying their fury*, with *inflicting* other *torments* upon him, *scourging* and *crowning with thorns*, and *loading* him with many *scornful* and *ignominious contumelies ;* But they regarded him not, they pressed a *crucifying*. Hast thou gone about to *redeem thy sin*, by *fasting*, by *Alms*, by *disciplines* and *mortifications*, in way of *satisfaction* to the *Justice* of *God?* that will not serve, that's not the right way, *we press* an utter *Crucifying* of that *sin* that governs thee ; and that *conforms* thee to *Christ*. Towards *noon Pilate* gave

judgement, and they made such *haste* to execution, as that *by noon* he was *upon the Cross*. There now hangs that *sacred Body* upon the *Cross*, *rebaptized* in his own *tears* and *sweat*, and *embalmed* in his *own blood alive*. There are those *bowels of compassion*, which are so conspicuous, so manifested, as that you may *see them through his wounds*. There those *glorious eyes* grew faint in their light : so as the *Sun ashamed* to survive them, *departed with his light too*. And then that *Son of God*, who was *never from us*, and yet had now come a *new way unto* us in *assuming our nature*, delivers that *soul* (which was *never out* of his *Father's hands*) by a *new way*, a *voluntary emission* of it into his Father's hands ; For though to this *God our Lord*, *belonged these issues of death*, so that considered in his own contract, he *must* necessarily *die*, yet at *no breach* or *battery*, which they had made upon his *sacred Body*, issued his soul, but *emisit*, he *gave up the Ghost*, and as *God breathed a soul into* the *first Adam*, so this *second Adam breathed his soul into God*, *into the hands of God*. There we leave you in that *blessed dependancy*, to *hang* upon *him* that *hangs* upon the *Cross*, there *bathe* in his *tears*, there *suck* at his *wounds*, and *lie down in peace* in his *grave*, till he vouchsafe you a *resurrection*, and an *ascension* into that *Kingdom*, which he *hath purchased for you*, with the *inestimable price* of his *incorruptible blood*. Amen.

THE END

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